

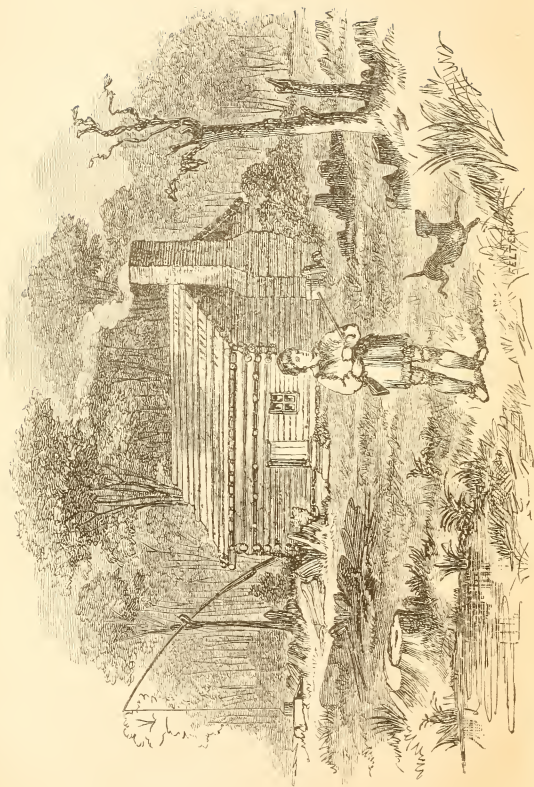


Charleston

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April 18th 1901



THE HOME OF THE MOONSHINER.

"I have known drunken husbands to carry away the last bushel of meal from their homes, when their wives and children were suffering for bread, and exchange it for moonshine whisky."—Page 24.

AFTER THE MOONSHINERS.

BY ONE OF THE RAIDERS.

A Book of Thrilling, Yet Truthful Narratives.

Illustrated with Numerous Engravings.

“Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small;
Though with patience he stands waiting, with exactness grinds he all.”
LONGFELLOW.

WHEELING, W. VA.

FREW & CAMPBELL, STEAM BOOK AND JOB PRINTERS.

1881.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1881,

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DEDICATION.

GO

GENERAL GREEN B. RAUM,

Commissioner of Internal Revenue,

WASHINGTON, D. C.,

THIS VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY
DEDICATED, AS A SLIGHT EXPRESSION
OF THE CONFIDENCE AND
RESPECT OF

THE AUTHOR.

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AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

THIS book is not a work of fiction, nor is it a novel "founded upon fact." It is a simple narration of facts, and portrays actual occurrences only. The most of the incidents herein related, took place under my own individual observation, therefore but little is given "second-handed." I have not tried to color or gloss over any of the occurrences narrated, for the simple reason that truth, plainly told, is oft times stranger than fiction. The romance of real life is far more interesting than that of fiction, especially to those who prefer the real to the imaginary, or the thing itself to the shadow. This book therefore, is true—every word of it.

As but little is known to the great mass of our people, of the modes of living, the methods of violating the laws by, and the manner of "hunting down," the moonshiners of the moun-

tains in the Southern States, this volume is given to the public in order to supply this want. The author bespeaks for it a careful reading; and for its imperfections, in a literary point of view, he begs the leniency of a criticizing public.

JUNE, 1881.

CHAPTER I.

Moonshining—What it is, and Why it is Carried on.

THE word "Moonshiners" applies to that class of persons usually found in the Southern States, who make their living by manufacturing spirits by moonlight in the defiles of the mountains, for the purpose of evading the tax levied upon all spirituous liquors by the Government of the United States. The present rate of the tax fixed by Congress upon each gallon of spirituous liquors, is ninety cents, and it is this tax that the moonshiner feigns to despise. For a number of years these citizens, in number thousands upon thousands, paid no respect whatever to this law, or tax. The principal objection urged by them against it, was that their fathers before them had always been allowed to make as much liquor as they pleased, and were never disturbed, and therefore they had a right to the same liberty and privilege. They also claimed that inasmuch as this is a free government—a Republic—every citizen should be allowed to make a living for himself and family as best he can; and if he does not steal, or trample upon the rights of his neighbors, the Government should not interfere with him. Others again, and this embraces much the largest class, maintain that there is no crime in beating the Government out of every cent possible, and in any way they can devise. There is still another element, and it is by no means small, who in-

sist that there is no such thing as a General Government; that it is a mere usurpation, and that to it they owe no allegiance whatever. They recognize the authority and jurisdiction of the County and State, but beyond that they refuse to go. This spirit of intolerance is the natural outgrowth of the rebellion, and will continue to exist, among the illiterate in the mountain sections of the South, for generations to come.

It is human nature to get along through life with as little effort as possible, and at the same time secure the greatest amount of comfort and happiness possible to attain. The moonshiner may insist that his reason for defying the law, is because it restricts his liberties as a citizen, or because his father was not required to respect such a law, or because he hates the Government under which he lives, and all that: but the real cause lies in the fact that he can make money by running an illicit distillery, and *money* and *fun* are above all others, the articles he is seeking for in this life.

“ But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, the bloom is shed;
Or like the snowfall in the river,
At first are white, then melt forever.”

Wages, in the backwoods of the Southern States, are very low. A good farm hand can be hired for fifty cents a day. The tax on one gallon of spirits is ninety cents. If, therefore, an illicit operator only produce one gallon per day, he could employ a farm hand to do his hard work while he himself could loaf around his still, drink “still beer” and “moonshine,” and have forty cents of surplusage to lay by. This estimate is based upon the production of but one gallon a day; and out of the two hundred and upwards of moonshine distilleries which I have destroyed,

I have never found one that did not produce more than one gallon each day while in operation. While I admit that there is not "millions in it," still there is some profit in the manufacture of illicit spirits, and hence a large element of our population have, at one time or another, embarked in the business.

I am gratified, however, to be able to state, that moonshining is on the wane. The vigorous policy of the present Commissioner of internal revenue has long since broken the backbone of this class of illicit operators, and it is now only a matter of time, and a very brief period at that, for them to be entirely suppressed—to be literally wiped out forever.

In January, 1880, a combined movement was made, by armed bodies of internal revenue officers, in nearly all the States from West Virginia southward, through the mountains and foot-hills infected by illicit distillers, which resulted in the seizure of a large number of distilleries, and the arrest of several hundreds of individuals. The effect of this movement, as alluded to above, was to convince violators of the law that it was the determination of the Government to put an end to frauds on the revenue and to resistance to authority. Since then, it has been manifest to all well meaning men in those regions of country, that the day of the illicit distiller is past. Public sentiment, in the infected localities, has been gradually shaping against these frauds and disorders, and I am now quite confident that the full tax upon whisky will very soon be collected without the least shadow of resistance.

CHAPTER II.

Extent of Moonshining in the Past.

BUT few persons are aware of the extent to which the illicit distillation of spirits has been carried on in the Southern States. During the last four years, nearly five thousand of these distilleries have been seized by Government officers, and about eight thousand persons have been arrested for being directly or indirectly connected therewith.

Fixing the average producing capacities of these distilleries at only five gallons each per day, which is a very low estimate, they manufactured annually not less than 7,825,000 gallons of spirits. This at ninety cents per gallon, of whisky tax, amounts to \$7,042,500.00 the Government has annually lost, for the past fifteen years. This heavy loss to the treasury, and the serious disorganization of the legitimate trade in tax-paid liquors, induced Commissioner Raum, of the Internal Revenue Bureau of the Government, four years ago, to organize a movement to break up the moonshining business. To accomplish this highly proper and highly called for undertaking, has cost an immense amount of blood, health and money. Thus far twenty-nine Government officers have been murdered, and sixty-three seriously wounded. I have no means of ascertaining the exact number of killed and wounded among the law-breakers, but I am quite sure that for every officer slain, a moonshiner was forced to "bite the dust;" and the

same may be said of the wounded. During the first twelve or eighteen months of *raiding*, in nearly every conflict, the moonshiners were the victors. This was on account of the lack of experience of the Government officials, and their ignorance of woods life. But in later years the tables have turned. When a fight occurs now-a-days and a man is left upon the field, with his face toward the sky, he is generally a moonshiner. This fact has rendered the firing at Government officers, from mountain defiles, and from fortified still houses, much less frequent than hitherto.

It is, indeed, a rare occurrence now to hear of armed resistance being offered to well behaved officials who show a determination to do their duty and enforce the law.

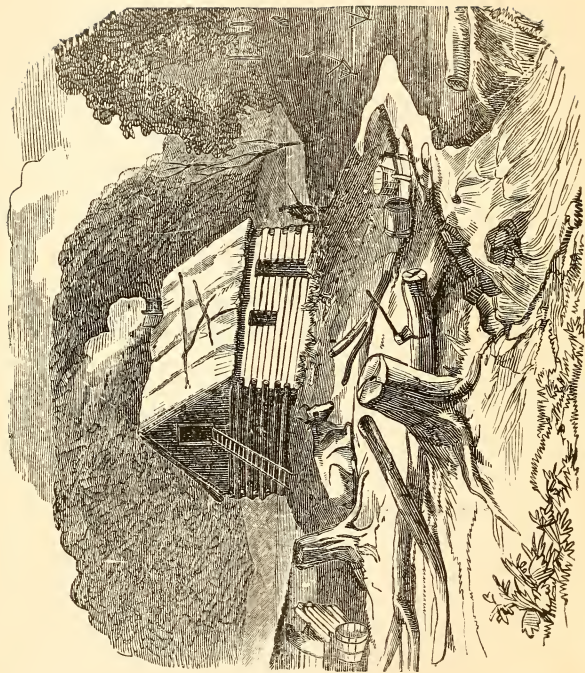
CHAPTER III.

Where Moonshine Whisky is Produced.

THERE is scarcely a State south of the Ohio river which is entirely clear of moonshining; but it is principally carried on in the two Carolinas, Georgia, Tennessee, the two Virginias, and Kentucky. Before the Government instituted vigorous measures to prevent moonshining, the still houses were frequently erected in sight of public highways. They were, however, gradually driven back, farther and still farther into the mountains, until within the last year or so, it is almost impossible to learn their location, or to get to them after their whereabouts have been discovered.

The first requisite for an illicit still is a good stream of cool water. A spring is preferable, because its temperature does not rise during hot weather, and it is positively necessary to have cold water to produce whisky.

The next requisite is seclusion. It must be placed where no one ever travels, or even thinks of traveling. It must therefore be situated in the mountains, a considerable distance from any inhabited neighborhood, or from any improvement. Generally a deep hollow is selected, on account of the heavy growth of timber on either side, and because of the need of water, and the further fact that the hills are usually so high that the smoke is absorbed by the atmosphere, before it rises to the summits of the mountains.



A MOONSHINE DISTILLERY.

“Generally a deep hollow is selected, on account of the heavy growth of timber on either side.”—Page 18.

I have also found moonshine distilleries situated in the cliffs of the hills along rivers or large creeks, and in the absence of springs, water is pumped up from the stream below. Cliff locations are considered specially desirable, because of their difficulty of access to Government officials. Two courageous men in a cliff still house, could, like Leonidas at Thermopylæ, keep off almost any number of raiders who might attempt to attack them from below. They are, indeed, almost impregnable.

There is still another class of moonshine still houses, which in a blue grass country, like Kentucky, are not unfrequent. I refer to subterranean caverns. I have raided as many as ten or a dozen of such myself. Caves are generally entered by a very slight decline; but some of them go straight down into the ground, and the bottom can be reached only by means of ladders. Caverns of this class are usually found on the tops of hills, or in open fields, and are therefore not desirable for distillery sites, on account of the smoke being too easily observed as it rises from the entrance of the cave. Yet I have found thoroughly equipped distilleries in just such places. Cave still houses, however, are usually found in those caverns which are entered horizontally, and are generally situated back several hundred feet, or even yards, from the entrance, so that the sound of their operations cannot be heard by parties outside.

A cave still house is much more easily raided, once it is discovered, than any other class of distilleries; for the reason that the light, which must be kept burning at all times, places the moonshiner at your mercy. You can see him, and although he may know that you are upon him, you are safe, because you approach him from the darkness.

In raiding there is everything in getting "the drop" first. Whoever gets his gun to his shoulder first, generally forces his opponent to surrender, and that quickly, too. Hence the force of what is said above of the advantages of being in the dark while your enemy is in the light.

The still house is usually a very rude structure, made of round logs. It rarely ever has but one door, and has no windows or other openings. It is generally chinked and daubed to keep out the cold weather. In one corner a rough bedstead is constructed, and on it are several quilts and blankets for the use of the person or parties who sleep at the distillery when a "run"* is made at night. They also keep at the distillery a skillet, coffee pot, &c., with which they do their own cooking.

The still proper is made of copper, and is shaped like a tea kettle. The average capacity of these stills is about one hundred and twenty-five gallons. They cost about \$1.00 per gallon. I have, however, found parties using large sugar kettles, as stills, though this is uncommon, as the whisky or brandy thus produced is of a very indifferent and unsalable quality, and the yield is so small that it does not pay to operate them.

In addition to the copper still, a copper or tin worm is necessary. It is submerged in cold water, which chills the steam as it passes from the still through the worm, and transposes it from a vapor into a liquid substance called "singlings," or low wines. This low wine is again boiled in the still, and run

*A *run*, in moonshine vernacular, means the doubling of low wines into spirits, or rather the producing of whisky. Having but one still they will produce low wines, they call it "singlings," for several days before they run it through the still again, which produces whisky. This latter process is called "doubling."

through the worm, a second time, which produces high wines, or whisky. This process is called "doubling." Doubling day at a moonshine distillery is almost as important an event to the mountain community as the coming of a circus is to the small boy in the towns and villages. Usually moonshiners, when grain is plenty, and the weather is not too hot, make from two to three doublings in a week. During the two weeks preceding Christmas, their stills are run day and night, and they, therefore, double every day, or rather every night, as the doers of dark deeds prefer darkness rather than light.

From ten to twenty tubs, usually of the capacity of about one hundred gallons each, are necessary, in which to make the mash, and ferment the beer. The meal is first placed in the tubs and is cooked by the use of scalding water. This is called "mashing." Next the mash is broken up, is mixed with water, and is allowed to stand in the tubs from seventy-two to ninety-six hours, during which time it passes through the process of fermentation. It is now ready for distillation, and is thrown into the copper still and boiled and condensed, as subsequently explained more fully.

CHAPTER IV.

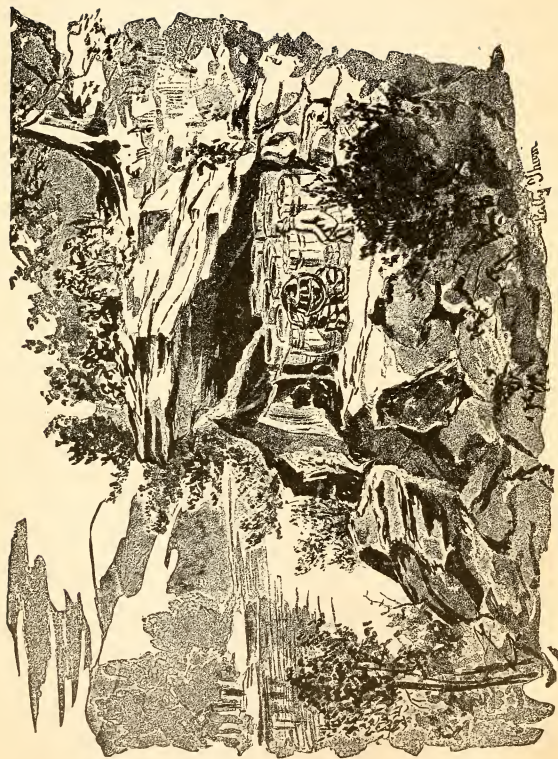
How Moonshine Whisky is Produced, and How Disposed of.

MOONSHINE whisky, like any other sour mash liquor, is made in the following manner : The meal is cooked in the mash by pouring boiling water upon it. It then passes through a state of fermentation, and in which the alcohol is first developed. It is then boiled in the still, which separates the alcohol from the saccharine portion of the grain by the process of evaporation. The vapor produced by boiling the beer in the still passes through a worm, which worm is submerged in cold water. The cold water condenses the vapor into a fluid, and this fluid is the spirit of the beer, or, in fact, is the alcoholic liquor. The object of the fermentation is to convert the starch in the meal into sugar, and finally into alcohol and carbonic acid gas. In distillation, the alcoholic substance, being lighter than water, rises to the surface and evaporates at a temperature of 176° Fahrenheit, while water will not evaporate until the temperature of 212° Fahrenheit is reached. The fusil oil rises chiefly in the last moments of distillation, and can only be separated from the spirits by a process of leaching either through charcoal or blankets.

Distillation of spirits being a very simple process, and not requiring a very perfect apparatus, moonshiners easily learn how to produce spirits, and therefore engage in the business upon a very small capital.

The greatest of all the difficulties in the way of the moonshiner is how to dispose of his spirits, and how to avoid being caught by the Government officers, who are always on the *qui vive*. They have informers, or "spies," as they are usually termed, in the backwoods, at almost every country cross-road, railroad station, and steamboat landing; and if the moonshiner attempt to sell his product, he is at once informed upon, and the next time he shows himself at a grocery, the marshal is on hand, and takes him in.

But with all the difficulties which beset them, the moonshiners, some how, get rid of all they can produce, and at a fair price. The most of the liquor is disposed of in the immediate vicinity of the still-houses. Very few of the illicit distillers allow any one, except their most intimate friends, to approach their distilleries. Such places, as a rule, are forbidden ground, for the reason that when the violators are arrested it is a difficult matter to prove them guilty, when so few persons have ever seen them operating their distilleries. Neighborhood rumor that a person has been, or is, operating an illicit distillery, is not evidence in a court of law. The fact that he was seen at work in the still-house must be proven, by unquestionable testimony, before a *bona fide* case can be made out. Occasionally, however, parties stumble upon a distillery while in search of "the ardent," but they are required by the distiller to render some service, such as chopping wood, stirring up the fire, mixing the mash, &c., when they are politely informed that the law punishes *those persons who work at an illicit distillery* just as severely as those who own and operate it. This, of course, is done and said to prevent the parties from "giving them away," as they term reporting them to revenue officials.



MOONSHINE STILL-HOUSE UNDER A CLIFF.

“Cliff locations are considered specially desirable, because of their difficulty of access by Government officials.”—Page 19.

revenue officers to be killed while seizing blockade* liquors on a public highway. The most serious wound the writer ever received was by a bowie knife in the hands of a moonshiner, in a rough-and-tumble *melee* over a keg of illicit apple jack.

Some years ago the little village of Edmonton, Kentucky, was noted as a trading point for moonshine liquors. Several wagons have been seen, at one time, in the suburbs, loaded with this blockade article, and the owners, for a long time, sold it out without incurring trouble from any source. In order to break up this illicit traffic at Edmonton, the internal revenue collector at Bowling Green, appointed the Sheriff of Metcalfe county a special deputy collector to make seizures of all moonshine whisky which came to his county.

Not many months afterwards, five wagons from Tennessee, heavily laden with blockade liquors, came into Edmonton. The sheriff was not long in hearing of them, and determined to seize the wagons, teams and liquors. Taking with him the town marshal, as an assistant, he proceeded to the place where the Tennesseans were dealing out their "mountain dew," and informed them that he was a revenue officer, and that he now attached their teams, wagons and liquors.

They politely stated to him that they did not desire to have any trouble, but they had, in starting from home, pledged themselves, each to the other, never to surrender, until forced to do so by superior power, and that under no other circumstances would they surrender now. Thereupon all five of them drew revolvers, and turned upon the sheriff and his assist-

*"Blockade" is a term applied to whisky and tobacco upon which the tax has not been paid, while "Blockading" is applied to those who sell untax paid liquors or tobacco.

ant, who were at the same instant surrounded by the moonshiners. The sheriff counselled that they should not act rashly, and advised them to submit to the law. The spokesman of the party responded that they had been in similar places many times before, and never had been arrested, consequently they would not submit to him, and give themselves up at this time. Meantime two of them, who were under the influence of the spirits they were vending, ordered the officers to leave instantly, or they would shoot them on the spot. The officers, seeing they were completely overpowered, commenced to retreat, and as they did so, the two drunken blockaders shot them dead in their tracks, and then fled.

It was sometime before the inhabitants of the village learned of this cold-blooded murder of two of their most prominent citizens, and of the circumstances attending the brutal tragedy. So, before a posse could be organized of sufficient strength to pursue them, the blockaders were so far distant that they could not be overtaken before crossing the Tennessee border. To this day, not one of the parties to this fiendish crime has been arrested, and it is not likely that any of them ever will be—since several years have passed, and no one seems to take interest enough in the case to hunt the culprits down.

CHAPTER V.

Different Methods of Locating Illicit Distilleries.

WHEN the Government first began operations against the moonshiners, it was a very difficult undertaking to definitely locate their distilleries. This was attributable to the fact that almost all the people in the neighborhood of such establishments, either sympathized with the moonshiners, or were afraid to become witnesses against them, lest the distillers might murder them, kill their stock, or burn their houses and barns. I have the names of several citizens in those States where I have operated against the moonshiners, who were deliberately assassinated by moonshiners for reporting the whereabouts of illicit stills to Government officials. I also have the names of a much larger number, whose houses have been burned to ashes, and the inmates driven from their homesteads to other localities, for no other reason than that they saw fit to assist in breaking up the illicit traffic of the moonshiner.

During those times it was no ordinary undertaking to get at the exact whereabouts of a wild-cat distillery,* preliminary to making a raid upon it. Just here I will remark that raids are rarely ever made upon moonshine distilleries until they have first been located, and a guide is secured to convey the Government posse directly to the spot. This is necessary,

*Wildcat is a synonymous term with moonshine and blockade.

for the reason that while the officers might be searching around in the caves, gulches and canyons for the distillery, the moonshiners would have an opportunity, not only to escape themselves, but could carry the copper still and whisky away also.

These latter years, I am glad to state, a very strong public sentiment has grown up against moonshining, and the citizens of course are now less fearful of injury from the outlaws, and are therefore willing, and in most localities anxious to render all aid in their power in rooting out the evil. It is a well known fact that a moonshine distillery will demoralize a community for at least three miles in every direction. This statement is made after careful observation of nearly four years of moonshine raiding, and may be relied upon as correct. The people have learned this fact, and in order to save their boys from ruin, and their daughters from disgrace, a still is not allowed to operate but a very short time, in a neighborhood, before its whereabouts is made known to the revenue officials, who at once proceed to annihilate it.

In the infected regions throughout the South, revenue collectors, their deputies, revenue agents, and deputy United States marshals, are constantly receiving letters stating where wild-cat distilleries can be found, and giving the names of the parties operating them. These letters are, as a rule, reliable; and after arranging with their writers, to act as guides, possies are organized, the stills are raided and destroyed, and the culprits arrested.

Several years ago the destruction of these illicit distilleries in the mountain defiles, was held by the State courts to be trespassing, and the officers were accordingly indicted in the different county courts as trespassers. But Commissioner Raum, than whom

no truer man to his subordinates ever breathed the air of heaven, resolved that he would not allow his efforts to execute the laws of the Government throughout the entire South to be thwarted by "Flax-seed Courts," which were usually manipulated by sympathizers with the moonshiners. He therefore arranged, through the Attorney General of the United States, to have all such indictments transferred to the United States Courts, where a United States officer would have some kind of show for his life, if forced to trial for doing his duty. Whenever the transfer was made, generally the case terminated. No appearance would be made by or for the State, a *nolle prosequi* would be entered, and the charge dismissed.

No one, except those who were forced "to tread the wine press" know how shamefully some of the more courageous and efficient officers have been treated by newspaper editors, by persons in high official positions, and by demagogues who hoped to secure office by pandering to the low, base prejudices of the moonshine element in some of the Southern States. I have about a cord, so to speak, of these abusive attacks, which I have filed away, to be considered in the light of the future, when the present passions and prejudices of these people have passed away. Upon this point I quote an editorial article from the Knoxville (Tenn.) *Chronicle*, replying to an attack upon a Government official by an afternoon paper at Nashville:

"The difficulty with this sort of treatment of the subject is the same as that which ails the repudiators in this State. They are for paying the debt; are very indignant if they are called repudiators, but they invariably wind up their resolves and speeches by 'Well, we *can't* pay, and I am opposed to levying any tax for the purpose of paying.' So the organs of

moonshine cut-throats and general violators of law, State and National, say that these fellows should be put down in the interests of society, etc. But the tune is sure to change before a single paragraph has been achieved, and we are told that it is 'doubtful whether the Government can ever stop illicit distilling, and the efforts to stop it so far have cost more than they come to.'

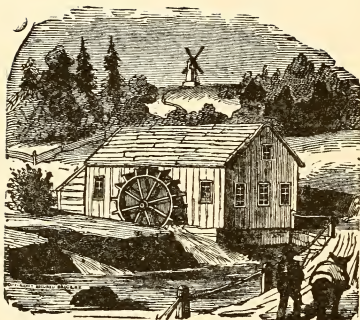
"According to the first postulate, the Government is bound to stop that, which according to the last, only a few lines down the column, it is powerless to stop. And the filling between these two propositions is of the usual demagogue stock in trade. The Government has not sent non-resisting Quakers to manage the Hut Amarines* and Campbell Morgans† and the rest of the thieves and murderers who engage in illicit distilling as a business, and steal from the valleys below their mountain fastnesses, when their dens are broken up.

"The revenue troubles, for the most part, have grown to the present proportions through want of nerve, and laziness on the bench of the Federal Courts. The low, truckling of worthless newspapers has encouraged the violators of the law. Wicked demagoguery of aspiring politicians has led those engaged in crime to believe they would eventually find immunity and get off scot-free.

"Until we send men to Congress who think less of the votes of a parcel of chronic criminals than they do of the Government revenues, the enforcement of law and the peace of society, we shall have the scenes

*Hut Amarine murdered Deputy Collector John Cooper, in Blount county, Tennessee, in 1879.

†Campbell Morgan was chief of the Middle Tennessee moonshiners for a number of years.



WHERE MOONSHINERS GRIND THEIR GRAIN, FOR
DISTILLATION.

"A great deal of whisky is exchanged for corn-meal; * * * [the usual rate of barter being three bushels of meal for one gallon of whisky."—Page 24.

in Overton county repeated.* Until we can have the law vigorously enforced by the Judges; until we have newspapers which stand up for law and order, and represent the sentiments of the best and most enlightened people, who are in a great majority; until we achieve all these, we shall have our mountains and valleys polluted with the crimes the *Banner* pretends to deprecate, but really apologizes for and upholds.

“Does any political party desire to come into the possession of a Government whose revenue laws are set at defiance in a whole section of the Union? Is any man fool enough to believe that whatever party comes into power, it will not be compelled to pursue substantially the system of revenue now in vogue? We promise the people reform, not destruction. And is it reform to compel the honest makers and venders of spirits to pay millions in taxes, while we extend immunity from taxes to millions of gallons made in violation of law, without an effort to suppress the criminal wrong? In short, do the *Banner* and those politicians of high and low degree, who pander to the lawless for patronage and votes, intend that the accession to power of the political party to which they belong, shall mean better and purer government? Or do they seek to educate the people into the belief that their party and anarchy are convertible terms? If the latter, and they succeed, they will likewise succeed in burying their party in the same grave with their hopes of office and profit under its sway.

“It is high time the better class of people and large and small tax payers were consulting their interests,

*The reference here is to the two days' fight between Government officers commanded by Deputy Collector Davis, and the illicit distillers under Campbell Morgan.

political and financial, in this matter, and cease sending to Congress cheap demagogues who apologize for and defend lawlessness and write threatening letters to revenue officers who have only done their duty."

It was a great mistake that moonshiners were ever encouraged in their wicked works by any body in the localities where they operated. Such a course on the part of "good citizens," newspapers, &c., caused them to hold out much longer in their defiance of law, than they would otherwise have done, had they met with no encouragement from the sources named. It is now agreed that such a course was a grave mistake, and the men who formerly were their strongest backers are now their most outspoken enemies. In most every section, the course of the law-breaker is now universally condemned. I have letters from different parties in those localities where we have done the most raiding, and they all agree that never since the close of the war has there been so much quiet, rest, good will and hard work as there has been since the onslaught on the stills and distilleries of the moonshiners. They maintain in these letters that our path is the track of a new gospel, and the citizens now appreciate the work the Government has done in redeeming the infected localities from illegal practices and immoralities, which if fully known, would shock the moral sensibilities of those who believe in religion, right and truth.

CHAPTER VI.

Different Methods of Locating Illicit Distilleries—CONTINUED.

IF a strange personage is found by the moonshiners, or their friends, wandering around through the mountains, without any ostensible business, he is at once regarded as a "Revenue,"* and is promptly informed that it is not at all safe for him to be prowling around alone; consequently the best thing he can do is to leave for home, and at once, too. He may protest innocence, as loudly and as long as he pleases, but he utterly fails to impress his auditors, in any other manner than that he is a Government spy. In this conclusion the distiller is sometimes correct; but he is more frequently wrong. Many an innocent party has been given but very few minutes to get out of a distillery neighborhood, assured that unless he obeyed, without delay, and if ever seen in that locality again, his body would be placed where even the vultures could not find it. He obeys, of course, and oft times at the expense of the life of the horse he is riding—although he is a lumber merchant, or a cattle buyer, and not a "revenue."

To avoid such difficulties as these, Government operators, engaged in locating illicit stills, were provided with at least some outward appearance of men engaged in other vocations. For a long time the old ruse of buying cattle, or furs, worked admirably; but

*All Government officers, in moonshine localities, are called "Revenues"

by-and-by it wore thread-bare—so much so, indeed, that when a man would ride up to a farm house, in an infected locality, and inquire about cattle or sheep, even the little children, ragged and dirty, with long finger nails and disheveled hair, would laugh in his face and at once say to him, “that’s too thin;” and almost instantly the signal horn would be sounded, so loud and long that it could be heard for miles in all directions.

A very successful method of deceiving the moonshiner, and enabling the spy to get into his still house unsuspected, which has been practiced in almost every locality where illicit stills have been operated, is the peddling of cheap tin vessels, either on foot, or in a spring wagon. A wagon is usually employed to haul the tinware into the neighborhood of the distilleries, and then it is peddled around on foot.

Moonshine distilleries are usually found close to each other, in clusters, as it were. The object of thus locating them, is for each other’s protection. They warn their neighbors of approaching danger, either by blowing a horn, or by sending messengers along by-paths, and over ridges, in advance of the officers. Frequently they band together at the signal of a horn, and give the officials much warmer receptions than they anticipated or at all desired. It is always in localities where several distilleries are situated close together, that the officers are obstructed in executing the law, and where the woods fights have thus far taken place, in which so many valuable men have lost their lives while in the line of duty.

I know a young man—a superior detective—who dressed himself in the roughest homespun, and with a well worn grip-sack, filled with *Iron Cement*, started into the mountains, locating moonshine distilleries.

Before he returned, he visited eleven of these establishments, got the names of all the operators, made a map of the infected country, and returned without ever having been suspected of treachery to his newly made friends. He afterwards piloted a raiding party into these places, and destroyed the stills he had located, arrested the parties, and brought them into court. I heard a number of conversations between this detective and these prisoners, and they all admitted that they were completely deceived. One of them remarked that he was a little surprised when this gentleman called on him, that so well posted and bright a young man as Mr. D. should waste his time traveling over the country, on foot, selling iron cement, at ten cents a bottle, *with the recipe thrown in*.

Clock peddling, and tinkering, were frequently resorted to by men employed by "Uncle Sam" in hunting down the moonshiners; but these also were soon caught up with by the shrewd back-woods-men, who are naturally wary and suspicious.

Fishing and hunting, as decoys, have proven very successful. If a person appear in the appropriate outfit, and is cautious in making his inquiries, he can get in his work without arousing the least suspicion of his real purpose.

Two of us once entered upon an undertaking of this kind, and although we had to endure many hardships, were very successful. With our fishing tackle and guns we penetrated the mountains, until we reached the section of country where was a cluster of moonshine establishments. There we went into camp and began our operations. Fishing or hunting in daytime and prowling around the still houses at night, were our occupations. It was a desolate, lonely business, away up there in the Cumberland mountains, where

the sun rarely ever shone, where the water poured over the cliffs, and the nights were rendered hideous by the sepulchral voices of the "hoot-owls." As we passed the line of civilization, going farther and still farther into this gloomy and most uninviting "dees-trick," I was more than ever impressed with the poetry of Allison's "Night Along the Hills."

"So still! So still!

The night came down on vale and hill!
So strangely still, I could not close
My eyes in sleep. No watchman goes
About these hills to keep
All safe at night I could not sleep.

"So dark! So dark!

Save here and there a flitting spark,
The firefly's tiny lamp, that made
The dark more dense. My spirit quaked
With terrors vague and undefined!
I saw the hills loom up behind.

"So near! So near!

Those solemn mountains, grand and drear
Their rocky summits! Do they stand
Like sentinels to guard the land?
Or jailors, fierce and grim and stern,
To shut us in till day returned?"

I confess that one would enjoy life in the canyons and cliffs of the Cumberland mountains, hunting and fishing much more than I did, if he were out for these purposes only. But when such were only mere side issues, and the real object of the search was to get one's work in upon the wild-cat whisky producer, the pleasures of hunting and fishing were stripped of their romance, and only the skelton remained. The hour when detection by the wily moonshiner was to come, and the consequent lifting of one's scalp, or a wound for life by their unerring rifle, were reflections



anything but pleasant. But this work must be done by some one, and why should I not be the *patriot* to give up my "checks" and be buried unhonored and unknown amid the fastnesses of the Cumberlands, if by it my country lives on, and her laws are respected by every citizen beneath the flag.

"Let the world go round and round,
And the sun sink into the sea!
For whether I'm on or under the ground,
Oh, what will it matter to me?"

If this were intended for a novel, I might picture the beauties and pleasures of deer hunting in the Cumberland mountains. How grand the surroundings. Mountains rock-ribbed and towering in the sunlight. Granite walls and lofty peaks that have withstood the storms of centuries, and will stand amid the sunshine of millennial glory. Water as limpid as the dews of heaven, and as pure as that which Ariosto saw in his vision, in the deep grotto beneath the sea where the mermaids bathed their flowing locks, and three old blind crones passed a single eye around that each might behold them in their magical beauty.

Snow of alabaster whiteness reminding one of the fabled milk which fell from Here's bosom and bleached everything it touched to everlasting whiteness. Rocks and cliffs so lofty, so grand, that only God could be the mason who constructed them. Caverns wide and deep and long. Game of every description, from the wood pecker to the turkey and the deer. Music sweeter than man can render, though it is given you upon the instruments which God made when he created the world. Then, there are the voices of the watch-dog, the hideous screams of the "screech-owl," and the sepulchral hootings of his half-brother, "hoo!

hoo! hoo!" These are what you see and hear while hunting in the Cumberland mountains. Hereafter I have fully made up my mind to take my recreations of this character in homœopathic doses.

Well, we did our work, our employers said satisfactorily, and took the back track, that we might once again see a straight fence, get soap to wash with, find ladies who wear white collars and cuffs, and where white school houses can be seen in the groves by the road-side—these are marks of civilization.

When we came into a village, the first we had seen for a fortnight, with a small supply of fish, we met with a reception, such as I give below in verse.

"Two fishers went strolling away to the stream,
To the babbling brook where the fishes swim.
Of speckled beauties they both did dream,
And each felt certain they'd bite for him.
For men will tramp from morning till night,
And suffer the fierce mosquito's bite,
And drink to stop their groaning,

"Two fishers strolled into the market place,
'Twas some two hours after the sun went down,
And a look of gloom was on each man's face,
For at empty baskets they each did frown,
For men may fish, but may get no bite,
And tired and ugly go home at night,
And vent their wrath in groaning.

"Two fishers strolled into the beer saloon,
Where the crowd sat round and the gas was bright,
And each gayly whistled a merry tune,
And showed his fish with assumed delight.
For men will fish, yea, perish the thought!
Will boast of catching the fish they bought,
While inwardly they're groaning."

CHAPTER VII.

Raiding Moonshine Distilleries.

“**R**AIDERS” are an organized posse of Government officers, who capture moonshine distilleries, and those who operate them. Raiding parties vary in size. If the locality to be raided is known as a bad neighborhood, the force is selected to suit the emergency. I have seen as many as fifty men in one squad, all mounted and armed and on their way to chop up the distillery of some poor, inoffensive (?) moonshiner. I have commanded possies of raiders from five up to twenty-five strong, and my experience justifies the statement that ten brave, active men are worth any number above it for moonshine raiding. There are times, however, when it would be comforting to have a greater number, but in most cases ten men, in a timbered country, can cut their way through any opposition which can be set up against them. Sometimes one or more of the posse will receive wounds, and others may be killed, but they cannot all be taken, unless they are disposed to voluntarily surrender.

Raiders are always mounted, and are usually supplied by the Government with Springfield rifles, which carry an ounce ball a thousand yards, with a great deal of precision, if handled by a skillful marksman. I am acquainted with a number of raiders who scarcely ever miss their mark with one of these rifles, at from four to eight hundred yards; and at a shorter

distance, say two hundred, or two hundred and fifty yards, they can "drive the centre" at every shot. Of course this is the result of constant practice; and it is useless to say that such men are invaluable in raiding.

Each man is also provided with one or more revolvers—Colts round barrel, side loading navies being the ones most commonly used. It is surprising to see with what success the experienced raiders shoot these pistols. They practice in every imaginable manner, and are so skillful that they rarely ever miss their aim. I have seen them practicing by standing erect and shooting right, left and front, almost simultaneously, the targets being saplings not half so stout as an ordinary man's body, and at almost every shot the bark would fly as if torn off by a cannon. I have seen them shoot, running at full speed on foot, and also from their horses while in a sweeping gallop, and the exception was to miss. Such dexterity in shooting is of great value to a raiding party, for if closed in upon by the enemy, somebody therefore is sure to get hurt.

To successfully shoot a Springfield rifle, one must have a correct idea of distances. I remember on one occasion, while raiding in the Cumberland mountains, a moonshiner was seen up the mountain side, loading and firing at our party, as we were engaged cutting up a distillery. I took a man with me, who was a superior marksman, if some one would calculate the distance for him, and we ascended the opposite hillside, selected a position, and opened fire upon the moonshiner. At first he dodged behind a tree, and kept on loading and firing. Finally, as if he did not longer fear us, he came out in full view, and kept up his fusilade at us. I then sent to the distillery for a

man who was never known to fail when he leveled his rifle for a shot. He came, and with the remark that the distance was at least one hundred yards less than we two had supposed, took aim, and at the crack of his rifle, the man jumped several feet into the air and fell to the ground, and therefore troubled us no more. I went to him and found that he was shot through the fleshy part of the thigh. We took him to a neighboring house, and he was not long, we afterwards learned, in entirely recovering; and in the future, no doubt, was a wiser and better man.

Raiders usually provide themselves with gum coats and leggings, so that they can ride in storms as in sunshine without getting wet, or even damp. One man is designated as "hatchet bearer." Hatchets are used in cutting up the copper stills, caps, worms, and tubs. Usually axes are found in the still-houses, but sometimes they have been taken away by their owners, and if the raiders were not provided with hatchets, they would be very greatly delayed in their operations; and delay at a still-house is not at all pleasant or desirable. The quicker the work is done at a place of this kind, and the sooner you get away, the chances that you will not be fired upon are very much in your favor. Loitering about a moonshine distillery, nine cases out of ten, will provoke its owner to organize a party and give you battle. It will exasperate almost any man to madness to be forced to stand in close proximity, and see his property destroyed.

I always take a pair of saddle-bags with me on raids, to hold my blanks, and also to carry a horse-shoe hammer, a pound or so of horse-shoe nails, a few extra horse shoes, and the like. I found this supply indispensable in the mountains. Frequently a horse will throw off a shoe when you are ten or more miles dis-

tant from a blacksmith shop, and perchance the horse, or horses, will get lame and halt, at a time when you need them the most, and when for miles your party is required to ride, in a sweeping gallop, to prevent being ambushed or surrounded. Although I had never attempted anything of the kind before, I found no trouble in replacing a horse shoe, as quickly, and almost as neatly, as an average blacksmith would do it. The old adage that "necessity is the mother of invention," certainly proved true in making me a horse-shoer.

In order to prove successful in raiding illicit distilleries, the party in charge must have perfect control of his men. He must enforce strict obedience, and, under all circumstances, assert and maintain his authority. On arriving within several hundred yards of a distillery, the party usually dismount, and one or more men are left in charge of the horses, while the others, as quietly as possible, charge upon the distillery and capture its contents.

This is raiding.

CHAPTER VIII.

Raiding Moonshine Distilleries—The Peek's Fight.

ONE of the severest battles ever fought between Government officers and moonshiners, occurred August 23d and 24th, 1878, in Overton county, Tennessee, nine miles north of Cookeville. The United States forces, consisting of ten men, were commanded by Deputy Collector James M. Davis, the well known moonshine raider. Campbell Morgan, next to Redmond of South Carolina, the most notorious moonshiner in America, led the opposition.

The following account of the engagement was furnished me by Capt. S. D. Mather, a Commissioner of the United States Circuit Court, who was a member of the raiding party; and it is certified as correct by Deputy Collector Davis and others of his party, with whom I have spoken in regard to the matter:

"Just before sundown our party rode up to the residence of Mr. James Peek, an aged citizen of Overton county, for the purpose of procuring lodging. The old gentleman said he was not prepared to take care of so many persons and horses, and he and his son advised us to go to a Mr. Barnes, a mile beyond. We started, and after riding about half a mile, we met a man, who informed us that the chances were better for us to be entertained at Mr. Peek's than anywhere else in the neighborhood. We thereupon returned to Peek's. A portion of our party dismounted and im-

mediately went to the house, myself among the number. Mr. Peek was at that time 102 years of age, having been born three months before the signing of the Declaration of Independence. I was engaged in conversation with Mr. P., while Capt. Davis and Deputy Marshal J. M. Phillips went out of the house, and back of the garden fence to find places to tie and feed our horses. Davis had a Winchester rifle in his hand, but Phillips had left his gun in the house. A partridge flew up into a tree immediately in front of them, and while Mr. Phillips was engaged trying to show Mr. Davis where the partridge was sitting, so he (Davis) could kill it, Mr. D. discovered six or eight armed men running down the hill-side, a short distance from them. Messrs. Davis and Phillips leaped over the fence into a corn field near the main road. While crossing the fence they were fired at, and one of the balls entered Mr. Phillips' breast, and passed entirely through his body, inflicting a painful and dangerous wound. Mr. Davis raised his gun and fired. At the first shot his rifle burst, and he had to rush to the house, for another gun. As Davis and Phillips were making their way to the house, a volley of thirty or forty shots was fired at them, but fortunately without effect. The other members of our posse now ran out and began firing at the enemy. I heard Mr. Phillips call out that he was shot, and I ran through a shower of balls to the gate to procure a gun, but seeing Mr. Phillips almost fainting from loss of blood, I assisted him to the house. By the time I had ripped his shirt off, and saw his wound was not necessarily fatal, I was going out of the house, and learned that the enemy had fallen back to the base of the hills, and our men were coming into the house. Charles Tippins was shot through the nose, and his

face was covered with blood, and "Pres." Smith was shot twice through the arm and his shirt was a clot of blood. Tippins was knocked down by the force of the ball, but Smith stood up to the last pouring hot shot into the ranks of the enemy. Mr. Rawls, mistaking the moonshiners for our men, ran over to them, and received a shot in his hat and a ball in the stock of his gun. There appeared to be forty or fifty of the enemy, all well armed and determined fighters.

"After the first attack was over, our wounded men were cared for in the best way we could provise. Darkness came on, and Messrs. Speers, Howe and myself stood guard during the night. The enemy only withdrew a short distance, and seemed to be getting ready through the night to renew the attack in the morning. Having only seven men left who were fit for duty, Deputy Collector Davis dispatched Lee L. Ayres and Charles Strain to the nearest point for reinforcements, and to report the situation to collector W. M. Woodcock, at Nashville. Mr. Peek's son, James, and Mr. Hurley, and Mr. Eldridge, who happened to be at the house when the fight began, preferred to remain with us, and I assure the reader that they rendered valuable aid.

"The next morning, a young son of John Peek went down the road to recover some horses which had strayed away, and he was fired upon by the moonshiners, who were stationed behind almost every tree on all the hill-sides. When he returned he undertook to water our horses, but was prevented from doing so by the men who were on guard all around the house and stable. We were now completely hemmed in and surrounded, by perhaps one hundred armed outlaws.

"Mr. Peek, son-in-law, daughter, and other members of the family, occupied an old house in the rear,

while we were stationed in the front two-story log building, which was not yet completed, the upper story not having been chinked. This building, in its incomplete condition, was an excellent block-house, and not a bad fort.

"Firing was opened upon us early in the morning, and was kept up all day. Our ammunition being rather scarce, we shot sparingly. We had no water, and but little to eat; still we held out to the end, and did the very best we could. Our wounded men needed attention, and fortunately Dr. Martin, of Cookeville, came in. He dressed their wounds, and at once left. About sundown, it seemed as if there were a thousand men around and about us, judging from the bugles, the yells of the demon moonshiners, and the balls they were pouring into the walls of our block-house. The night that followed was almost pandemonium itself. Sunday morning dawned with armed men in sight of us in every direction.

"The first order issued by commander Morgan to the moonshiners, was for no one to go to the spring for water. Mr. Peek's daughter, and one or two others of the family, however, disobeyed Morgan's orders, and went. Their buckets were taken from them, and they were given one minute in which to return to the house. Full tilt they came back, and, you may be sure, went out no more. The roads were barricaded with fences and large poles on top, which made the leagurement complete. But it seemed that no one desired to pass, as the whole country had joined the moonshiners, or were in sympathy with them. To us the situation was gloomy and desolate. Firing was kept up about every ten minutes all through the day, but none of their shots hit us. About ten o'clock it began to rain, and we caught a small supply of

water. During the fall of the rain, they fired at us almost continuously, possibly to keep their guns dry. Now and then we saw a chance to get in a shot, and promptly put it there.

"This was the condition of matters, when, late in the afternoon, some gentlemen came from Livingston, the county seat, having learned of our situation, to see if something could not be done to bring about an honorable peace. They had hardly explained their mission, when two of the moonshiners sent in a note asking permission to confer with the Government officers, whom they had been besieging for two days and nights. We consented to their coming in, and they did so promptly. They at once proposed to go, with the delegation from Livingston, to Campbell Morgan, the generalissimo of the besiegers, and, if possible, have the attacking party disperse. They went, and shortly after returned with a message from Morgan, to the effect, that if we would petition the President of the United States and the Federal Court, to pardon all their offenses up to date, they would let us go on our way; but under no other condition would they remove the embargo which, by superior force, they had placed upon us.

"We responded that we could not control the action of the Federal Court, and would therefore promise nothing that we could not fully carry out; that we were citizens of the United States and of the State of Tennessee, and had rights, as such, which should be respected; that most of their force had come thirty or forty miles from home, to pursue and attack us; that we had plenty of ammunition, and that reinforcements were on the way to relieve us. We called upon the gentlemen then present, as magistrates and law-abiding citizens, to see that we were protected, and

to exercise their authority in dispersing the mob that surrounded us.

“The delegation again went to Morgan, who stated to them that he had heard that Capt. Davis intended to kill him (Morgan) on sight, and that he had organized this forcible opposition only in self defence; that he knew Davis was a man of courage, and would not hesitate to kill any man in order to carry out his undertakings. He also said that if the Government had a warrant to serve on him, and would put it in the hands of some one other than Capt. Davis, he would promptly give himself up, and would do everything in his power to correct the evil ways of his neighborhood, and this should be his last resistance to United States authority.

“This last proposition was acceded to, and Morgan and his men, some twenty-five in number, left their stations on the hill-sides, filed past our fort, and went their way. They all looked like determined men, and we know, to our sorrow, that they are fighters from the hills.

“By this time a number of peace-makers had come to the place, and with their friendly aid we departed immediately to Cookeville, and once again were free.”

CHAPTER IX.

Raiding Moonshine Distilleries—CONTINUED.

SHOOTING Creek and Runnet Bag are two of the most notorious sections in Virginia. Their inhabitants are principally of the low and vicious class. They are either open violators of the law, or in full sympathy with those who do these things. Many murders have been committed there and in the neighborhoods around them, and so far as I can learn, but few of the malefactors have been made amenable to the penalties of the law. Where whole neighborhoods, as in this case, are made up of discharged or escaped convicts, horse thieves, and fugitives from justice, the few good citizens among them stand aloof, and allow them to cut, carve, and kill each other as much as they please; for should they interfere, they incur the risk of assassination, and know not the moment their houses and out buildings may be found in flames and ashes. Nothing is too low and mean for an unprincipled, or outlawed man to do.

Among the kind of people who live on these two creeks, illicit distilling is a favorite pastime. Indeed, it may be said to be their only occupation. A few years ago, I accompanied a raiding party among them. We got through without being molested; but then our work was done under the cover of darkness, when it was next to impossible for the '*shiners*' to make any organized opposition. Previous to this time several raids had been made through these in-

fect localities; and several have been made since. It is a historical fact as to that "deestrick," that the raiders are almost always obliged to fight the desperadoes when they go among them. Capt. William O. Austin, one of the bravest and most efficient revenue officers in the South, once had a battle, which lasted a day and night, with the Runnet Bag moonshiners. Several men were wounded on both sides; fortunately none were killed.

Capt. Austin was in command of fifteen raiders, while the adversaries were led on by Sam. Nolen and John Anderson Jarroll, two noted blockaders. Passing down the creek, the officers found several large trees which had been felled across the road. This they remembered, was the signal of danger, of the Runnet Bag moonshiners. In several anonymous letters they had been told that when trees were found in that position, to look out, that the Nolen and Jarroll gang were expecting them, and were not far off.

The officers immediately put their arms in order, and moved cautiously forward, keeping a sharp vision for bushwhackers, on both sides of the road. They had not advanced much farther, before they came to three large trees which had also been felled across the road, and completely stopped travel on it. While the officers were endeavoring to find a way around these trees, they were fired upon by no less than forty moonshiners, who were in ambush behind the timber near the roadside. Capt. Austin's horse was shot under him. He at once ordered the posse to dismount, shelter themselves behind their horses, and open fire upon the enemy. Another volley soon came from the moonshiners, which was promptly returned by the officers. The firing was thus kept up until dark. No more serious casualties happened, however, than

the wounding of three moonshiners, two raiders, and five horses, so well were the parties entrenched.

Under cover of the darkness, the officers attempted to retire to Salem, whence they had started. After proceeding a very short distance, they were again intercepted by the moonshiners, who had again completely surrounded them. The firing was recommenced, and continued until both sides had become exhausted. Shortly before day dawn, Captain Austin sent out a reconnoitering party. They returned with the welcome news that the way was clear and the posse could make good their escape. This they did as rapidly as the lameness of the horses and the exhaustion of the raiders would permit.

Some weeks afterwards, Captain Austin returned to Runnet Bag—this time in the night—and captured Nolen and Jarroll and nearly all of their gang. They were tried before Judge Rives, at Lynchburg, and were severally sentenced to imprisonment in the penitentiary for obstructing Federal officials in the line of duty.

A LIFE FOR A LIFE.

In Casey county, Kentucky, a noted character named "Tom" Moore, for many years resided. He was a terror to all well meaning people, and was an illicit distiller, a counterfeiter, and a burglar. For a long time he lived in the mountain cliffs, and whenever his haunt was discovered, he would move elsewhere. Thus, for a long time, he avoided arrest by State and Federal officers, who were eager to catch him.

Two different times two deputy marshals attempted to apprehend him, but both times Moore resisted so determinedly that they were compelled to return without him. Finally, Deputy Marshal George Ellis

came upon him in one of his rocky fastnesses, and before Moore, who was lying upon his couch, could spring to his feet, Ellis made him a prisoner. Judge Ballard sentenced him to confinement for five months, but Moore managed to escape shortly after his incarceration, and at once resumed his former wicked practices.

Moore had murdered several persons, in and about his native heath. One of the victims of his brutality was the wife of his bosom; who is said to have been a respectable, worthy and dutiful companion. Moore was, evidently, therefore, no respecter of persons.

In December, 1877, Deputy Marshal Ellis was again put on Moore's trail, with orders to arrest him for moonshining and making counterfeit money. In company with Clay Drye, Ellis was riding along one of the public roads of Casey county. Shortly after the shades of evening had commenced to throw their curtains around them, in the twilight, a few yards in advance, they saw a horse hitched to a swinging limb near the roadside; and beside a tree, not many feet distant, stood a man with a gun in his hand. Ellis called out, "Who'se there?" The reply came promptly, "I'm Tom Moore, the man you are after," and at the same instant leveled his gun at Ellis. Before Moore could fire, Ellis leaped from his horse and shouted, "surrender!" Losing not a moment's time, Moore fired, and the ball passed into and entirely through the abdomen of Ellis, inflicting, of course, a mortal wound. Ellis, though writhing with the shock and pain from Moore's shot, returned the fire, hitting Moore in the right side. The ball ranged downward, and passed out below the ribs. Moore ran about fifty yards, then fell helpless, and by the



TWO DETECTIVES ALONE IN THE WILD WOODS."

"Fishing or hunting in day-time and prowling around still-houses at night, were our occupations."—Page 35.

time that Ellis and Drye got to him, he was as dead as a herring.

Drye assisted Ellis to climb upon his horse. He was then bleeding and almost exhausted. Drye then gently and slowly marched the horse and its rider to the house of George Cochran on Brush creek, a place well known to United States officers for its dangerous nature. Physicians were speedily summoned from Rolling Fork, and from Liberty, the county seat. They probed the wound and discovered the ball. It was lodged in the spine, in such a position as to prevent removal. They pronounced the wound a mortal one; and on the morning of the third day, Deputy Marshal George Ellis was dead.

“Toll for the brave!
The brave that is no more!
He's sunk baneath the wave,
Fast by his native shore.”

DEPUTY MARSHAL JOHN WYATT SMOKES THE PIPE OF PEACE WITH MAGOFFIN COUNTY MOONSHINERS.

Perhaps no braver man than John Wyatt, of Kentucky, ever drew a sword. For many years he traveled, alone, among and over the mountains of Kentucky, with his large pocket-book filled with warrants for the arrest of violators of the laws of the United States. When he met any person he “wanted,” he would remove him out of that section before the prisoner’s friends could arrange to rescue him. He has had hundreds of hair-breadth escapes. It is most interesting to hear him relate how he has been bush-whacked, and the various ways he devised to avoid being captured or killed. Mr. Wyatt is a man of intelligence and culture, and his reminiscences of five

years as a deputy marshal in Kentucky, would make a highly readable volume.

During holiday week, in 1877, Mr. Wyatt made a raid on the moonshiners of Magoffin and Breathitt counties, Kentucky. He took with him five men. All were armed with Henry rifles. On the way to Magoffin county, they destroyed several moonshine distilleries, without resistance, which caused them to believe they would not be molested until, and even after, they reached Death Hollow, in Breathitt county, where several wild-cat stills were operating. Nevertheless they were cautious, as they were well up in woods-life, and in the ways of the tricky moonshiner, whom they well knew they could not trust.

Before they reached Shooting Creek, in Magoffin county, they were told, by many good citizens, that the moonshiners were expecting them, and were organized to give them fight. Mr. Wyatt had often heard such talk before, and he pressed onward, without hesitation or fear. The first still they found was promptly demolished. As they were getting ready to ride off, they found they were surrounded by from twenty-five to forty of the moonshiners, who commanded the officers to "surrender! surrender!" and also, "give up your arms." Wyatt replied that they were simply discharging their duty as revenue officers; that they ought not to be thus disturbed, and that while perhaps they could disarm, and even murder the officers, the Government would overpower them in the long run, and then it would only be worse for themselves. This kind of reasoning had no effect on the moonshiners. They again demanded that the posse should disarm and surrender. Again the officers declined to do either, and at once took shelter in the still house. They now informed the

besiegers that they were ready to exchange some shooting before giving up their guns.

Levi Patrick, the leader of the assailants, here shouted that if Wyatt would lay down his gun, he (Patrick) would do the same, and then they would meet and talk the matter over. Wyatt consented thereto, and they met half-way, and had a long and friendly conference, which resulted in a reconciliation. The two opposing parties now came out from under cover, shook hands, and had a jolly good time.

The officers went home that night with one of the moonshiners. Next day a barbecue was given, at which all of the moonshiners of the neighborhood were present. The officers attended by special invitation and were nearly killed with kindness. A large quantity of wild-cat whisky was consumed, and the pipe of peace was lighted and smoked. The day following, Mr. Wyatt and his party went their way rejoicing.

I give below some further incidents and adventures of Mr. Wyatt, as related in his own peculiar way:

"My first trip," he said, in answer to a query, "well, that occurred in '65, October, I think; into Nelson county, it was. Our chief, Mr. Wm. A. Meriwether, marshal of Kentucky, had heard, from his deputies, an account of how a number of chaps in that county had met them, took away their weapons and watches, and mildly insinuated that were they to return again, their necks would find halters. These fellows were moonshiners, and Mr. Meriwether concluded to satisfy himself of the truth of what was told him, by going to see for himself. When he came back, he was well satisfied that seeing is believing, the rascals having caught and attempted to hang him—the interference of a very popular man in that

section alone saved his life. When Mr. Meriwether returned to Louisville, he sent myself and another deputy, with fifty soldiers of Gen. Thomas' command under Major Long, in search of this gang of rascals. We proceeded as far as Upton, Ky., on a special train, our destination being, as we thought, fourteen miles farther on. Our only chance of effecting their capture lay in reaching their rendezvous before day. The train got to Upton in the early part of the night. We set out at once on the march, but after traversing twenty miles of rough and rugged road, learned that we were still eight miles from the locality of those for whom we were in search. Tired and worn out, after a tramp through the woods twenty-eight miles, we came in sight of Howard's Mill, their hiding place, at nine o'clock on Sunday morning. Thirteen of them were discovered. On seeing the bayonets of the soldiers glistening in the sunlight, they broke and ran, five on foot and eight mounted. After crossing a creek, the thirteen halted, and got their rifles ready for use. Our party also crossed the creek, when Major Long commanded a halt. I advised him to prepare to fire upon them, but he simply demanded their surrender. A laugh was the answer he got.

“‘Major,’ said I, ‘you don’t know the men you are dealing with; it must be either catch or kill. Place the boys in position and fire in two ranks—one up, the other down.’ He refused to do this, and I asked for a detail of ten men to go to their rear, and surprise them. But he again declined, and I, disgusted with his cowardice, gave up the fight. Thus my first attempt was a flat failure. Like the King of France, we marched up a hill, and then marched down again.

“This trip I followed up very soon, with two others in the same section. I caught one of their reputed

leaders, Bob. Cecil, up a chimney. It was a pretty hot place, but I made it more so, before I got through with him. Another leader, Benj. Paulding, escaped, though I fired eleven shots at him, perforating his hat and clothing several times. Cecil served out his time in jail, but Paulding was never caught.

"My roughest time was in Letcher county, in the mountains, near the Virginia line. Here, with seven men, I destroyed numerous stills, and captured thirteen offenders. Three hundred miles separated us from home. We were away up in pine mountains, among the worst men in the Commonwealth. The friends of the prisoners were organizing to release them, and were resolved to assassinate us. I ordered a halt, and told the thirteen prisoners, that the moment their friends opened fire on us it would seal their doom. I meant every word I said, and they well knew it. I intended first to massacre them, and then charge upon our assailants. One of the thirteen prevented the assassination of his friends, and our own massacre, by escaping and spreading the news of my purpose in case of attack.

"Placing these twelve men in Louisville jail, I went on another raid into Letcher county, but failed, a rain coming on while we were in the mountains, and causing a detention of thirty hours, during which time we were exposed to wind and rain and were without food.

"Another raid, attended with great danger," continued Mr. Wyatt, "was in Wayne county, where, with Lieutenant De Rudio, of Custer's regiment, and thirty picked men, I demolished thirty stills and took numerous prisoners, among them the notorious guerrilla Andy Foster. This gang had previously been successful in fighting off detachments of officers,

but our raid completely broke the back of moonshining in Wayne county. I have been there a dozen times since, and have met with no organized resistance.

"Several times I have been fired at; once, the first time, I believe, in Cumberland county. A fellow named Smeltz, learning of my presence near his still-house, secreted himself beside a cliff, about sixty yards above me, and attempted my assassination. He fired suddenly from under the bushes, with a rifle. The ball entered my horse's neck. I sprang from his back in an instant, and catching sight of Smeltz as he ran, I fired. The ball from my rifle carried off two of his fingers and broke his weapon. I chased the rascal all day, but without success. His distillery was afterwards destroyed.

"Another attempt to kill me was made in Monroe county. Tom Stebbins and his son tried it. I had destroyed their still, and, coming up to their house at night, started to enter it. A pack of dogs set up a great cry, and, by the time myself and companions entered, father and son had left their home. I and the others went into the house first, and, when satisfied that the men had really fled, we walked out toward their barn, I holding a candle in one hand. Three shots followed our appearance; all were aimed at me, as I held the candle. The first flash from the bushes was all the warning I needed. A candle never went out more suddenly. Maybe I snuffed it—maybe a bullet; but at all events its blaze disappeared in a twinkling, and, falling on all fours, I fired in the direction of the flash of the guns of the enemy. Then creeping up I endeavored to kill some of them, but was unsuccessful. Next morning their stills were destroyed, and never

did I demolish 'the illicit' with more wholesome satisfaction than upon this occasion."

Mr. Wyatt related many other incidents in his life, but the foregoing are the most interesting. They convey a very excellent picture of what rough and perilous experience has to be endured in capturing these, the only outlaws, so to speak, who now inhabit "the dark and bloody ground."

Several years were necessary to quell regular organized resistance. None is offered now, though occasionally some daring offender resists, and frequently escapes arrest. These moonshiners fear Mr. Wyatt, next to Captain Davis, more than any living man. Bold, brave and desperate as they are, that they should hold him in such dread, is indeed remarkable.

Continuing the narration of his adventures, Mr. Wyatt spoke of the situations of stillhouses, which corroborated my own observations quite fully.

"They are," he remarked, with a laugh, as he doubtless recalled many a weary tramp in search of them, "just where you'd least expect to find them, generally between hills and mountains, near a murmuring rill, water of course being a necessary element in making 'cornjuice,' as the natives term whisky. Sometimes they are in gulches, sometimes in caves, sometimes in half-under-ground spots, but always in places secluded and scarcely to be arrived at without a guide.

"The most picturesque situated stillhouse I ever saw was in Pulaski county. It was constructed of the very roughest of wood, hewn in the crudest of style, ten feet high, and not more than three times as long, and twice as wide. Built in the entrance of a cave, shadowed by overhanging trees and dense growths of briars and bushes, at the base of two high

mountains; a stream of cold water trickling by, and you have it. There, for years, moonshine whisky was distilled; and had the discovery not come about most peculiarly, there is no telling how long the butternuts (a name given by moonshiners), would have operated. In the dead of winter the sheep of the surrounding country sought this spot, for the purpose of feeding on the refuse matter, and also to protect themselves from Borean blasts by sheltering between the hills. These tracks betrayed the butternuts. This was the most secluded stillhouse I ever came across.

"Another was under a large saw and grist mill in Washington county, which was operated by both water and steam. Its discovery was purely accidental. I, and three others, chanced to be riding near the mill, and a negro, who was asleep, awaking suddenly, dashed away on a keen jump. 'Halt, you rascal, or I'll shoot,' was my cry, as negro-like, he made for the wood pile. The fellow did halt, and on further nearing him, I casually remarked my intention to blow his brains out, though I, of course, knew this would be well nigh impossible. The negro protested his innocence, and this at once satisfied me of the close proximity of a still. A small smoke could be seen coming out of an upright nail keg near a pile of sawdust. Glancing through this opening, I beheld a man stirring mash in the room below.

"Come out of there, or I'll put a bullet in your head," I called out.

"Shut up, Pomp," answered Butternut, supposing the negro had spoken.

"Come out, come out," I cried.

"Go 'long, Pomp, or I'll thrash you, you black rascal," continued the man below.





HUNTING SCENE IN THE CUMBERLAND MOUNTAINS.

"It was a desolate, lonely business away up there in the Cumberland mountains,"—Page 35.

"You white scamp, I say come out," was my response.

"The fellow uttered a cry of surprise, and proceeding out of sight for a moment, walked up a staircase near a large circular saw, and by this entirely hidden from view, came into the presence, as he supposed, of Pomp. The look of surprise on his countenance, at the sight of me and my pointed pistol, is something to be imagined. It cannot be described. I would that it could, and I were able to do it. When he had recovered, this fellow showed to us another entrance leading below. This was a large hole in the floor, covered with removable boards, and hidden by sawdust. Down it I descended, and in the subterranean passage below, I found five men, all busily engaged making moonshine, by the dim light of an oil lamp. Their surprise on seeing me was hardly less than that of their companion. I marched them up stairs and destroyed the usual articles, as the law directs.

"This gang," Mr. Wyatt proceeded to narrate, "had been at work a long time. They used steam, and occasionally would saw a log, and grind a grist, as a blind. Thus they prospered quite a time, but like other rascals, were finally caught up with and punished."

EDGAR WYATT LOSES AN EYE, BUT HOLDS ON TO HIS
COURAGE.

Edgar Wyatt operated with his brother John, for several years, in Kentucky, arresting violators of the law. Like John he was fearless, and has therefore frequently been attacked, and often wounded while in the discharge of his official duty. A few years since he was in charge of a raiding party in Cumberland county, Kentucky, and while destroying a still

near the river of the same name, narrowly escaped with his life. He was not anticipating trouble, otherwise he might have gotten away without being disturbed. As the raiding party were leaving the still-house, they were greeted with a volley of bullets from the hill-side, which fortunately passed over their heads.

Persons uninformed, or inexperienced in woods-life, have no doubt wondered why it is that so few officials have been killed by the moonshiners, when so many battles have taken place between them, while raiding distilleries in the mountains. It is easily explained. If a person shoot from a hill-side at another in a valley, unless he aims at a point below the knees, is most certain to overshoot. In shooting uphill the reverse is true. If, therefore, moonshiners were cautious, and would observe the above rule, the exception would be to miss, whereas now the exception is to hit the officer whose life they seek, and who is always in the valley below.

Mr. Wyatt and his men took cover behind a pig-pen in the yard, near the still house, and from this insecure "breastwork" they vigorously opened fire on the moonshiners. For some minutes the woods rang with the sound of the musketry, and the demon yells of the moonshiners. The officers were few when compared with their opponents, but this did not daunt them. Many times the shout of "surrender" came from the chief of the wildcatters, or "we will kill every man of you." To these demands Wyatt's only responses were, "we may die, but we will never lay down our guns." Like Shakespere, in his Richard III, he might have said:

"I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of a die.
I think there be six Richmonds in the field."

Presently a shot struck Wyatt in the right eye, entirely destroying it, and inflicting a painful and dangerous wound. This, however, did not induce him or his men to capitulate. The sun was dropping low in the western sky, and the officers felt satisfied if they could hold out until night, they could successfully make their escape; but still the fight raged furiously. Now and then the cry of a moonshiner outside, notified the officers that a bullet from one of their guns had taken effect. By-and-by the friendly shadows of night came on, and the shooting on both sides slackened. Darkness set in at last, and under its protection, Mr. Wyatt and his party left that "hot corner," riding much faster than they had ever done before.

CHAPTER X.

Moonshining in East Tennessee.

SEVERAL months of my efforts to suppress moonshining in the south were given to East Tennessee, which, for a number of years, was a fruitful field for violators of the internal revenue laws. Deputy-Collector William R. Cooper, of Knoxville, a conscientious, brave and efficient officer, had charge of the raiding forces in that locality, from 1869 to 1879, a period of full ten years. From his observations and experiences I have selected the following facts:

Early in the spring of 1869, a youthful looking man of twenty-two summers, entered upon the duties of Division Deputy for his father, General Joseph A. Cooper, then Collector of Internal Revenue for the second district of Tennessee. From June, 1869, to June, 1876, nothing of his experiences are regarded with special interest, aside from routine work of a Division Deputy in those mountain districts, which consist of collection of revenue, supervising legal distilleries, and a raid, now and then, on the moonshiners, which carry with it the cutting of "coppers" and smashing tubs. During the period of time mentioned, numerous, and, indeed, almost innumerable raids were made, all of them hazardous, though none of them resulting seriously to the officers, until the beginning of what is usually termed the "casualty period," in November, 1876. In Union county, not far from Maynardsville, Special Deputy-Collector Rod-

gers, and a squad of eight men, were ambushed in the darkness of the night, were fired upon and were driven into the house of a citizen for refuge by a band of moonshiners. Several of the officers were slightly wounded, and their horses were shamefully butchered up by the outlaws. This was the first manifest opposition to the enforcement of the law in that locality, and it is thought that it was the direct outgrowth of the demagoguery of designing politicians displayed during the Presidential contest of that year.

In Kettle Hollow, same county, June, 1877, was the next scene of hostile operations by Union county moonshiners. This took place at the termination of a ten days' raid into Hancock, Claiborne and other East Tennessee counties, consisting of thirty men, under personal command of Collector Joseph A. Cooper, who left his office in charge of Deputy-Collectors David S. Bowers and W. R. Cooper, each of whom contributed a portion of their salaries towards paying the expenses of the raid. Nothing of special note occurred during this raid, except the destruction of twenty-five moonshine distilleries, until the last day, as the party was returning homeward. Late in the evening the officers reached Kettle Hollow, and as Messrs. John Cooper and William Lindsay were advancing upon the still-house of William Tolliver and Elbert Sexton, they were fired at by five moonshiners, who were concealed in a bushy thicket about one hundred yards from the distillery. Neither of the officers was wounded, and after emptying their revolvers into the thicket where they supposed the moonshiners were concealed, they withdrew, and with the remainder of the posse, returned to Maynardsville, the seat of justice of Union county.

Early next morning, Collector Cooper and party returned to Kettle Hollow, and as they approached the

distillery, where they were ambushed the preceding evening, they were again greeted with a volley from shot-guns and rifles in the hands of moonshiners, who were hid behind trees and rocks about fifty yards from the road. "Old Fighting Joe," as General Cooper was termed during the rebellion, turned his men loose, and told them to shoot every moonshiner in sight. The boys opened fire upon the enemy, and but a few minutes elapsed before the moonshiners were dislodged from their hiding places, some of them leaving their hats and guns, as they fled for safety towards the high mountain near by. William Tolliver, one of the owners of the distillery, was severely wounded, and was made prisoner, and his still house was demolished in short order.

From this day, the warfare against illicit distillers in East Tennessee, was made aggressive. Raiding parties were organized and sent out in all directions. The moonshiners banded together, and were obstinate and defiant. Raids became so common, that they elicited but little public attention. An expedition of eight or ten days, by Government officials, against wild-catters in the mountains, and the destruction of ten or a dozen illicit rum mills, were only passingly noticed in the local newspapers. The wounding or murdering of a faithful public officer created no special excitement. Still the raiding went on, and the moonshiners were driven back farther into the defiles of the mountains. It was clearly evident that resistance to Federal laws by the mountaineers, would finally be crushed out.

"During the years of 1878-9," continued Deputy Cooper, "were, of all my experiences in the revenue service, the most hazardous. In this short period, more casualties occurred than during all the eight





VIEW ON BEAR CREEK, SCOTT COUNTY, TENNESSEE.

“Granite walls and lofty peaks that have withstood the storms of centuries.”—Page 37

years of my previous service. The beginning of this warfare, which had gone into history as desperate and dangerous, was February 20, 1878, when I undertook a raid into Claiborne and Hancock counties. On this raid, we passed through a portion of Lee county, Virginia, and destroyed twenty-three moonshine establishments before we returned. We were ambushed several times on the trip, but none of the officers were injured. Large squads of moonshiners followed us many miles through Lee county, though they never caught up with us, as we took a different route from the one they anticipated, and thus succeeded in evading them.

"Our operations were next directed to the Jellico country in Scott county. May 19, 1878, I stopped at the house of J. K. Cordell, on Buffalo creek, and assumed the role of a fisherman, while Mr. Cordell, who was a former resident of Jellico, went back to his old home for the purpose of locating moonshine distilleries and employ men to engage in the same business, it being our intention to break it up root and branches. Mr. Cordell, while a resident of Jellico, was suspected of being in sympathy with revenue officers, and the moonshiners of that locality burned his house and barns, killed all his live stock, and gave him but six hours in which to leave the country.

"Before I left Mr. Cordell's house, we perfected arrangements for a meeting at midnight in the gap of the mountain near widow Archer's, on the Big creek road. I returned to Knoxville and began the organization of a raid, which, in order to prove successful, required absolute secrecy in every detail. The infected locality was in the Cumberland mountains, immediately along the dividing line between Tennessee and Kentucky. It was, therefore, desirable to secure a

coöperative movement by the Kentucky revenue officials. Deputy Collector William McDaniel, of Barbourville, Kentucky, was communicated with on the subject of a raid, and promptly responded with an adequate force to carry out his undertakings.

"June 12th, I left Knoxville with four men, and at Jacksboro procured five more. At ten o'clock, the night of the 13th, my squad of ten men was joined by Deputy Collector McDaniel and thirteen others from the Kentucky side, at the designated place of meeting on the Big creek road. At eleven o'clock our united forces started towards Jellico creek. At two o'clock next morning, we divided our men, one party under Deputy Collector McDaniel moved up Jellico creek, while the other under my command proceeded up Capachine creek, which was a tributary of Jellico, and of almost equal size. We reached our first distillery at two and a-half o'clock that morning, and kept up our work till eight o'clock, destroying in that time, six moonshine establishments. Arriving at Hiram Trammel's our force was again divided, each squad going in different directions. One of these possies was instructed to proceed up Jellico as far as a log school house, some two miles distant, taking four prisoners with them, and there await the coming of Deputy McDaniel's force. Being tired and exhausted these men stopped at Zion Church, about a mile distant from the school house, and sought the shade for rest until my squad would come along. Within ten minutes from the time they hitched their horses at the church, they were fired upon by ten moonshiners, who were evidently following them for the purpose of rescuing the prisoners. Two of the prisoners escaped in the excitement which followed the attack, but the remaining two were forced into

the church. As soon as the officers got inside the church they promptly and vigorously returned the fire of the enemy. Now the battle began in earnest. The moonshiners not only kept up a continuous attack, but attempted to surround the church. After the firing had lasted perhaps half an hour, my squad of six men, who had been apprised of what was going on, promptly rallied to the scene, and the moonshiners were driven from the field.

“Fortunately no officer or aid was hurt, but two of the moonshiners were wounded, though we afterwards learned not seriously. One of our horses which had become exhausted, and left in the neighborhood, was hunted up and killed by the exasperated moonshiners. We at once left Jellico, having destroyed fifteen distilleries and arrested seven men.

“The next raid,” continued Mr. Cooper, “was made in Blount county. For a long time we had been on the hunt of Hut Amarine’s distillery, which we knew was somewhere in Blount county, not far from the base of the Big Smoky mountains, near the North Carolina line. Amarine was chief of the Smoky mountain operators, and was one of the most daring outlaws in the Union. We were well aware of the fact that when we found him, we would have trouble; but we had plenty of officers who were willing and anxious to meet him. At last his haunt was discovered, and a guide was procured who had the courage to conduct a posse to it. August 6th, a squad of six men were dispatched for the purpose of seizing the distillery and arresting Amarine. The still house was reached at 3 o’clock, A. M., of August 8th, and was found to be situated in a deep hollow surrounded by heavy growths of timber. Although it was at the dead hour of night that the officers moved upon the

still house, Amarine was on guard and had three men with him, who emptied their rifles at the approaching officers. One of the officers, Mr. J. B. Snyder, was wounded in the wrist, which maimed him for life. Owing to the disadvantages under which they were placed, the officers deemed it advisable to abandon the attack and return to Knoxville.

"I was ordered by Collector Cooper to take ten men and at once renew the attack upon Amarine's ranch. We left Knoxville at nine o'clock, P. M., and after riding twenty-three miles and walking five more, we arrived at the distillery at ten minutes before four o'clock next morning. We approached the place from the northward. Our force was divided into squads of two each, and we advanced cautiously, expecting every moment to be met with missiles from the guns of the still house inmates. In this we were mistaken. When we reached the distillery it was unoccupied. Where its occupants had gone we knew not. We had not been there but a moment or two, when the cry came from the hill-side, 'Surrender, hold up your hands!' We had no time to think, much less surrender, before the reports of several rifles were heard. My brother, John Cooper, fell beside me mortally wounded. Two of the balls entered his body, and the following night at eleven o'clock, he breathed his last. We did not succeed in arresting the murderers,* but demolished the distillery and left the scene."

From the date of the lamentable tragedy in Blount county to June, 1879, the operations against moon-

*One of the murderers of Deputy Collector Cooper was captured in the spring of 1879 and was sentenced to the penitentiary for twenty-two years by Judge John Baxter, of the United States Circuit Court. Amarine, the principal assassin, was subsequently twice arrested and both times broke jail, and made good his escape. The last I heard of him, he was still at large.



Yours very truly,
Geo. W. Atkinson,

shiners in East Tennessee were unceasing. No efforts were spared to break down opposition to internal revenue laws. Raiding parties were almost constantly in the field, and a large number of officers and moonshiners were killed and wounded. A raiding party in the Chestnut Flats, in Blount county, was ambushed, and several men were slightly wounded. An extended raid from December 16th to December 29th, in which the author participated, reaching from Jamestown, Fentress county, eastward to Cumberland Gap, was attended with many difficulties and privations.

"In the early part of 1879," continued Mr. Cooper, "raids were made in different portions of the second collection district by Revenue Agent, G. W. Atkinson and myself. Mr. Atkinson was a brave and efficient officer, and was regarded as the champion long distance runner of the raiders. On one occasion he pursued a moonshiner, on a continuous race, for upwards of four miles, caught him and brought him back to the place where they started. His powers of endurance were simply wonderful.

"During the month of March, Revenue Agent Atkinson and myself conducted a raiding party through the counties of Hancock and Claiborne, and stirred up quite lively the Newman's Ridge and Blackwater settlements. On the first day we were in Hancock, our party was frequently fired upon from the hillsides, as we passed up Blackwater creek, but fortunately none of the shots were effective. The second day as our party was destroying a moonshine distillery, near Powell's river, resistance was offered by 'Dave' Berry, which resulted in his death.*

"Early in April of that year active measures were

*See Chapter XVI.

adopted to break up an organized band of illicit distillers in Monroe county. On the 17th of the month, a posse of ten men, under my command, left Sweetwater for the infected region. The first two days we were out, we destroyed three moonshine distilleries. On the 19th, we reached Fodder Stack mountain, in the vicinity of Milt Williams' rum mill. Williams was regarded as a dangerous man, and we expected him to show fight. We therefore advanced cautiously, not knowing when we would be attacked from the cliffs which surrounded us on all sides. At eleven o'clock we came upon his distillery, which was situated in a deep hollow surrounded with heavy undergrowths of laurel brush. As our squad was entering the distillery, four shots were fired at us, one of which took effect in the arm of Deputy Collector William Lindsay, which terribly shattered and mangled the bone.* We returned the fire promptly, and the moonshiners fled into the mountains and made their escape. Mr. Lindsay was compelled to ride twenty-five miles before he could reach a physician to reduce his wounded arm, which by this time was very much inflamed, and pained him dreadfully. The bone was so badly fractured that it refused to yield to medical treatment, and Mr. Lindsay, though a young man, was rendered a cripple for life. This was the last of my ten years' experience with moonshiners in the mountains of East Tennessee."

*Mr. Lindsay's arm is now in such a condition that it is comparatively useless and powerless.

CHAPTER XI.

Moonshining in New York.

WHILE it is true that the great bulk of moonshining of the country is carried on in the Southern States, there have been thousands of gallons of "the illicit" made and sold in New York city, and other points in the north. I spent several months in New York city, with Revenue Agent Edward McLeer, a most faithful and efficient officer, in 1877, mainly locating, and assisting in destroying rum moonshining establishments in that great metropolis. I have assisted in raiding quite a number of these establishments there, and I never found any except distillers of rum. The cheapest grade of molasses, called "black strap," is used, and consequently a very inferior grade of rum is produced.

The stills are situated in cellars. The pipes are connected with the chimneys, so as to carry off the odors, to prevent detection; and the slop and refuse matter are conveyed, by underground pipes, into sewers, thus rendering it very difficult for revenue officers to ever catch up with their tricky owners. These institutions were also frequently operated in soap and bone factories, where outsiders rarely go, on account of the unpleasant and undesirableness of their surroundings.

Informers are allowed \$50 for each distillery shown up, and it is by this means the officers are frequently guided directly to the spot where the still is operated.

Usually, however, the work of locating them is done by revenue officials, who closely watch sugar and molasses houses, and follow suspicious looking draymen to the places where their loads are emptied. At night they call around and listen for sounds, such as driving bungs; also climb upon the roofs of the buildings and catch, if possible, the odors from the tops of the flues.

Deputy Collector P. B. Hawley had been in the business so long, and had so thoroughly cultivated his sense of smell, that he could scent up a rum distillery almost as surely and successfully as a blood hound could follow a warm trail through a swamp. I have frequently been with him, walking leisurely along some suburban street, when suddenly he would cry "halt!" He would snuff his nostrils, like the war horse,

"Snuffing the battle from afar,"

and would promptly insert his finger in his mouth to moisten it, then holding it up to ascertain which direction the wind was blowing, and off he would go straight to the distillery.

When the tax on distilled spirits ranged from 70 cents to \$2 a gallon, between 1866 and 1872, a multitude of illicit distilleries sprang up in the New York district, centering in the river wards of Brooklyn. So extensive were their operations at one time, when the tax was \$2 a gallon, that quantities of spirits were sold in the market as low as \$1 a gallon. It was at this time that the Brady Brothers first came into prominence, as it was almost conclusively known that with a small clique in league with them, they controlled the entire illicit distillery trade. Small illicit distilleries were obliged to dispose of their

spirits through the Bradys, under penalty of having their places "given away." In this manner the Bradys made large amounts of money; but it was spent as quickly as it was made. In 1872 the Government sent fifteen hundred soldiers into "Irish-town," the name given to the region on the river front in Brooklyn, which was the recognized headquarters of illicit distilling, and this raid resulted in the breaking up of organized illicit distilling. It was the means of suppressing all the smaller operators; but while they suffered heavily from it the Bradys survived, and it was not long before they appeared in public again under the firm name of Brady & Mullady, and as proprietors of what was known as the Gold street rectifying house, at the foot of Gold street, in Brooklyn. This, though a regular licensed establishment, became the channel through which large quantities of illicit goods were placed on the market. The greater proportion of these goods came from a supposed bone-boiling establishment on Barren Island, in Lower New York Bay, but which in reality was operated as a distillery. This place was captured by a force of revenue officers, assisted by one hundred and fifty United States regulars, early in 1874. They also captured a schooner used to convey the spirits from the distillery to the rectifying house, the master's license of which was taken out by Edward Brady. The still seized and destroyed was capable of turning out 1,000 gallons of spirits a day, and had evidently been run at full capacity for a long time. The tax on spirits was then 70 cents a gallon, making a daily loss to the Government from this one point of \$700. On board the schooner seized at this time, several account books were found showing that the spirits taken from Barren Island were disposed of

at the rectifying house in Gold street. No action was taken at this time against the firm, but the establishment was seized a few months later. The revenue officers having discovered an illicit distillery concealed under the ruins of an old sugar house adjoining, and connected by pipes with the rectifying house, Edward Brady and Michael Mullady were arrested for operating this distillery. A strong defence was made; the accused men spending, it is said, at least \$25,000 in counsel fees, but they were convicted and served sentences of thirteen months' imprisonment in the Kings county penitentiary:

The next operation of the Brady Brothers was the establishment, in 1875, of a rectifying house, under the name of Edward Roche, in West Forty-first street, between Tenth and Eleventh avenues, in New York, the special tax for which was taken out by John Brady. In October, of the same year, the revenue officers seized a large illicit distillery, of one thousand gallons daily capacity, on the opposite side of the street, and they were not long in discovering steam and pipe connection under the street with the rectifying house. Two men were arrested as workmen, one of whom who gave the name of Matthew Smith, was afterwards recognized as Matthew Brady. An indictment is still pending against him in the United States Circuit Court in New York. During 1877 and the early part of 1878, several small illicit distilleries were seized, from the surroundings of which it was believed that the Bradys were connected with them; but there was no positive proof of this; and until May, 1878, when Edward Brady, under the name of Thomas Lynch, established a rectifying house at the foot of Delancey street, New York, it was not positively known that they had resumed business after

meeting disaster in West Forty-first street. The officers soon had reason to believe that there had been no reformation in the family, and in July this place was seized by Revenue Agent E. D. Webster, upon proof that ten barrels of illicit rum had been delivered there. Bonds were given, and work was soon afterwards resumed. John Brady and Alderman Coggey became sureties on the bond, the one representing the ownership of his private residence in Williamsburg and the other of the same in New York. When the bond was declared forfeited, it was found that Brady's house had been transferred to his wife, and that Alderman Coggey's residence had been sold under foreclosure, though each continued to occupy their houses.

In November, 1878, an illicit distillery was discovered immediately in the rear of the Delancey street rectifying house. There was apparently no connection between the two, but a knowledge of the men concerned induced the officers to make a thorough search, and a coil of rubber hose, smelling strongly of rum, was found. The coil was of the exact length required for making a connection between the distillery and rectifying apparatus. But as the connection was not made at the time, no seizure could be made of the rectifying establishment, and no arrests were made, but soon after the seizure of the still, the Bradys gave up the Delancey street rectifying house.

Revenue Agent A. H. Brooks was assigned to the New York district in December, 1878, and another effort was made to find the Bradys, evidence of whose continued work was met with in New York. The first clue was the purchase of a sloop in the interest of one of the Bradys. The sloop was closely watched through March and April, 1879, when it was found

that large quantities of molasses were conveyed by her up the Hudson. Many unsuccessful attempts were made to follow her, as these trips were made with the greatest secrecy and under cover of darkness. In the middle of April, Revenue Agent Brooks and G. S. Stinson followed her in a row boat to Fort Washington, then crossed over to the Palisades, where, from the heights, though they could not see the vessel, they could distinctly hear the removal of the molasses, and later on, the storage of the barrels of rum on board. A few days later, a descent was made and a still found near the water's edge, in full operation. It was directly under the cliff, and there was no approach to it from above, except by a steep, winding path. Two men were arrested, who gave the names of Halligan and Osborne, and subsequently identified as Hugh and Thomas Brady. Under the names of Halligan and Osborne they plead guilty as workmen, and were sentenced to six months imprisonment.

Immediately after this seizure, under special instructions from Internal Revenue Commissioner Green B. Raum, investigations were instituted with regard to the illicit spirit traffic in New York, particularly in regard to the principals supposed to have been connected with past seizures. There was a rapid accumulation of evidence, and among others implicated in the proofs developed, were all five of the Brady brothers, and they are the first against whom criminal proceedings were taken. It was found that Edward Brady, under the name of James Kinney, had hired the place under the Palisades for the ostensible purpose of establishing color works, and that he was constantly in and around the place up to the time of the seizure; that John Brady, under his





A PARTY OF MOUNTED RAIDERS.

"Raiders are always mounted, and are usually supplied with Springfield rifles, which carry an ounce ball a thousand yards."—Page 39.

former alias of Lynch, purchased the distilling apparatus, and acted as the supply agent. Edward Carroll was the purchaser and registered owner of the sloop, and Harmon Clark was the sailing master. Patrick, Hugh, and Thomas Brady, and Michael Hammill, were the workmen, John and Edward Brady were the principals and financial men. Satisfied with the proof, the arrest of the men was easily made, as they had been under surveillance for two or three months. Edward Brady was arrested on the night of December 17, 1879, in Alderman Coggey's saloon, at Forty-fifth street and Tenth avenue, and the next evening John Brady and Edward Carroll were taken into custody, and Hammill and Clark a few days later. Patrick Brady is said to have fled to Canada. Hugh and Thomas Brady, alias Halligan and Osborne, were re-arrested at the expiration of their terms of imprisonment and were indicted with the others as principals.

All of the accused men, with the exception of Patrick Brady, answered to their names when the indictment was read, and each in turn entered a plea of not guilty. They then elected to be tried separately, and Counsellor Patterson, of Brooklyn, who appeared for the defence, moved for an adjournment of the trials, but Judge Nixon decided that they must go on. Mr. Patterson then moved that the case of John Brady should be taken up first. This was the weak case of the Government, and United States District Attorney Keasby, declined to go on with it, and called the one against Edward Brady. As a jury was about to be sworn, Edward Brady, by advice of counsel, withdrew the plea of not guilty, and plead guilty. He was remanded for sentence.

The case of John Brady was then called. Revenue Agent Brooks was the first witness examined, and de-

scribed at length the illicit distillery seized by him under the Palisades, and the investigations afterwards made, which tended to connect the Brady brothers with operating it. It was the evidence of Jacob Rohrbach, however, that directly connected John Brady with the work, and it was entirely unexpected by the prisoners. Rohrbach was hired to take care of the premises before they were leased by the Bradys, and when they took possession he was retained, and his wife boarded the workmen. He testified that John Brady frequently came to the place, made arrangements for their supplies, and at times gave money to him and others. He (the witness,) met Brady in New York once, and then received an order to go on board the sloop and look after a load of molasses to be taken up the river, as the other men were afraid to go on account of the ice. Mrs. Rohrbach corroborated the main points of her husband's testimony.

For the defence, Edward Brady was offered as a witness, and in his testimony he did his utmost to shield his brother, by accepting the entire responsibility himself. He swore that John had nothing whatever to do with the distillery; that he operated it himself, leased it under the name of James Kinney, and employed his brothers, Hugh, Thomas, and Patrick, as workmen. The money paid by John, and the supplies provided for by him, were simply the friendly offices of one brother for another. He said John had visited the place, but it was only to tell him that if he staid there he was sure to be caught. There were no other witnesses called by either prosecution or defence, though there were a large number present. The case was given to the jury late in the afternoon, and after an absence of a few minutes it returned a verdict of guilty on the first and fourth counts of the indict-

ment—as principal and as having furnished supplies with a full knowledge of their intended use. A few minutes later, John and Edward Brady, the leaders of the New York moonshiners, handcuffed together, were on their way to the jail to await their sentence. For fourteen years they had openly defied the revenue officers, boasting that none of them would interfere with them; but the detective work of Revenue Agent Brooks brought them to punishment. The extreme penalty is two years imprisonment on each count, and there were four in each indictment.

RAIDING ON THE HUDSON.

Appropos to the foregoing narration of facts in connection with illicit distilling in and around New York City, I give below Revenue Agent G. W. Wilson's account of the capture of the Bradys' distillery on the Hudson, he being one of the parties on the raid:

“In the spring of 1879, I was assigned to special duty under Revenue Agent A. H. Brooks in the City of New York. During the latter part of March of that year, Mr. Brooks received information that an illicit distillery was operating under the Palisades, a place situated some ten miles from New York, up the Hudson river, and on the Jersey shore. Mr. Brooks, with the aid of Mr. George S. Stinson, a special attache of his office, made thorough investigation of the suspicions reported to him, and was not long in finding abundant cause to believe them founded in fact.

“Messrs. Brooks and Stinson, during a stormy night in April, visited the location of the supposed distillery, and from the New York shore were able to see that some kind of business was carrying on during the late hours of the night in the building where

they supposed the distillery was located. They also learned that the operators of the suspicioned place were receiving supplies from New York, and were shipping whatever was produced by them, down the river on an old dilapidated sloop called the *Annie*.

"These two officers returned to New York, and continuous watch was kept up by all of us about the different piers, around Long and Staten Islands, until finally the sloop *Annie* was discovered. Strict surveillance was now kept upon her until she received packages on board evidently containing molasses. This fact strengthened our already well founded suspicions, and she was carefully watched as she left the wharf in Brooklyn, and passed around below New York, and then up the Hudson river to a coal yard at Hoboken, where she took on a supply of coal. After coaling, she again renewed her journey up the Hudson, as we believed, to the moonshiners' rum mill at the Palisades. Now begun a race between the sloop which was beating her way, hither and yon, up the river before the wind, and Messrs. Brooks and Stinson, on foot, on the New York side, along the river shore at the water's edge, who were following close upon her. Across lots, over fences, through fields, into gardens, up steep hills, across bayous, through brush and brambles, these two unswerving officials plodded their weary way, until at last, hungry and foot-sore, and resembling Bret Hart's Stranger, who had been with Grant, they saw the *Annie* "round to," and make fast at the old shanty under the Palisades.

"Mr. Brooks was now convinced that he had a moonshine distillery definitely located, and that it was owned and operated by the Brady Brothers, of Brooklyn. These Bradys were a notorious gang of roughs from Irishtown, in the rear of Brooklyn, who

had carried on the business of making moonshine whisky, in and around different dives of New York and Brooklyn, for years, until the Government was forced to use the power of the military to break up their unlawful operations.

“Mr. Brooks now commenced formulating a plan for raiding the Palisades distillery which he and his assistants had caught up with. One or two plans of operation were arranged, but the guide failed, the tug selected could not be had, the revenue cutter drew too much water, or local officers could not go along, or something of this kind always deterred him. Finally one bright day in April, I received a telegram from Mr. Brooks, sent from his home in Newark, directing me, with Revenue Agent Blocker and Mr. Stinson, to forthwith report to him at Newark, ready to participate in a raid on the Palisades distillery that night. In company with the officers referred to, I reported to Mr. Brooks, as directed, about eight o'clock in the evening of that day.

“Mr. Brooks had procured for our raid a neat little tug, owned and commanded by an old sea captain, well known in and about the great metropolis. He also had secured the assistance of several deputy collectors, and marshals. In fact, we had all things arranged necessary to accomplish the object of the expedition.

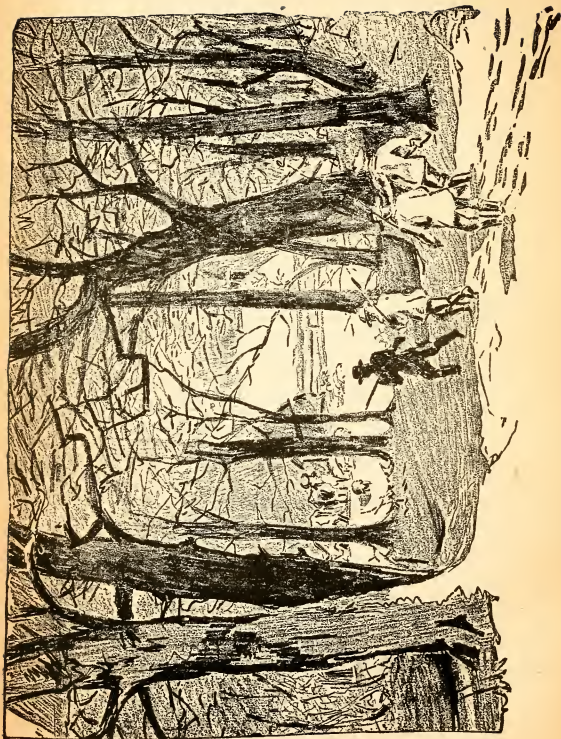
“About midnight we went aboard the tug, which was then lying at the wharf at Newark, and were soon steaming out of the Passaic river into New York bay. Steaming up the bay past New York into the Hudson river, the great city with its million of slumbering souls, soon passed from our view. We arrived opposite the object of our expedition about two o'clock in the morning. As we approached, we readily

caught sight of the gleams of light as they flashed through the cracks in the old building, as the furnace doors were opened and fresh coal was thrown in. Not halting, or seeming to observe the place, we kept on up the river for over a mile above the building. Here the tug was stopped in mid-stream, and two yawls were lowered from her side. Into these two boats the raiding party embarked. In the first one, Mr. Brooks, one of the Deputy Collectors, an ex-policeman of Newark, and myself, were speedily seated, while the remainder of our party occupied the other.

“With but little rowing, in a few moments, we floated down opposite the distillery and rounded towards the shore. Arriving at the bank of the river, and hearing Mr. Brooks give some order, and not clearly understanding what he said, but supposing he directed the crew to get ashore, I stepped overboard, and found myself in water which extended to my armpits. Mr. Brooks was alongside of me in a moment, and was soon leading the way up the steep approach to the point of attack. I followed closely upon him as he approached the building from below, and was armed with pistol in one hand and an axe in the other. I hastened to a window, from which peered a light, in the north end of the building, but found it covered with a tar paper blind. Inasmuch as the blind did not hang close to the window frame, I was enabled to take a hurried view of a small part of the interior of the building. I observed a man, with red shirt on and with shovel in hand, throwing coal into the furnace—the coal pile being directly beneath the window. Mr. Brooks was now beside me, and I whispered to him, “let us break through this window into the still house.” He did not stop, but turned the corner and was soon out of sight. With one stroke of

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CHARGING UPON A MOONSHINE DISTILLERY.

"The party usually dismounted, and one or more men are left in charge of the horses, while the others, as quietly as possible, charge upon the distillery."—Page 42.

the axe, I broke the window open and sprang upon the sill of the same, intending, with pistol in hand, to call upon all the inmates to surrender or be shot. But

“The best laid plans of mice and men gang aft a' glee.”

The frame of the window was loose, and my weight caused it to break from its fastenings, and with pistol and axe in my hands, I fell headlong into the distillery, on top of the window sash which had fallen with me. The racket this created was simply astounding. It seemed as if everything about me had fallen to pieces. It was pandemonium for a moment. The coal rattled, the glass jingled, the barrels rolled, chairs were upset, dogs barked, and maybe you think the moonshiners didn't run for dear life. When I gathered myself up out of the debris, I was blackened with coal dust, and bleeding from a half dozen gashes made in my hands by the broken window glass. On regaining my feet, I observed two men going out of the shed room attached to the distillery at a Derby-day gait. One of these fugitives, we afterwards learned, ran up a steep flight of stairs into a small attic room of the distillery, jumped into bed, and when found pretended to be sound asleep. The other one ran out at a door in the south end of the building, at the very moment that Revenue Agent Brooks, who had started for that point, when I made the attack, was coming into the building. The two men met in the doorway, and, no doubt, the surprise on the part of both of them was mutual. Brooks was looking for a way to get in, the moonshiner for a way to get out; and believing from the amount of noise made by my fall through the window, that a company of Federal soldiers, with a Gatling gun, was right on his heels, Mr. Moonshiner ran with such speed and force, that when he struck

Brooks, they both went down in a heap—Brooks underneath and the moonshiner on top. While rolling around on the ground and trying to regain his feet, Brooks' pistol accidentally went off. The firing of the pistol greatly added to the consternation of the moonshiner, who was already scared well nigh out of his wits. He, however, managed to regain his feet, and hurriedly made tracks down a foot-path which led along the river a short distance, and then, by a tortuous route, up the Palisades, Brooks following in hot pursuit. With an eye for combining both business and pleasure, and also improving each shining hour, these parties made whisky in the moonlight, and caught fish in the daylight; and having stretched their nets to dry, along and across the pathway of escape taken by the fleeing moonshiner, he became entangled in them and fell. Brooks being close upon him also fell, and landed full length upon the prostrate moonshiner. The man underneath, satisfied that it was all up with him, now cried aloud for mercy, exclaiming, 'Mister, for God's sake don't shoot! Don't shoot, for I am one of your fellows! Don't shoot, and I'll tell you all about it.' Mr. Brooks raised the prisoner to his feet, and brought him back to the distillery, and directed the ex-policeman to carefully guard him. The policeman at once began to search him, and pulled from his vest pocket a razor, at the same time drawing from his own pocket a Colt's navy revolver, almost half as long as the Irish moonshiner. The policeman, who was more than six feet two inches tall, stepped back and leveling the navy upon the prisoner, demanded to know what he intended to do with the razor. The poor moonshiner, shaking with fear, and so limber from fright that we had to hold him up, said, 'I use it for s-h-a-v-i-n-g.'

"The party in the second boat landed, and as directed by Mr. Brooks, passed up to the front and south sides of the house. Mr. Stinson, with zeal and courage which always place him in the front, had run ahead of his crew, and was approaching the south door when the pistol was discharged in the collision between Brooks and the moonshiner. Mr. Stinson turned to his men and urged them on, saying, 'Come up here you cowardly fellows, these devils are shooting at me.'

"After seeing that Brooks had captured his man, I ran back into the house and found that in the scramble, we had accidentally put out all our lights, and I called out lustily to some one to bring me a candle. The Deputy Collector had charge of the candles, and in response to my call, hastily came up to the window which I had fallen through. He held a lighted candle in his hand, but before I could get to him, he was so badly frightened, he not only shook the lighted candle out, but actually shook the tallow loose from the wick and gave me nothing but a string. His teeth shattered like a man with the ague, his fright was so terribly severe. After quiet was restored below, Mr. Stinson and myself went up stairs to look for the moonshiner who, at our first approach, had fled in that direction. After searching in two or three rooms, we found a man in bed, who seemed to be soundly sleeping. Mr. Stinson removed the cover from his face, and exclaimed, 'Brady, get up, we want you.' Great drops of sweat stood out upon his forehead. He was very much excited and protested against being disturbed, informing us that he had only come out from New York to stay over night with his sister, who lived near by. However, the condition of his clothing and the great excitement under

which he was laboring, were against him, and we were fully convinced that he was not telling the truth. The same shirt I had seen upon one of the men who fled from the distillery, or at least one like it, was lying upon the floor. The sleeves of the same were covered over with molasses. His shoes were gummed with the same article. His pants were lying with the legs upon a chair, and the waist upon the floor, and tobacco, keys, and small change were scattered promiscuously around. He had evidently stripped himself in a hurry, as the condition of his clothing indicated.

“ We placed the two men and the worm of the still on board the tug, and leaving a keeper in charge of the property we had seized, steamed down the river to New York.”

CHAPTER XII.

Davis, the Noted Raider and Scout.

JAMES M. DAVIS, the distinguished revenue officer, raider, and scout, is a native of Tennessee, and is, at this writing, in the thirty-third year of his age. He is six feet two and one-half inches tall; is large boned, and muscular, and tips the beam at two hundred and ten pounds avoirdupois. Although of great courage, and physical strength and endurance, he is one of the kindest hearted and most gentle natured of men. The individuals against whom he has operated for violations of law, quake at the bare mention of his name; and yet, when he has made an arrest, he never fails to win the affection of the prisoner. He has arrested upwards of three thousand violators of the law, and I am credibly informed there is scarcely one of this vast number of wrong doers, who would not divide his last dime and morsel with Davis; and, if necessary, would even shed his blood in his defence.

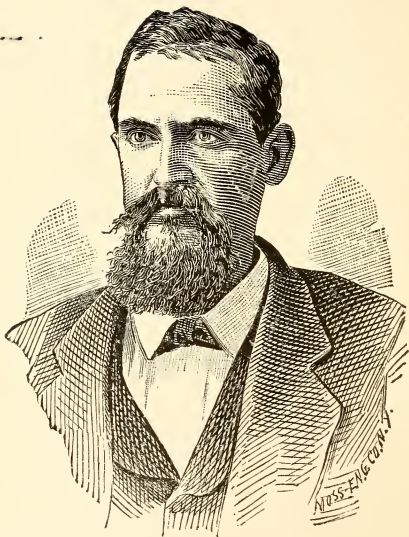
Capt. Davis has all of the peculiarities of the woodsmen of the South. He looks like a back-woods-man, and he possesses much of the native shrewdness, activity and daring of the Indians. He lives much in the woods, and is intimate with nearly all the by-paths and deep recesses of the Cumberland mountains. Though comparatively uneducated, he remedies this disadvantage by having a remarkably retentive memory and keen perceptive faculties. He is a correct

judge of human nature, and possesses every trait necessary to a man who exhibits quick decision, and prompt action. When entering on a man's trail, he acquaints himself with all that man's habits and movements, and all this time never allows his intentions to be discovered, until he catches his quarry, which he does generally, napping, and then he coolly takes him in.

Capt. Davis is, therefore, well up in all the requirements and acquirements of a detective and scout. To begin with, his physical strength and power of endurance are wonderful. He can tie any ordinary man once he gets his hands upon him. He has been known to travel, afoot and on horseback, four days and nights, without rest, refreshment, or sleep. He is a superior woodsman and rarely loses his way, though often in strange localities and imbedded deeply in dense woods and high mountains. He is an expert marksman, estimates distances correctly, and when he pulls the trigger of his Henry rifle, something is sure to bite the dust. He is a natural born leader and commander of men. Had he been educated, and taught the military art, he would, no doubt, have proved himself a chieftain, of no ordinary rank.

Prior to his employment, by the United States, about ten years ago, Capt. Davis was engaged, by the State of Tennessee, recapturing escaped penitentiary convicts, and also arresting horse thieves—two classes of malefactors whom the most of criminal officers desire especially to avoid. During the time Capt. Davis has been in the service of the General Government, he has arrested upwards of three thousand persons, and has cut up, with his own hands, six hundred and eighteen moonshine distilleries. Perhaps





CAPT. JAMES M. DAVIS.

"He is six feet two-and-one-half inches tall, is large boned and muscular, and tips the beam at two hundred and ten pounds avoirdupois."—Page 89.

no other ten men in the service combined, can show such a record of triumphs and trophies. In capturing this enormous number of persons, it is remarkable that Capt. Davis has been forced to kill outright only two men. He nevertheless shot about a dozen more, who all, fortunately, however, afterwards recovered.

DAVIS AND HAMPTON CROSS GUNS AROUND A CORNER.

Jonathan Hampton was one of the most noted outlaws and bullies in Middle Tennessee. He would openly violate, county, State, and Federal laws, and then defy the officers to arrest him. On account of his desperate nature and character, the officers were afraid to attack him, and therefore usually gave him a wide berth. Hampton having infringed the revenue laws of the United States, Capt. Davis was directed to attend to him. I give Capt. Davis' own version of the occurrence, which was, subsequently, confirmed by the proof before the Court wherein Davis was charged with this "murder":

"I left Murfreesboro, late in the evening, accompanied by John Couch, an assistant marshal. We reached Estill Springs near midnight, and arrived at Hampton's house as day was dawning. We concealed ourselves near by, and did not go to the house until near eight o'clock, as Hampton was out and did not return until that time. When Hampton entered his house, he placed his gun in the rack over the door, sat near the fire, and took a little child upon his knee. His wife stood immediately behind him, with her hands upon his shoulders. I desired to take Hampton without trouble, and so we slipped up quietly to the house. I had been several times informed that when I would attempt to arrest Hampton, he would kill me, and that he had many times stated

publicly he would never be taken alive. I had also heard of his saying of me, 'Davis is the only d——d fool in Tennessee who would undertake to arrest me, and if he ever comes upon me, I will put him out of the way.' Such talk as this made me unusually cautious.

"Hampton, about four years before this, had been indicted for illicit distilling, and also for rescuing Government property from revenue officials. During that period he had run at large, having eluded the approaches of the officers. But now the warrant was placed in my hands for execution, and I accordingly made up my mind to execute the arrest, and take Hampton, dead or alive.

"Selecting my opportunity, I rushed up to the house, leaving Couch at the fence. I called to Hampton to surrender. The moment he saw me, he jumped to his gun, and strange to say, leveled it upon Couch, instead of me, and pulled the trigger. As Hampton had been out in the rain the powder was damp, and the gun failed to fire. Had I desired to kill Hampton I could have done so there and then, most easily. But I hesitated for a moment, considering what course to pursue. Couch, in the meantime, had aimed his Henry rifle at Hampton and pulled the trigger, but his cartridge was also wet, and his gun likewise failed to go off. Hampton's wife now handed him a double-barrelled shot gun, and like an infuriated tiger, he turned upon me, rushing out at the back door, and firing a load the moment he saw me. The balls went above my head, I having anticipated his aim. By this time I had determined what to do. Leveling my rifle at him, I shot him in the right side of his body. He then ran behind the chimney around the corner of the house, I following him. He, however,

got round the corner before I could reach him. As quick as thought, he leveled his gun, passing it around the corner of the building, and pointing it straight at me. I had to do likewise. So there we stood, within a short space of each other, and our guns crossed. Hampton's gun was uppermost and mine below. Taking sight as best and quickly as we could, we both fired simultaneously. My ball took effect in Hampton's breast, and one of his buckshot struck me in the cheek, making a slight flesh wound, and another holed my hat. My water-proof overcoat, which I had doubled up and fastened on my shoulder, was thoroughly riddled with missiles from the same tube. When I unfolded the coat I counted forty-three bullet holes in it; but, of course, there were not that many bucks, or slugs in it,—the coat being folded, the shots passed through several folds. Hampton then clubbed his gun and aimed a desperate blow with the butt of it, at my head. I parried the blow, and received the force of it upon my left arm and shoulder. Instantly I grappled with him. I then had him in a condition to throw him to the earth, but I found he was weakening, from the wounds, and I gently eased him to the ground. He was powerless, and I left him there. We struck no blows after we rushed together and grappled, in a wrestler-like hug. I saw blood on his shirt bosom, and judged from this that one of my shots had struck him in his breast.

"After laying Hampton gently on the sward, I heard the sound of a man's foot-steps in the house. I quickly slipped a load into my rifle and ran to the door, and I was gratified to find it was Crouch. We had heard that Hampton was never alone, and hearing the foot-steps, I naturally concluded they were

those of a comrade, or comrades, perhaps getting ready to renew the battle with me.

"I then went to Mrs. Hampton and advised her to go out and see her husband, as it was my impression he was dying, or dead. She became very much excited, laid down upon the bed, and sent a young girl for her father, who lived a short distance away. I then went out in the yard, and finding Hampton still alive, I carried him into the house, laid him upon a bed, and in a few minutes he expired."

CHAPTER XIII.

Davis, the Noted Raider and Scout.—CONTINUED.

AS remarked, in a preceding chapter, although Capt. Davis has had hundreds of hand-to-hand encounters with desperadoes, while discharging his duties as a United States Revenue officer, he has killed only two men, viz.: Jonathan Hampton and Joseph Haynes.

The death of Haynes occurred under the following circumstances: Captain Davis and Charles Strange went to the illicit distillery of J. R. Tipton, near Tracey City, Middle Tennessee, to destroy it, and arrest Tipton. Arriving at the distillery, the person who was at work in the still house, attempted to escape, and was pursued by Davis—Strange remaining at the distillery. Davis ran after the fugitive about three hundred yards before he overtook him; but when he caught up with him, he at once started back with the prisoner towards the still house. Now, however, he heard the voices of several persons, close by, cursing and threatening, and declaring, "we have got you at last." The men, seven in number, opened fire on Davis, whereupon Davis promptly seized his prisoner by the arm, and started up the hill-side. On reaching the top of the bluff, and perceiving that his pursuers were close upon him, he turned about and took careful aim at the leader of the gang and fired. The man dropped his gun, leaped into the air, and fell dead upon the ground. This was Joseph

Haynes, whose light had thus been snuffed out as in the twinkling of an eye.

Davis had a Spencer rifle, and when he felt for his ammunition, he could find only two cartridges; the rest had been left in his overcoat, where the horses were hitched, a mile or more away. So Davis determined to make these two missiles count for all the service they could, and promptly placing one of them in the rifle, he again took aim at one of the still advancing moonshiners. Again one of them fell to the ground. He was, however, only wounded, and but slightly at that. By this time the moonshiners became panic stricken and fled. Davis fired his last bullet into the crowd, as they tumbled off down the mountain, inflicting another flesh wound in the shoulder of one of them.

Strange, in the meantime, had fled. So Davis alone came in with the prisoner, and turned him over to the care and attentions of the court.

DAVIS HAS AN ENCOUNTER WITH MORGAN, THE OUTLAW,

Next to Redmond, Campbell Morgan was perhaps the most notorious moonshiner in the Union. For years he operated an illicit distillery in Jackson county, Tennessee, and was the acknowledged grand sachem of the moonshiners of the Cumberland mountains. His distillery was situated in a deep hollow surrounded on all sides by densely wooded hills. The still-house stood out in the most conspicuous and formidable manner, and had double-lined doors, and portholes on every side. All of which plainly meant war to revenue men.

When Captain Davis and party got within one hundred yards of the fortified whisky factory, Morgan





A MOONSHINER AMBUSHING DEPUTY MARSHAL WYATT.

"A fellow named Smeltz * * * secreted himself beside a cliff, about sixty yards above me, an attempted my assassination."—Page 58.

called out to them "halt," and informed them that if they approached any nearer, he and his men would kill the last one of them. To these threats the officers gave no heed, but pressed forward. When the raiders approached within about thirty yards of the still house, Morgan thrust his gun out of one of the portholes, and fired into the posse, but without effect. Before he could withdraw his gun from the porthole, it was shattered by the ounce balls of eight or ten of the officers. But this did not daunt Morgan in the least, for he instantly thrust out another gun and fired again; and again the officers shot away the best part of the stock of his rifle. The shooting from without was renewed with fearful force, and the inmates of the still house were satisfied that it was only a matter of a few brief moments for them to be completely fired out. Still the firing was hotly kept up from within and without—Davis and Morgan being engaged shooting at each other through the same porthole. Finally Davis put an ounce ball into Morgan's right arm, near the shoulder, which seriously disabled him, and he promptly cried out, "I surrender! I surrender!"

Thus the fort was taken, and Campbell Morgan, the noted outlaw, was a prisoner of the Government.

DAVIS HAS AN ENCOUNTER WITH AN ESCAPED CONVICT.

"Andy" McClain was a notorious character in Lincoln county, Tennessee. He was tried for manslaughter, and convicted, and sentenced to ten years in State's prison. After spending two years of that term, seeking an opportunity one dark night in November, he overpowered the prison guard, disarmed him, and escaped. Detective Davis was instructed to attend to "Andy," and he was not long in finding

Andy's trail and hiding place in the woods near his former home. Several times McClain had threatened that as it would be worse than death for him to re-enter the penitentiary, he therefore would not be taken alive. He had also written Davis a letter, in which he used severe and insulting language, and defied arrest.

Davis, however, paid no attention to these threats, but bided his time for an attack upon the desperado. He chose a rainy night. After listening all around the house, he became satisfied that McClain was not at home. He then concealed himself behind a corn-crib near by, and waited for the convict to make his appearance, which Davis was satisfied he would do shortly after daylight. Pretty soon, with gun in hand, McClain appeared, going to the house. Davis allowed him to enter it. McClain sat down at a table, took off a brace of revolvers, and laid them on the table in front of him, and began to write a letter.

Davis saw this was his opportunity to strike, and he knew full well, that if he made a mistake, or misstep, his life would pay the forfeit. He, therefore, moved upon the house as cautiously as an Indian. When he reached the door, he leveled his gun at McClain, and attracting his attention, called to him, "raise your hands or die." McClain, seeing that his assailant was Davis, the detective, and feeling confident that Davis was in dead earnest, promptly threw up his hands. Thereupon, Davis approached him, took possession of his pistols and gun, and escorted convict McClain back to the Nashville prison.

DAVIS GETS HIS SKULL CRUSHED, AND IS SHOT THROUGH THE THIGH.

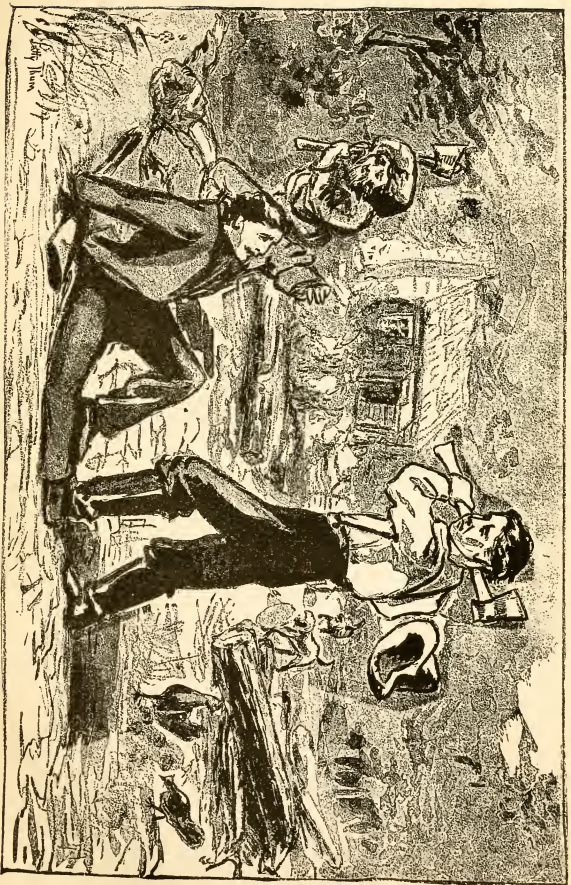
On the morning of Wednesday, December 8, 1880, James M. Davis and George W. Campbell, having

learned of some illicit operations in the mountains east of Cookeville, Tennessee, left for the purpose of effecting such arrests and seizures as might be found necessary and proper. Nothing of special importance occurred on that day. The guide whose services they secured, led them away from the distilleries they were in search of. That night was spent at the house of Henry Bohannon, about five miles east of Cookeville. Thursday morning they set out again. A ride of about four miles brought them to one of the distilleries they were searching for, but the news of their coming had preceded them, and the still had been removed, and no one was found on the premises. Another ride of about four miles brought them to the second distillery. Here the still had also been removed, but the fire was still burning in the furnace, and there was every indication of a hasty flight.

They now proceeded to the fruit distillery of A. J. Lee, against whom they had conclusive proof of fraud. The brandy on the premises was seized, and Captain Davis went to a neighboring farm house for a wagon to haul it away, and Mr. Campbell remained in charge of the seized property. While Capt. Davis was absent Thomas Welch came up. He holds the office of justice of the peace. Shortly after Jack Slagle arrived, and Campbell informed them what had been done. In a couple of hours Davis returned with a wagon, and shortly afterward Mr. Lee came. He had been absent up to this time. It was drawing to the close of the short winter day, and both Welch and Lee extended pressing invitations to the officers to remain at Mr. Lee's house over night, though Welch was only a neighbor, and in no way concerned in the matter. This was firmly, though kindly, declined by them, and Capt. Davis began to question Mr. Lee concern-

ing some of his violations of the law. No unfriendly demonstrations were made until Capt. Davis made preparations to load the brandy into the wagon, and it was found that the invitation to remain all night was unavailing. Then Thomas Welch interfered in such a positive manner that Capt. Davis asked Mr. Campbell, who was a United States Commissioner, to make out a warrant for Welch's arrest, for obstructing an officer in the discharge of his duty. In compliance with this request, Mr. Campbell went outside the house into the woodyard, and seating himself on a log, took papers out of his saddle-bags, and proceeded to write the warrant. In the meantime Capt. Davis went into the house with Mr. Lee, whom he had arrested by virtue of his authority as a Deputy Marshal. Welch followed Mr. Campbell, interrupting him in an angry and boisterous manner. Mr. Campbell asked him to go away, but he declared that he was a justice of the peace, and he had some authority as well as a United States Commissioner. After Mr. Campbell had asked him several times to go away, in self-defence, he arose and gave him a slight push, and again told him to go away and not interrupt him any more.

This was the signal for an onslaught. Alexander Welch, a constable, and brother of Thomas Welch, who had come upon the scene, stole up behind Mr. Campbell unperceived, with an axe in his hand, and delivered a stunning blow with the savage weapon full at Mr. Campbell's head. Had it been well directed, it must, necessarily, have been immediately fatal. As it was, Mr. Campbell was felled senseless upon the ground. Capt. Davis, attracted by the outcry of Mr. Campbell, when he found that Thomas Welch meant to fight, came out of the house, and, taking in the situation at a glance, rushed to the rescue



ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF MESSRS. DAVIS AND CAMPBELL.

"As Campbell staggered to his feet," he looked for Davis, and saw him lying upon the ground beside him, apparently dead."—Page 101.

of Mr. Campbell. He felled Alexander Welch with a blow with the barrel of his gun. His next blow was delivered to Thomas Welch, who was knocked down by it. Then seeing Alexander Welch rising to his feet with the axe in his hand, Davis hit him again with his gun, a second time, and felled him to the ground. Again he rose, and before Capt. Davis could strike, Welch threw his axe full at Capt. Davis, who fortunately avoided the missile, and again felled him with a third blow. Just at this point Davis was hit a fearful and stunning blow on the back part of the head, from behind, crushing in his skull, and the rest of the encounter became a blank to him.

The first recollection Mr Campbell had, after he received the blow from the axe, was that of holding up his arm to shield his head from the blows Alexander Welch was raining upon it with his own broken gun—broken by Welch over Mr. Campbell's head. Some one interfered and Welch stopped his murderous assault. As soon as Campbell could stagger to his feet, he looked for Davis, and saw him lying upon the ground beside him, apparently dead. Alexander Welch, as soon as he quit beating Mr. Campbell, seized Capt. Davis' gun, and aiming it at Mr. Campbell, with fearful oaths, and his hand on the trigger, threatened to shoot. At the same time Thomas Welch rushed, like a demon, at Mr. Campbell with a heavy club reeking with the blood of Capt. Davis. Mr. Campbell tried to get away. At this juncture Taylor Goff interfered to prevent further murder. Mr. Goff finally succeeded in his praise-worthy endeavors to secure the gun, on the promise that he would keep it himself, and also induced Thomas Welch to throw down his bludgeon. Mr. Campbell was now without even a pocket knife with which to defend himself. A further con-

cession was now secured, and Mr. Campbell was allowed to throw the cartridges out of the gun—a Henry rifle. He then found some signs of life in Capt. Davis, and tried to get him away. While he was thus engaged, he observed two more men coming with guns. Mr. Campbell dragged Capt. Davis to his feet, and though he was in an unconscious state, partly dragged him through the house and out at the door on the opposite side, starting down the mountain with him. When they had gone about a hundred yards, some one fired a gun, and Capt. Davis fell as if dead. Thinking further exertion in behalf of Capt. Davis useless, Mr. Campbell fled for his own life. It was now almost dark, and alone in wild mountains, and among their more wild and savage inhabitants, he struggled on, he hardly knew where. After wonderful exertion, he succeeded in reaching Cookeville, distant about fourteen miles. Even there he could get no one to go after the unfortunate Davis.

Capt. Davis did not come to his senses until after dark. His first confused ideas were followed by a realizing appreciation of the fearful situation. In about ten minutes he crawled a few steps and rested. Then he again tried to go a little farther, and finally gained the shelter of a friendly thicket. His head almost bursting with pain and drenched in blood, sore and stiff with bruises all over his body, with a bullet hole in his thigh which was meant for his heart, and exposed to the freezing night air, surrounded by those who had sought his life, he was indeed in a fearful situation. With almost superhuman exertions he at last succeeded in reaching a stack of fodder, about four hundred yards from where he fell when shot. Here he covered himself as well as he could, and lay there, listening to the whooping and hallooing of a

drunken carousal at Mr. Lee's house, held that night in honor of the victory over the two revenue officials.

As a characteristic incident, illustrative of the temper and disposition of these "free men of the mountains," they deliberately cut the throats of two defenseless horses left by Capt. Davis and Mr. Campbell in their flight.

About daylight Capt. Davis made his way to the house of an acquaintance, two miles distant, a Mr. Abram Ford. Here he hired a man to go after the horses, and another to go to Cookeville for a conveyance to carry him to that place, where he could get medical attendance.

Capt. Davis was seriously hurt, having had a considerable portion of his skull crushed in by a blow from an axe, and having been shot through the thigh, the ball grazing the bone and passing out immediately under the femoral artery. He was, however, confined to his room but a few weeks, and is now as well and vigorous as ever before. Mr. Campbell was not seriously injured, and in a few days was out and about his usual business.

The would be murderers of these two officers are still at large; but Capt. Davis has warrants for their arrest, and like the ghost of Julius Cæsar, expects, by-and-by, to meet Brutus and Cassius at Phillippi.*

*Since writing the above Mr. Davis met one of the Welch's, and, in an attempt to arrest him, Welch was killed. Mr. Davis had several men with him, and it is not known who killed Welch. It looks like retributive justice that the death angel should fall upon him in so short a time after his and his brother's deliberate attempt to assassinate Davis and Campbell.

CHAPTER XIV.

Campbell Morgan, Sachem of the Moonshiners of the Cumberland Mountains.

CAMPBELL MORGAN, well known throughout the South as the chief of the Tennessee moonshiners, is a native of that State, and the son of a Presbyterian clergyman. In early life Campbell developed a wild and reckless nature, and soon passed beyond the control of his father. He spent the most of his time in the woods, hunting, fishing, and trapping—in all of which pursuits he excelled his associates. Being well educated, he became the recognized leader of the class of men with whom he associated. During the war he was a noted bushwhacker and guerilla, and proved a great annoyance to both armies in their operations in Tennessee. No efforts were spared, the while, to secure the arrest of Morgan and his gang, but all to no purpose.

Immediately after the close of hostilities, the Government levied a tax upon all spirits manufactured within the Republic. This afforded Morgan a fresh opportunity to continue hostile operations against the Government, and defy the laws of his country. He therefore began the illicit manufacture of whisky in the Cumberland mountains—sometimes in Tennessee and sometimes in Kentucky. Soon he became the head-centre of the moonshiners of all that section of country. Being a brave and daring man, the officers were not disposed to attack him, and for years he cut

a broad and shameful swathe in the history of Southern Kentucky and Middle Tennessee.

Tiring, however, in holding out so long against the laws of his country, he wrote a letter to Commissioner Raum, of the Internal Revenue Department at Washington, in which he proposed to give up his illicit operations—which, however, he maintained were legitimate and lawful—provided he was assured of protection in the future. To this impertinent communication General Raum replied as follows:

“TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
“OFFICE OF INTERNAL REVENUE,
“WASHINGTON, D. C., November 18th, 1878. }

“CAMPBELL MORGAN, Esq., *Gainsboro, Tenn.*:

“SIR:—I am in receipt of your letter of the 9th inst., in which you give an account of the difficulty which occurred in April last, at the time of the seizure of your distillery.

“I must compliment you upon the ingenuity displayed in presenting yourself as an unoffending citizen, peaceably pursuing his avocations, and the officers of the United States as violators of the law. It is obvious, from your own admissions, that the internal revenue officers would not have visited your premises if you had not been engaged in violating the laws of the United States and defrauding it of its resources. By your act your distillery had become forfeited to the Government, and you had subjected yourself to the penalties of fine and imprisonment. Under these circumstances the officers were entirely justified in entering upon your premises.

“The use of the young men, ‘who had just left the still house,’ ‘as breastworks,’ was evidently done to deter you from resisting the officers by the use of fire arms. You state that, ‘under these circumstances, a

difficulty ensued.' I learn, from the report of the officers, that you forced the difficulty, and that they acted in self defense in the use of fire arms.

"To me it is a matter of extreme regret that it is necessary, in the enforcement of the laws of the United States, that officers should go around ready to defend their lives against assault and to meet force with force. In this free country of ours every citizen should have such a love of the Government and its laws as to cheerfully give obedience to their provisions, and not be found engaged in defrauding it of its revenues, or forcibly resisting, with fire arms, the officers engaged in the enforcement of the laws.

"The frauds upon the revenue by the illicit manufacture and sale of whisky have become so widespread, and the loss to the revenue so great, that the Government is determined to leave nothing undone to suppress these frauds, and bring the offenders to punishment, and you may rest assured that the efforts now being made to suppress these frauds will be continued and constantly increased until the desired result is attained.

"You say that you never intended to violate the spirit of the law, and you invite an investigation of your character for truth, honesty, sobriety, industry and peace. It is not necessary to discuss the question of your intentions. They are to be judged by your acts; and the establishing of an illicit distillery and operating it for years, as you admit, without paying tax upon the product, is conclusive evidence that you not only intended to violate the letter but the spirit of the law. Without having a knowledge of your character for truth, sobriety and industry, I deem it unnecessary to discuss it. I leave it to your sense of right whether a man can be considered honest who

defrauds the Government of its revenue, or peaceful who, with arms in his hands, resists the enforcement of the law.

"There is no disposition to enforce the law in a vindictive spirit, but, on the contrary, I am very desirous of inspiring the people with respect for the law and a disposition to observe it. The difficulty in your case is that, not satisfied with resisting the officers some months ago, you assisted in besieging them for nearly two days and nights, in which affair three officers were wounded.

"I am glad to know that you have determined to abandon the business of violation of the law, but I am not advised of any reasons that would warrant a pardon in your case.

"Very Respectfully,

GREEN B. RAUM, *Commissioner*.

Morgan was subsequently arrested, and, after paying the fine assessed against him, and serving out his required term of imprisonment, he accepted the position of a deputy United States marshal; and for upwards of two years, he has been engaged in arresting his former associates—in which business he has been remarkably successful. He and Capt. Davis are now sworn friends—while at one time they were deadly enemies—and they now frequently operate together in their efforts to suppress violations of law. Davis says Morgan is as true a man as he ever knew, and he would be willing to trust him in any emergency.

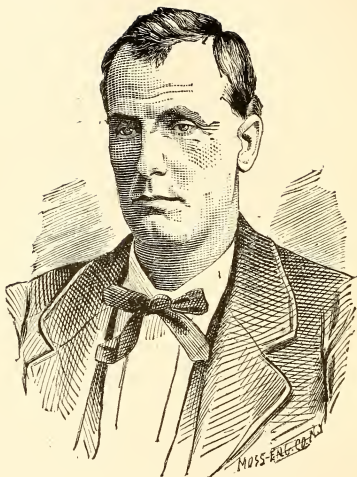
DAVIS AND MORGAN GO TO GEORGIA ON A RAID.

In May, 1880, Capt. Davis was ordered to Georgia, to operate against the moonshiners of that State, who had overpowered the Government officials and defied

them in the execution of the laws. He declined to go upon such service, in that dangerous country, unless permission were given him to take Campbell Morgan along. His request was acceded to, and these two woods-men and scouts set out for Towns county, Georgia, to suppress a band of outlaws in that locality, which was headed by one, Bill Berong, who is known in more States than one under the *sobriquet* of "King of the Moonshiners."

After riding over one hundred miles from Atlanta, directly back into the mountains of Northern Georgia, it was observed that no men could anywhere be seen, and that the farm work, such as plowing and the like, was done by the women. "Where are all the men," asked Morgan of one of those lasses who was following a plow pulled by an ox, his sympathy for the gentler sex having been aroused by seeing them literally earning their bread by the sweat of their brows. "They are expecting you 'uns," was the prompt reply, "and they're hidin' in the woods, or else watchin' for you at the still houses."

Everything connected with agricultural interests in these mountains bear the marks of unthrift; poor stock, old-fashioned farming implements, worn out lands, all set forth in unmistakable language, that these people are "a hundred years behind the times." Capt. Davis' remarkable story about seeing a man in the mountains trying to drive a hog out of his garden by wheeling a cog after it in a wheelbarrow—the dog being too poor to walk, but still able to do the barking—is scarcely an exaggeration of the poverty of these mountain people. And yet they often live to see the land which for them has yielded only poverty, trebled and quadrupled in value, after it has passed from their hands into the possession of some enter-



CAMPBELL MORGAN.

"Being a brave and daring man, the officers were not disposed to attack him and for years he cut a broad and shameful swathe in the history of Southern Kentucky and Middle Tennessee"—Pages 104-5.

prising stock jobber. There are fortunes in the Blue Ridge mountains, beyond a doubt, but not for the inhabitants whose wives and daughters raise the corn that the worthy (?) husband and father converts into "mountain dew."*

But this has little to do with the subject in hand—moonshining and the capture by Capt. Davis and Campbell Morgan of the Berongs, the king of the moonshiners and his heirs apparent. Capt. Davis, upon his arrival in Towns county, was put in command of a squad of ten men, and after the destruction of a few illicit stills by way of getting his hand in, war was declared against Berong, whose resistance to the revenue officers had made him famous—having once forced twenty men, who had arrested him, to release him. Berong and his three sons were known to be living in the woods, and were always informed of the approaches of the revenue force during the day by the vigorous blowing of horns by his wife and daughter. Davis and his force consequently concealed themselves about the settlement, under cover of the night, expecting that their game would come in to breakfast at day break. Their expectations were well founded. At dawn, two men were seen making their way to the house across the fields. Davis' force closed in, and not Bill, the king, but his sons, the heirs apparent, were made prisoners of the United States Government.

While the prisoners were preparing to make their departure, Berong's daughter came in and girlishly inquired, "Is that some of the reserve force upon the hill?" "Why no," said one of the men, with surprise. "Well, I didn't know," she continued, "I saw

*Mountain dew is another name for illicit whisky.

a big crowd of men coming this way with guns in their hands, and thought it must be some of you-uns." It was bold and delicate—this sister's ruse to save her brothers. Her mendacity was intended to create a stampede of the revenue men, and give her brothers a chance to escape. But Capt. Davis' hearty laugh warned her that her scheme was of no avail, her brothers were hopeless prisoners.

Capt. Davis' kind good humored treatment of these two sons of Berong induced them, in less than two hours, secretly to show up their own still. It was carefully buried in the earth, and to this day the people of the Berong settlement look upon Davis and Morgan's discovery of it as a piece of super-human detective work. It is this faculty of winning the confidence and good will of his prisoners which is the secret of Davis' success. Let him capture one guilty party in a community and it generally proves the death knell of illicit distilling in that region.

The first stroke was now made in the Berong settlement, and it is true, though it was scarcely expected, that before two days had elapsed, Bill Berong, who, for months past, had made himself famous by resisting armed squads of revenue men, appointed a place of meeting and sent Capt. Davis word that at such a place and at such a time he would surrender. The meeting was held, and on the same day Bill Berong, a diminutive, dried up old man in appearance, came up for trial, before a United States commissioner, at Blairsville, a little town in Northern Georgia. This quondam terror of the revenue men amply justified Davis' remark when he said, "Arms to arrest this man! Why, I could pick him up, and carry him out of the mountains, on my shoulders." After the commissioner had read the charges to Berong, then

of course came the usual question, "Guilty or not guilty?" The response was as unusual as it was unexpected, "Guilty, if I am hung for it," said Berong, without a quiver of his voice. "I am through with this blockading business. It has given me a fame that I don't deserve. They talk about my resistance, but I'll take my oath that twenty men have turned me loose when only my three sons cried from the bushes, 'release him or we'll shoot.' I threw forward my hands, and said to them, 'off with these hand cuffs, or every man of you dies.' They took them off, and left me there, and that is the way that I resisted the United States Government." Davis and Berong parted—the latter under bond—warm friends. Berong invited Davis and Morgan to come out and spend a week with him, promising to aid them materially in breaking up illicit stills in Towns county.

A woman whose husband had been under arrest, sent for these two officers, saying that she desired to inform on twenty men. "My husband has gone," she said, "and twenty men *must go with him.*"

Another woman cried, laughingly, from her door, as the squad was passing by, "Look here, Mr. Davis, I don't want you to take all the men out of this county. We women can't get along without them."

After spending several weeks in destroying the moonshine business in Georgia, Messrs. Davis and Morgan returned to their regular field of labor in the empire State of Tennessee.

CHAPTER XV.

Redmond, the Outlaw.

REDMOND is the best known, and the most dreaded of all the moonshiners of the south. He is to-day, perhaps, regarded as the most notorious character in America. Just how he became so distinguished is a mystery to those who know him best.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune."

In point of fact Redmond is not specially dangerous, nor is he, in a true sense, either brave or daring.

Redmond was born in the northern part of South Carolina, not far from the base of the Great Smoky mountains, and is at this time about thirty-seven years of age. He is almost entirely uneducated, but has a good deal of the native cunning and shrewdness so common among moonshiners. Bishop Simpson claims that grand mountains inspire the persons who live near them, or among them, with grand ideas; that such people inherently possess minds capable of greater power, and certainly broader sweeps of imagination, than any other people. The physical climbing of mountains, which they are so often required to do, imbues them with the thoughts of intellectual development—a climbing up, as it were, from the valley of ignorance to the heights of knowledge.

Redmond, at best, is a very ordinary man. He is five feet ten inches tall; is of light build; has blue eyes, and rather light colored hair. For a number of

years he has been engaged in manufacturing moonshine whisky in Southern North Carolina, where he now resides, and until within a few weeks past, has successfully evaded the vigilance of the officers. Becoming tired of moonshining, he gave it up for a while, and devoted his time to farming a little tract of land which he owns in Ashe county, North Carolina. But he did not continue long in this legitimate pursuit, and again went back to moonshining. The officers succeeded in locating his distillery, and one dark night crept upon Mr. Redmond, destroyed his establishment and arrested him. He is now in prison at Greensboro, North Carolina. He will shortly be tried, and, no doubt, justly punished.

Some two or three years since, a pamphlet, purporting to give a correct narrative of Redmond's life and adventures, was given to the public, and had a wide sale. The writer of that work, made Redmond one of the most distinguished characters, for daring and adventure, of the nineteenth century. From personal knowledge of my own, and from facts derived from United States officers in the two Carolinas, I pronounce the whole story a fabrication and a myth.

Redmond has killed two men, and only two, in his entire career; and when the Federal authorities get through with him, I am informed he will be tried in the State courts for murder. Generally, men's crimes come home to them in the end. Like all outlaws, Redmond has run out his career of crime, and now he is required to pay the penalties of his infraction of the laws.

From the pamphlet above referred to, I quote a few paragraphs, narrating one of Redmond's adventures. It is, perhaps, untrue, as applied to Redmond, but it graphically pictures scenes which I myself have once

or twice witnessed. It represents a moonshiner running the blockade with a wagon loaded with "mountain dew," and the shrewdness displayed in deceiving the officers.

"One fine morning, I left our stronghold in the Smoky mountains, driving a stout pair of mules, which were attached to a canvas covered wagon, in the body of which, hidden under a pile of corn husks, were five barrels of the precious fluid. My destination was Asheville, where I could find a customer for the liquor. The road was an ordinary mountain trail, and I drove all day without meeting any one. The sun was just sinking behind the mountains, when three men, whom I immediately recognized as deputy-marshals, came suddenly upon me at a cross-road. I was disguised with a beard and butternut clothes so effectually that my dearest friend would not have recognized me; and although my heart throbbed a little faster as the three horsemen approached, I was outwardly calm and collected, and regarded them curiously as they drew nearer. Their uniform was concealed under heavy cloaks; but their holsters contained pistols, and they had Winchester repeating rifles thrown over their shoulders. My wagon had nothing suspicious about it. The fly was up, and the shucks looked very innocent. When they reached me they drew their horses to one side, and the leader of the party, whose name was Crowder, accosted me as follows:

"Howdy, neighbor?"

"Howdy, gentlemen?" I replied, touching my hat. "Powerful fine weather we'uns are hevin!"

"Yes," said one of the marshals.

I reined up my mules, and Crowder again took up the conversation.

"Can you tell me," he said, "where we can get some whisky? We are strangers in this section, and are dry as herrings."

"Gentlemen," I replied, still imitating the uncouth twang of the crackers, "whisky is mitey hard to git. Thar's so meny uv these hyar dep'ty marshals 'round that we'uns are 'fraid to tech the pesky stuff."

At this they all laughed, and Crowder continued:

"I believe the marshals do create considerable disturbance among you occasionally, but we don't want to buy much—just enough to fill our flasks."

"Well, now, gentlemen," I said, with a cunning leer, "you can't prove it by me that you'uns haint marshals!"

"They laughed again, louder than before, and one of the marshals denied that they were revenue officers.

"You know all about these illicit distilleries," said Crowder, "and I believe you've got blockade liquor hidden under those shucks."

"Well, now, gentlemen," I said, with a look of surprise, "you'uns hev hit the nail right on the head. I hev got a leetle moonshine hyar, and I run a pow'rful risk in conveyin' hit; but hit's only a few gallon that I use for my stomach's sake. I more'n believe that you are rev'nue officers; but you seem tolerbul clever, and if you'uns will promise not to say anythin' about it, I'll let you hev a little."

"This frank confession of mine rather staggered them, but I saw that it threw them off the scent, and still laughing, they produced their flasks. I had a jug containing about three gallons under the wagon seat, and taking this out I filled their bottles and handed them back. Crowder offered to pay for the liquor, but with assumed cunning I answered him that the acceptance of money for the liquor would lay

me liable to arrest. At their invitation I drank with them, and then whipping up my mules, drove on, having completely hoodwinked them by this shrewd trick. I sold my liquor in Asheville, made some necessary purchases and reached the mountain again without further adventure. Afterwards I made many similar trips, and always with success."

CHAPTER XVI.

Raiding Incidents and Anecdotes.

○ N Puncheon creek, in Allen county, Kentucky, and only a few miles from the Tennessee border, there lived a peculiar old character known as "Si" Woods. He was at this time about fifty-five years of age, tall, lean, and very sprightly for one of his years. He was a man of good sense, and was rarely caught napping. For more than a dozen years, the marshals and revenue officers had been in search of "Si," but some how never could catch up with him. He was too wary and shrewd to be trapped. Many times they had gone to his house, late at night, expecting to find him, but old Si, like the Irishman's flea, was "niver there."

In the month of March, 1881, learning that old Si was still running his illicit distillery, I organized a party with the determination to catch him if possible, and also destroy his distillery. To accomplish our undertaking, we came in upon him from the Tennessee side, just the opposite direction from the one usually taken by the raiders. This denouement was successful. We got into the neighborhood without the blowing of a single horn, and we even reached old Si's cabin without being discovered by any one, not even by a watch dog.

The house in which old Si lived was an old log cabin, with a chimney at one end which was constructed out of wood and mortar. As our party crept

stealthily towards the cabin, although it was quite dark, the outline of a man was discovered on the side of the chimney, perhaps ten feet from the ground. This individual had evidently been on the top of the house, perhaps looking out for *breakers*. It was old Si. How he got up there I cannot imagine. It seemed as if he had dropped down from the clouds. He had either been expecting us, and was perched up there on the outlook, or we had gotten too close to the cabin before we were discovered, for him to have escaped, and he thought he might evade us by hiding on the roof. Observing our near approach, he leaped to the ground, almost dropping into the arms of Capt. Hetherington, who had discovered his whereabouts, and was on a rapid run towards the house. We were not long in finding out that this was the veritable old "Si" himself; and having the famous "boss" of the Punccheon moonshiners in our power at last, we determined to hold him, at all hazards.

Inside the cabin, a dance was under way. The cracked and irregular notes of a single fiddle, and the shuffling and treading of the heavy booted moonshiners, could be heard at a considerable distance, enlivened by the loud, yet indistinct cry of the prompter, "swing yer pardners." We rushed to the front door, shoved it open suddenly, and thrusting our carbines at the crowd through the opening, announced that we were United States officials, and proposed to take a hand in the fun. You never heard sounds, or saw movements, stop so quickly, as they did there that night, in old "Si's" ball-room on Punccheon creek. The old fiddler's bow came to a stand-still while half-way drawn across the strings, as though his arm had been stricken with paralysis. The dancers remained in the self same places they occupied when the music

abandoned them. The persons sitting on the beds around the walls of the cabin, and in front of the large fireplace, jumped to their feet and stood rigid as statues. Altogether the revelers presented an appearance too ludicrous to imagine. But we "had the drop on them," as they say in moonshine parlance, and although there were twenty-three men in the house, some of whom were armed, and we had but eight, they quietly submitted and gave us no trouble.

Leaving five men at the house to guard the dancers, and allow none of them to go outside the building, the other three started off to hunt the still, which was supposed to be in a hollow near the dancers' cabin. After searching for an hour or more, the distillery was found and destroyed in short order, and a ten gallon keg of whisky was taken to the house. After getting old "Si" ready to depart, and being in readiness to mount our horses ourselves, all of the dancers were treated from the keg, and the balance poured upon the ground. Thereupon we left the revelers in the best of humor, and as we rode away in the darkness, a number of voices cried out, "don't forget to come and see us again."

AN EAST TENNESSEE RAID.

In the early spring of 1878, a raiding party, of sixteen well armed men, left Knoxville for Hancock county in the vicinity of Cumberland Gap, where three States corner. Revenue Agent George W. Atkinson, and Deputy Collector William R. Cooper, were in command of the party. The creeks and rivers were all swollen, which very greatly interfered with the movements of the raiders. The rivers of East Tennessee, with the exception of the Holston and French Broad, were narrow, deep and turbulent, and

consequently are difficult, and indeed dangerous, to cross, when they are on their "highs" as the ferry-men term a rise of the water. We had ridden perhaps one hundred miles before we reached Powell's river, which we found almost out of its banks. The ferryman, of course, refused to undertake to transfer us across, or to allow us to use the boat ourselves. The stream at this point was quite narrow, and rather than give up the raid, Mr. Atkinson, who was riding a mule, agreed to cross first, and if he got over safely, the rest were to follow. After removing his overcoat, boots, and other heavy garments, and fastening them securely to his saddle, he forced his mule into the river, and over it he swam almost like a flash. Some of the more timid of the party hesitated, but rather than be called cowards, all of them ventured into the stream, and crossed over in safety. All, however, were ringing wet up to the armpits. During the day, we swam that little river seven times, without accident or injury to either raiders or animals.

Late in the afternoon, we rode up to the southern shore of the Clinch river, which was likewise on a boom. It was running at the rate of perhaps ten to twelve miles to the hour, at the point of crossing and was full of driftwood. Up to this time we had ridden about one hundred and fifty miles, and were in the vicinity of several moonshine distilleries, which were situated in the mountains, just beyond the river. How to get over was the question before us; and it was by no means an easy one to solve. To go back would be cowardly and disgraceful; and to go forward was, apparently, impossible.

We consulted the ferryman as to the propriety of crossing, and offered him \$10 to set us over. He refused. The horseboat was accessible—being tied to



“OLD SI’S” RESIDENCE, ON PUNCHEON CREEK.

“We rushed to the front door, shoved it open suddenly, * * * * and announced that we proposed to take a hand in the fun.”—Page 118.

a sapling near by, but the canoe was on the other side of the river. We offered the ferryman \$5 to swim across the stream and bring over the canoe. As before, he declined, with the additional remark that he would not do so foolish a thing for \$100 in gold. A vote was now taken on the question of going forward or retreating, and two to one voted to return to Knoxville. An earnest colloquy followed, and the charge of "coward" was thrown out against those who desired to abandon the raid, which was by them earnestly repelled. Finally, Mr. Atkinson, who was an expert swimmer, proposed to strip the horses of their saddle and other fixtures, get on his mule, swim the river, and the men on the shore could force the horses to follow. The object in thus crossing was to get the horses over, and he could return with the canoe and transfer the men. This plan was agreed to, and after removing everything but his under-garments, although it was biting cold, he climbed upon the back of the mule and plunged into the surging stream. It was apparent foolhardiness, but the success of the raid depended on crossing that river then and there, and he did not intend to be driven back by any such impediments as the Clinch river, however high it might be. All of the horses were stripped of their saddles and bridles, and driven after the mule, which had by this time, gotten well out into the stream. As soon as the mule got into the strong current, which was mingled with driftwood, he, in accordance with his muleish nature, struck off down stream, groaning as if he expected every moment to be his last. The current was so swift that Mr. Atkinson was several times washed off the back of the mule, but maintaining, the while, full presence of mind, he clung to the

neck of the animal, and when the driftwood would allow it, he would throw himself again upon the mule's back. The horses were all in a huddle groaning horridly, and following immediately in the rear of his muleship, which had now become accustomed to the situation, and was swimming lustily for the other shore.

It was dangerous, but at the same time interesting and amusing to see horses, mule, and man all piled up together, now on top of the driftwood, and again underneath, all but their heads, and all swimming, as it were, for life and the other shore. By-and-by they landed in a thicket of trees and underbrush, nearly, or quite a half-mile below where they entered the stream. In a few minutes, Mr. Atkinson, half frozen, got into the canoe and was not long in transferring all of the party across the surging Clinch, in comfort and safety.

“DAVE” BERRY, A VIRGINIA OUTLAW, LOSES HIS LIFE.

On Black Water creek, and Newman's Ridge, in Hancock county, Tennessee, there lives a peculiar race, or rather a mixture of races of peoples. They are melungens, or mongrels, and were perhaps originally Spandiards, Indians, Negroes, and White men. They are of medium stature, have straight hair, dark skins, and in point of education and refinement, are but little above the Hottentots or Feeje's. They have intermarried to such an extent that they are nearly all related. In this locality, a score or more of murders have been committed since the war, and the local courts have never attempted to bring the guilty parties to justice. Indeed the local officers are powerless to execute the laws. One, “Dan” Collins, killed his mother and two brothers, and no one even proposed

his arrest, until our posse surrounded his house and took him prisoner after desperate resistance, which well nigh cost him his life.

In raiding this section, I counted sixty-two old still-houses, which had been destroyed by Government officers, during the two or three years preceding our visit, and yet, before our party got through this creek and rige, we cut up ten or a dozen more.

From the source to the mouth of Blackwater creek, is eighteen or twenty miles, and in passing along this creek we were bushwhacked by the moonshiners at five different points, in which two of our men were slightly wounded, and the top of the writer's hat was literally shot away.

On a little stream, called Sulphur branch, not far from the seat of justice of Hancock county, our party rode up to a moonshine distillery and promptly surrounded it. Three men were found within—a justice of the peace, a constable, and “Dave” Berry, a fugitive from Lee county, Virginia, who had murdered two men, and for whom a large reward was offered by the authorities of Virginia. We commanded them to surrender, which they at once did quite gracefully. It was, however, noticed that Berry, who was a very large man, looked grum and surly, and we therefore kept our eyes on him, lest he might take some undue advantage of us.

About the time we had completed the destruction of the distillery apparatus, Berry went back to the bed, in the rear end of the still-house, turned down the quilt, and picked up something which shone like silver, on account of its exceeding brightness. Deputy Marshal “Ike” Wright, a small-sized, but fearless man, who was standing near Berry, detected him in his treachery, and at once called out to him to drop

whatever he held in his hand, at the same time aiming his Henry rifle at Berry's breast. Berry at once realized the seriousness of the situation, and dropped a weapon on the ground. This Wright picked up, and found to be a large bowie knife, sharp on both edges, and a very formidable instrument for use in close quarters. While Wright was yet in a stooping position, Berry sprang upon him, and a hand-to-hand struggle commenced. We were all afraid to interfere, knowing that Wright's gun was loaded, and every moment expected him to shoot. Round and round the room they tussled, Wright and Berry holding death grips to opposite ends of the rifle. Several times our men attempted to rush on Berry, and fell him with the butts of our pieces, but Wright, who was seeking a chance to shoot Berry, called to us to stand back, lest he, through accident, might kill one of us. The excitement now was terrible, and each one of the raiders was waiting an opportunity to either strike or shoot Berry. Berry clung to Wright's gun, and struggled to wrest it from him. Several times we called to Berry to desist, telling him that if he kept on we would be compelled to kill him. But Berry gave no heed to our warnings, and continued the fight. Wright was, by this time, getting exhausted, and fearing that Berry might succeed in wresting the rifle from Wright and then empty its charges into Wright and us, "Bud" Lindsay seized a favorable moment and fired. Berry fell dead. His head having been almost entirely carried away by the charge from the Springfield rifle.

The justice of the peace, who was a witness to the entire occurrence, at Deputy Collector Cooper's request, issued warrants of arrest, for Lindsay and Wright,

and the constable, who was also a witness of the homicide, executed the process on the spot.

After all our posse had delivered up our guns to the peace officer, the cases were regularly called and tried, and the prisoners acquitted and discharged from custody.

This narrative sounds like fiction, yet every word of it is true. The justice of the peace and the deceased Berry, were the owners and the operators of the distillery. The constable had merely called in passing the distillery, to get a dram, and therefore, in point of fact, as Cousin Fenix would say, had no interest in it. Both the 'squire and constable were arrested and escorted, *nolens volens*, to Knoxville, and there into the United States Court, where the 'squire was convicted of the offense charged to him, while the constable was liberated, with an admonition to be careful in future where he imbibed drams of moonshine whisky.

The day following Berry's death, a party of forty-three men pursued us, proposing, of course, to release the prisoners, and avenge the killing of their friend Berry. Having had about twenty-four hours start of them, they did not get nearer to us than about twenty miles. After following our trail for perhaps fifty miles, they perceived the uselessness of further pursuit, gave up the chase, and returned to their homes—while we, in blissful ignorance of their existence and intentions, continued on to Knoxville.

“OLD BILL COLE.”

No part of Kentucky, for the period from 1865 to 1879, bore a more lawless repute than J—— county. Nearly all the local and State laws were resisted and nullified. Of course the Federal laws, there indig-

nantly termed those "d—d Yankee usurpations," were hooted at. The people up there, for a time, ran away several officials connected with the levying and collecting of taxes, and refused to elect, or allow to be elected, any successors to perform such public duties. They waged bloody wars, y'clept feuds between families and septs among themselves. They fired houses, hay stacks and barns, by the score. They poisoned sheep, cattle and hogs, and were "liberal" with clubs, bowie knives, revolvers and shot guns. It would be a modest estimate to say that less than fifty men, in this county, in the period mentioned, "died with their boots on." They murdered the county judge. They tried to murder, and wounded and ran off the circuit judge. So the ruffianly element had things entirely their own way.

About 1877 and 1878, affairs in this county became the subject of anxious consideration to the Governor and State executive officers. These matters also forced themselves upon the Legislature. Neighboring States made gentle remonstrances as to the scandal. Hot missives, as "hot" as politeness and diplomatic language would allow, came from Washington City, from those in authority there, inveighing as to the manner that Federal officers and interests were mistreated in that county.

The Governor at last intimated, that if there was not immediate reform, he would send a judge and prosecuting attorney and sheriff, from Louisville or elsewhere, to enforce the laws. The people returned the answer that such imported officials would not live to reach the county seat.

Disgusted at such conduct and language, the Legislature quickly made an appropriation to cover the expense, and the Governor requested a circuit judge,

and an attorney, to proceed there, hold courts, and enforce the law. The Adjutant General at the same time provided and dispatched there, fully armed and equipped, a body of State soldiers (militia), to protect the court and court house, and jail; all of which these furious men had threatened to demolish. Men constantly "under arms" and ready for action at a few seconds' notice, occupied the court house yard. A detachment of soldiers, with loaded pieces, were drawn up in the court, close to the judge, jury, prosecuting attorney, and testifying witnesses, to at once repress interference with the course of justice. This extra court held, I am informed, two sessions there, and struck terror into the lawless—very many, if not all of whom left the county for the county's good. So, now, the law is administered there by their own proper officers, and peace and order reign.

Such having been the contempt shown to the State laws, it need hardly be said here that United States laws and interests were laughed at and trampled upon. Any one who would presume to express a wish to support the General Government, would be regarded as a lunatic, and he would be fortunate, indeed, if he escaped with uncracked bones.

Moonshining was looked upon and practiced as a proper, legitimate and meritorious occupation. In consequence, the besotted condition of the people became terrifying. Crowds of men, and numbers of women, were half drunk, or whole drunk, most of the time.

The frauds upon the revenue, and the impudent front put on, by illicit distillers and vendors, at last aroused the authorities at Washington. Directions were given to revenue officers in Kentucky, to pay special attention to men and matters in that county.

Men, horses, arms, time, and money, were not to be spared; only the laws, and the interests, and honor of the Government, were to be vindicated.

One of the most brazen and long continued transgressors was an individual locally well known as "Old Bill Cole." He was a chronic 'stiller. He 'stilled constantly, and far back, long before the rebellion, when it was allowable without bond or tax. He 'stilled much during the rebellion. He filled his own wallet fatly, while "wetting the throats," and filling the canteens of the very many who came to him, mostly soldiers, now Confederates, anon Federals. He made a trade of "*shining*," and stuck to it.

But evil days at last came for Mr. Cole. His location and house had the unwanted and unwished honor of visit after visit from Uncle Sam's revenue people; but he always gave them the slip. As he said himself, "this wheasel always sleeps with one eye open." At last Mr. Wood Lyttle, a revenue man, watched all day and night near Cole's cabin. Satisfied that he was in the house, Mr. Lyttle charged on and into it, early in the day. He got sight of the man, and pursued him closely as he ran away. To avoid arrest the fugitive took to a hole, a real, veritable hole, which he had prepared in the ground about two hundred yards behind his house. Mr. Lyttle commanded him to come out. But old Bill only replied, "If you want me, come in and take me out." Going in there was no easy, and certainly no safe matter, as the entrance was narrow, and Cole was reputed to be armed to the teeth all the time. Mr. Lyttle, at last, prepared to kindle a fire over the hole, and thus smoke, singe, or burn him out. But Cole's "old woman," as a wife is termed in that section, now came forward. She prayed the officers not to do that. They consented to her en-

tering the hole, and seeing what she could do with her "old man," the phrase for a husband in mountain parlance. She returned in a few minutes, but the officers spurned the articles of agreement she brought them. She again entered the hole. In a short time she emerged, bringing with her a revolver and shot gun. Shortly thereafter old Bill came out, was promptly "ironed," was marched away, and was duly introduced to a United States criminal judge, who recommended for "Bill" a "retreat," for a protracted time, in a certain public institution where lodgings, food, attendance, &c., are given free. Let us hope "Bill" Cole was a wiser, and also a better man, when the jailer bade him "good by, and and safe journey home," after the term of his sentence had expired.

"PIG JOCK" MEREDITH.

Edmonson, Whitley and Allen counties, Kentucky, seem to be now, at this present writing, the favorite locality of "moonshiners." Nowhere else south of the Ohio is it carried on as here. Elsewhere it seems to be getting rooted out, but here it still grows and flourishes. The place the natives say is "temptatious" for illicit 'stilling. The forests are so extensive, the thickets are so numerous and dense, the water is so excellent and plentiful, corn so cheap, help is so easily obtained, and last, but not least, the consciences of the people there are so liberal and elastic, that going into the distilling line seems almost natural.

Of the counties named, Edmonson appears to be ahead of the others in moonshining. So the State head revenue officer had his eyes and ears continually turned in the direction of Edmonson. Matters there gave him and his predecessors in office much concern.

His assistants have, time and again, been dispatched there, and made hauls of men, and even women, engaged in the nefarious manufacture and traffic.

There are two families in Edmonson county who have been notorious for illicit distilling—the Sanderses and Merediths. The very names of the male members of these two families would brand them as a peculiar people. For example, of the Sanders tribe, I mention “Blinkey Jim,” “Lord Bill,” “George Wash,” “Humpy John,” “Gabe,” “Sam Ned,” “John Ned,” “Veitchil,” “Sell,” “Big Tom,” “Little Tom,” “Big Jim,” “Little Jim,” and “Beeter.” Among the Merediths we meet “Pig Jock,” “Pete Jock,” “John Jock,” “Black Bill,” “Bill Fed,” “Tom Fed,” “Joe Jock,” “Jack Wallace,” and “Joe Wallace.” Many personages of these surnames have made their appearances before United States courts.

A noted member of the Meredith family is now in “free lodgings” at Louisville, upon the usual charge of *stilling*. This individual claims his true name is “Charlie” Meredith, but he answers best and quickest to the euphonious appellation of “Pig Jock.” In appearance he is a perfect type of the moonshiner.

His habits, language, conduct and calling (?) were long a matter of regret to the revenue officers. Many, many times, they—kind, good hearted men—endeavored to “have a chew, or a drink” with him, and *make* him be a wiser and better citizen; but for years he managed to elude their company, precepts and assistance. They were in torture at their failures to “take him in out of the cold,” and teach him better ways of living.

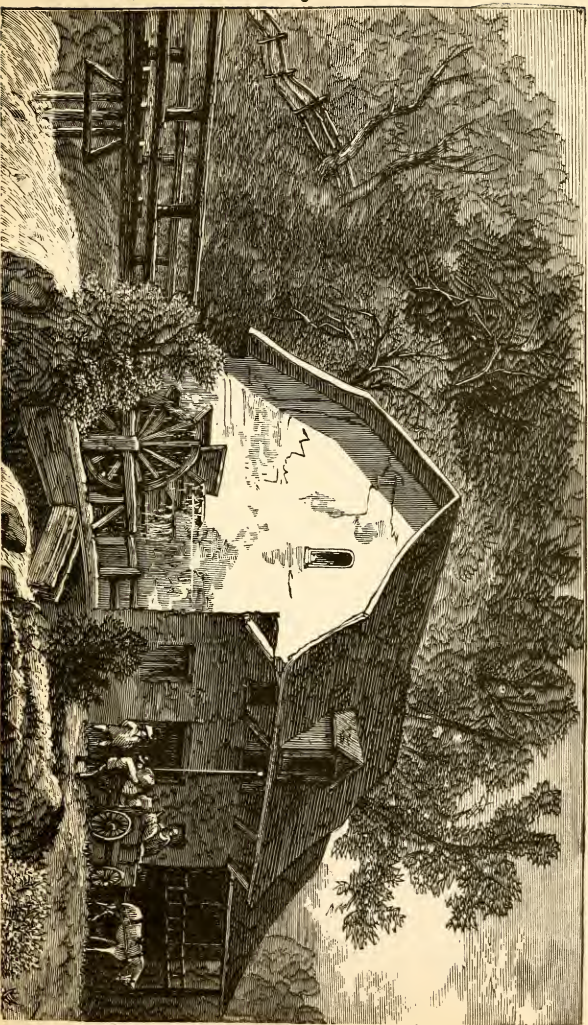
So early in May, 1881, they made a special expedition to a place a few miles from “Pig Jock’s” reputed head quarters. I say “reputed,” because he changed

his whereabouts so often; and always at once, when he heard the "revenues" were about. Then he made his home with the owls and bats in caves, or with foxes and wild cats in the densest fastnesses in the woods. He disputed tenancy in the trees with hawks and buzzards. It is even said he became amphibious; that at such "hot" times he did not disdain to merge, or immerse, his "corporation" in Nolin river—no part of him being in the air but his cranium, and that concealed by overhanging bushes or tree roots.

The officers passed "Pig Jock's" home, as if they did not concern themselves about it or him. But they did, it and he, in fact, were their main objectives in entering the county. They passed on to another house, and arrested the inhabitant of it. Then they summoned a neighbor, one whom they knew to be intimate with "Pig Jock," and who would tell him all, and made him a special bailiff to execute a subpoena on the witnesses against one of the men they had arrested. The subpoena commanded the persons named in it to appear in Bowling Green, some forty miles distant, before the U. S. commissioner the next day at ten o'clock A. M. This special bailiff, as had been expected, communicated all these facts to "Pig Jock," and he thereon at once quitted one of his "holes" and proceeded to his still-house, well assured the officers were now far off on the road to Bowling Green with the prisoners.

The three officers, Messrs. Hetherington, Stotts and Clarke, mounted and rode, as publicly as possible, on the road towards Bowling Green. They rode on, and on, and on, past the clearings, and deep into the woods, where no human eye was on them. Then they dismounted and hitched their jaded animals, and took a sleep, much needed by all of them, men

and beasts. So soon as refreshed, and darkness had set in, they returned as expeditiously and as privately as possible, to the very near neighborhood of "Pig Jock's" still-house. They hid their horses in a thicket, and then took position as near as could safely be to "Pig Jock's" whisky factory—one of them crawled to and into the house. The still had been removed, but all the other machinery and materials were there. The trio concluded to conceal themselves and watch for the object of their search to return. Early on Sunday, "Pig Jock" appeared, with an axe, and a brand of fire in his hands, and entered his still-house. After a short time he came out and went about a quarter of a mile into the timber, where he lifted out from behind a ledge of rocks his hidden copper still, and carried it back to the still-house. The officers had him all the time in view. He replaced the still and kindled a fire under it. He then went on with the regular work and workings of his distillery. Then the officers cautiously approached and entered the still-house. They were inside before he saw them. He heard a salute, "throw up your hands," and on looking at the speaker, found a Colt's Navy pointing directly at him, and within a few feet of his face. "Pig Jock" had the good sense to surrender without making the racket he had often sworn he would do before giving up to the "revenues." He was escorted to Bowling Green, where he received the consideration of the resident U. S. commissioner, and thence to Louisville, where he now vegetates in the jail, to be made acquainted, doubtless, in due time and manner, with one of Uncle Sam's grand juries, a traverse jury, and a judge.



A SAW AND GRIST MILL, AND MOONSHINE DISTILLERY COMBINED.

“It was under a large saw and grist mill, which was operated by both water and steam.”—Page 60.



CHAPTER XVII.

Raiding Incidents and Anecdotes.—CONTINUED.

IN October, 1877, Mr. E. F. Madden, of Louisville, a correspondent of Harper's *Weekly*, at the instance of the proprietors of that enterprising journal, accompanied a raiding party into several of the southern counties of Kentucky. On his return home, he wrote a full report of his observations and adventures to Harper, appropriately illustrated. I quote a portion of the article :

“Leaving Louisville early one evening, we set out for Harden county, arriving at Elizabethtown a while before the interesting hour when church-yards are supposed to yawn. Lunching first, we then awakened the proprietor of a livery stable, and procured the three best horses he could offer. Half an hour after our party left E. town, as its inhabitants are pleased to designate their pretty village, for a point twenty miles distant, the moon shone brightly through the trees, the air was mild, and balmy, and sufficient wind moved to make traveling by horse as pleasant as possible. As we galloped on towards our destination, however, and in two hours after starting, the wind increased, the moon became partly obscured by fast floating clouds, and large drops of rain fell ever and anon. These continued to grow large in size until, at half-past three, quite a sharp shower was in progress. Riding now became decidedly disagreeable. A miserable rocky road added to the discomfort first

brought on by the rain and darkness. The horses ceased galloping, and picked their way along in a quick walk. The moon disappeared entirely, and darkness most intense enshrouded the earth. We could hardly distinguish each other, and having entered a forest several miles in length, full of narrow, winding paths, tall thick trees, and overhanging vines, and bushes of all descriptions, were compelled to proceed with exceeding care and caution.

"Deputy Marshal Wyatt rode a white horse, the writer a bay, and Deputy Marshal Whitaker a gray. In order that all could keep together, Mr. Wyatt went in front, hoping that the other two could always perceive his white horse. For a time we were enabled to do this, but by-and-by, as the darkness grew deeper, not even this animal's snowy color could be seen. The path we were following led through creeks, up and down hills, through brush, through briers, and across fields, forests and meadows. Thus seventeen miles were passed before halting. When a stop was made, the gray signs of daylight were appearing in the eastern horizon. The rain poured down as incessantly as ever, and the three of us were drenched through and through. Changing horses we went forward once more, anxious to reach the still-house for which we had started, before day had fairly come. By some mischance the wrong road was taken, and after traveling in all twenty-two miles, a second halt was ordered. Day had now appeared, and, lest we should be seen by moonshiners, the marshals thought it best to find shelter.

"Observing an old farmer feeding hogs, we signaled to him, and on his coming up to within a few yards of us, Mr. Whitaker asked for shelter for man and beast. The old gentleman did not seem particularly

desirous of complying, and the others dismounting, ordered him to move aside and allow them to pass. He obeyed, and shortly afterward we were before a warm fire, and our beasts under a warm cover. Breakfast eaten, the old man, a Mr. Gibson, was asked whether there were any still-houses in his section. He answered that there were, but declined to locate them, saying he might involve himself in trouble by so doing. Persuasion was of no avail, reward was likewise ineffective, and the only alternative before us was to try his son. The youth proved only a chip off the old block. Not caring to dally more, the marshals produced pistols and told young Gibson to mount and lead them to the nearest still-house. He obeyed, very reluctantly, going to a place four-and-a-half miles distant in the midst of a heavy wood. There he drew rein, and remarked, 'I think it's right close,' referring to the location of a still-house. All dismounted, and, creeping forward soon observed a light smoke curling gracefully upward from a deep ravine. Another peep showed a still-house, beside which sat a man whittling a stick, and occasionally stirring a fire. The pattering of the rain drowned the noise of our approaching footsteps, and not until the three men stood before him, did the solitary one seem apprised of their coming. Mr. Whitaker's voice first startled him. The marshal said, before he himself was seen, and as the moonshiner sat whittling, 'stranger, how are you?'

"Leaping to his feet, the other cried, in tones of astonishment, 'the devil.'

" 'Oh, no,' said the officer, 'Whitaker, Louisville,—Marshal for Uncle Sam, you know. My friends, Mr. Moonshiner, Wyatt and Mr. ———, all true blue, you bet.'

"The fellow was too astonished to utter a word. He gazed at those before him for five minutes, and then, turning his eyes on Mr. Wyatt, bellowed out, 'Oh, say, you've watched the wrong fellow, I swear you have, by gosh! I'm innocent, indeed I am, Mister. I'll bet twenty dollars, and it's all I've got, that I can prove my innocence to any man around here. Yes I can, by gosh.'

"'No doubt, no doubt,' said Mr. Wyatt, 'but can you show me a man about here that hasn't got something to do with stilling?'

"Before an answer could be given, Mr. Whitaker suddenly ejaculated, 'Behind the barrels, boys, here's more coming.'

"We were hidden in an instant.

"Mr. Whitaker said, 'Here, you moonshiner, dare give those fellows a sign, and I'll bullet (shoot) you! If they're engaged here, motion with your left hand.'

"The prisoner did not comply.

"Mr. Whitaker cried, 'Quick, quick, now. Is either of them connected here or not.'

"'Yes, the one on the left, the other is not.'

"The two individuals continued to approach. When within pistol range, the two marshals sprang up suddenly, and bade them 'throw up your hands, and come forward.' They answered, 'we have no weapons, and will surrender.' The three were then searched, and told to sit down and await the coming of more. An hour later young Gibson, the guide, and a stranger, came in view. At the sight of Gibson, the first prisoner, Frank Carter, and the one he had pointed out as concerned in the illicit work, conferred together a few moments. Shortly after, Carter burst forth in a violent torrent of abuse, cursing Gibson and his family, in the vilest language, and calling on God to give him an op-

portunity to thrash him. His companion, a beardless youth, Silas Pendleton by name, said :

“ ‘Clay Gibson is mad with both of us. He piloted you men here, and as I live, and as God lives above me, he had better kill me now ! He'd better get evidence to hang me, too, for, as I hope to get my liberty, I'm coming back to make him die for this. I am, so help me God.’ ‘I've a notion to do it now,’ said Carter.

“Gibson grasped the revolver of the writer from within his overcoat pocket. His face was as white as a sheet. He looked at his enemies and said, ‘You accuse me wrongfully. I did not give you away. Say what you please, Carter, about me, but speak of the old folks again as you did just now, and I'll lay you out, though I hang as high as the tree tops. Mind, now, mind, I say, for my blood is up, and you'd better take care.’

“ ‘Quiet, quiet, both of you,’ put in Mr. Whitaker. ‘Carter, hush. Young fellow, leave at once.’

“Gibson then walked away, the others sending after him a torrent of abuse.

“Noon had arrived by this time, and no other moonshiners having made their appearance, the officers demolished the still, numerous barrels of mash and beer, a lot of corn meal, a bed whereon a sentinel had been accustomed to sleep, and all the appliances generally used in the manufacture of moonshine. The man who had last come up, gave his name as Daniel Roberts Greggston. He was made prisoner, and told to follow the others. Greggston said he was under promise to appear before a civil court, next day, to answer the charge of arson. The others substantiated this, but the marshals compelled him to accompany them notwithstanding their assertions. The youth,

who had come up with Pendleton, gave his name as George Carter. He seemed to be a born fool and was suffered to depart in peace. The remainder were placed together, and all then galloped away to another still-house, the location of which the officers had been informed of.

“Before speaking of this adventure, a description of the previous still-house should be given. Its situation was in the most desolate, dreary, out-of-the-way spot imaginable. In the heart of a dense forest, at the base of two hills, almost mountains they were. Under a cliff, and surrounded by tall, thick limbed trees, and innumerable bushes and brambles, were the still and its accoutrements. The tell-tale smoke alone gave indication of its presence, and by this were the officers guided to it. A small branch of water ran down the hill-side, and a stream of this necessary adjunct in making moonshine, was trailed into the still by means of a sapling hollowed for that purpose. The still and its parts were constructed very crudely, yet, all in all, answered their purpose as well as those more elegantly made up.

“When the officers left this spot, they set out for another still-house eight miles distant. The rain was falling as hard as ever, and a cold wind pierced us through and through. We galloped through field and forest for three hours, without success, the most careful search failing to reveal the still we had hoped to find. Night coming on, the party rode four miles farther to a place called Big Clifty. Here we remained over night, the landlord entertaining us with an excellent supper, the sudden, indeed it may be said, the very sudden disappearance of which astonished the host exceedingly. In the morning, early, after break-

fast was eaten, a start was made for another still-house. Four miles of galloping, and a halt was ordered.

“‘Any moonshining about here?’ we asked of a man in the road.

“‘Not as I knows on,’ was the answer.

“‘Show us where that still is, or I’ll end your career in a jiffy,’ cried Mr. Whitaker.

“‘All right sir, all right,’ said the countryman; ‘follow me and I’ll take you thar.’

“We followed, and half a mile on heard the sound of wood-choping. Our guide was released. Peering through the bushes, we saw an old man chopping wood. Beyond him we could see a small wooden house, probably eighteen by twenty feet in size, and not more than nine feet high. A drove of hogs grazed between the axeman and the house. Understanding their fondness for refuse matter, we felt sure that an illicit still was near. In order to reach the axeman we had to descend a hill-side five or six hundred feet deep, clinging to bushes as we went. When the axeman was reached, Mr. Wyatt said, ‘How d’ye, stranger?’

“‘Morning,’ answered the one addressed.

“‘Old boy, how’s moonshine?’ continued Mr. Wyatt.

“‘Thar’s none ’bout here, sir.’

“‘Aint that a still-house?’

“‘No siree; not as I knows of.’

“‘Whose hogs are those?’

“‘Mine.’

“‘What is your name?’

“‘Pearl, sir; Jeems Pearl.’

“‘Aha!’ continued Mr. Wyatt, ‘so that’s not your house, but them’s your hogs. A sort of pearl among swine, you’d have us think, eh? Guess that’s the house Jack built. Burst that door, Walter.’

“The last remark was addressed to Mr. Whitaker, who thereupon forced open the door. A glance within disclosed a still, and fourteen mash tubs. Nearer inspection revealed many other things necessary for making whisky. Two gallons of pure moonshine were rooted out of concealment, and so were numerous sacks of corn meal, some malt, and a quantity of corn. Fourteen tubs contained mash and beer, and an eighty-five gallon still reposed on the dying embers of a recent fire. Mr. Whitaker remained to guard the prisoners, and Mr. Wyatt left for the purpose of securing a yoke of oxen to carry the meal, &c., to the nearest station, from there to be taken to Louisville on the railroad.

“On the way he met William Wakefield, an old man of seventy-eight. He acknowledged himself to be the owner of the land on which the still was situated, and was therefore arrested. Obtaining the necessary oxen, Mr. Wyatt returned, and left the prisoner Carter, in charge of them for a few minutes. He had scarcely been absent a quarter of an hour, when two men springing out of the bushes, pointed pistols at Carter’s head, and bade him free the oxen, also cursing him roundly for being with the officers. Carter explained that his coming had been compulsory, and watching his opportunity to escape, seized upon a moment when the newcomers were engaged in conversation, and dashed behind the oxen, at the same time calling lustily, ‘Ed! Ed! quick, quick, this way!’

“The marshal heard the call, and fearing trouble, came rushing through the bushes, with pistols pointed and hammers raised. The two strangers hearing him approaching, ran for dear life, disappearing behind a cliff just as he came in view of their flying forms.

“Without further trouble the prisoners and booty

were removed to Big Clifty, the nearest railroad station, and thence taken to Louisville.

"The last still-house was built upon a stream of water at the foot of two mountains. Great high cliffs overhung both sides, and were covered thickly with laurel bushes. All in all, its situation was truly grand and picturesque—a wild, weird spot, its like seldom seen anywhere, and perhaps nowhere else in Kentucky. It was just the place for the business, and of course extremely valuable to the owners."

In traveling through the mountain regions of the South, one encounters many ludicrous scenes. I have attended corn-huskings, log-rollings, marriages, house-warmings, and many other gatherings. I was delighted with the peculiar manners and customs of the people. While they are usually coarse and uncouth in their manners and clothing, they are invariably kind and generous to a fault.

The winters are spent by the inhabitants of hill countries in clearing their ground of the brush, timber, &c., which cover it in a state of nature. When the timber has been cut into the desired lengths for building houses, or for rolling into heaps to be burned, the neighbors are invited to assist in raising the houses, or rolling the logs together. The timber is usually of such a size as to require a number of men to handle it; hence the necessity of these "gatherings," as they are familiarly called by the inhabitants. Besides, such occasions afford a jollification and reunion of the mountaineers, which greatly add to their comfort and happiness.

Corn-husking, and house-raising, are very much the same as log-rollings, and are enjoyed fully as much. At night, following all these labors, comes the dance. The dance is usually the most attractive feature of all

to a majority at these "workings." The old Virginia reel is the principal figure gone through in these rude cabins, and although not as elegant as a modern polka or schottische, it is equally as enjoyable, and is more heartily participated in.

In the spring of 1877, United States Gauger Lamberton Doolittle and the writer, were traveling through several of the mountain counties of one of the Virginias, gauging brandy and surveying distilleries. In a sparsely settled portion of one of the poorest and most thriftless localities that ever the sun shone on, we called at the house of Tobias Belcher, a brandy distiller, who had been making moonshine, but with whom we had authority to compromise, provided he would allow us to survey his distillery, and take his bond for conducting future operations in a legal way. Mr. Belcher was glad enough to accept our offer of leniency, and at once gave bond as a brandy distiller, in the manner and on the forms prescribed by law.

After completing our work, we went out into the yard to saddle our horses, mount and ride away. We then observed, rapidly approaching us, from the mountain side, four or five men, clothed in the coarsest homespun, "coon skin" caps on their heads, and all had guns. Mr. Doolittle, though a man of nerve and courage, appeared perplexed; and the writer, to put it mildly, was badly frightened. Before the two officers had time to speak a word to each other as to the apparently dangerous situation, some fifteen or more armed men, approaching had come into view. They were too near to admit of our fleeing, with safety; so we at once placed our horses in line, and standing behind them, drew our revolvers and made up our minds to sell our lives as dearly as possible. Presenting our pistols at two of the leaders, who were now within

thirty yards of us, we were just in the act of shooting when one of them cried out, "don't shoot!" We responded "halt!" They halted, and we asked them what they wanted. They answered "nothing."

"Then why are so many of you, in that formidable way, coming toward us?"

"We have been down in the valley at a corn-husking, and are now going to the house to dinner."

"That's quite right," said Mr. Doolittle, "go ahead gentlemen. Good day." We then rode off.

After we had gotten some distance from the house, I said to Mr. Doolittle, "I would not be frightened that badly again, no, not for a whole year's salary." In truth I almost turned gray over it, and Mr. Doolittle was but little, if any, better off.

MARRIAGE CEREMONIES.

In my journeyings through the mountains, I have been present at a number of marriages. They always greatly interested me. In one of the Virginias, an old justice of the peace had not done much else for thirty years, but marry people. He was an eccentric old gentleman, and of course a genius, chivalric, and polite. One of his neighbors, at whose house I made my headquarters for several days, while raiding moon-shiners, related a number of scenes he had witnessed at the old 'Squire's. One or two of them I will give as examples of country customs at the weddings of the young folks.

"On the arrival of a wedding party at the 'Squire's," remarked my friend, "one warm summer day, the betrothed couple, with an attendant each, were shown into a private room to adjust their costume before appearing on the floor. Meantime, as usual, on these occasions, the large front room where the ceremony

was always performed, was pretty well filled by a promiscuous gathering of townsfolk, eager to see the wedding. Everything being arranged, and the 'Squire in his place, at a table near the back window, with the Rev. ———, the preacher then on the circuit, by his side, the young swain and his affianced emerged from their room, and, with some perturbation, presented themselves before the grave official to plight their faith to each other. The young gentleman, in a fit of abstraction, I suppose, had strangely forgotten to remove the beaver from his head, and was unconscious of this ludicrous breach of propriety, nor was it observed by the downcast eyes of his blushing fair one. The 'Squire, who was intently peering through his large spectacles upon the book containing the ritual, saw naught else; and thus the ceremony commenced. The young lady's sister, who stood a little in the rear, blushed deeply with shame on his behalf, as well as her sister's and glancing around among their friends, and seeing no one move to uncover the young gentleman, she plucked up courage to do it herself, and stepping up behind him, on tip toe, with a sudden jerk, which well nigh threw him off his balance, and filled him with confusion at the discovery of his blunder, she removed the hat from his head, and ran with it into the adjoining room, slamming the door after her. The spectators, whose risibilities were hitherto with difficulty smothered down, found this too much to witness in solemn silence, and a general and audible titter burst forth. The 'Squire, who, with his eyes fixed on the book, had seen nothing of what occurred, raised his spectacles, and looked around to discover what could have caused such a breach of decorum. The reverend parson by his side, suppressing, with his handkerchief over his mouth,



A GUIDE RETURNING THE FIRE OF AN AMBUSHING MOONSHINER.

“If a person shoot from a hill-side at another in a valley, unless he aims at a point below the knees is most certain to over shoot.”—Page 62.

the vocal titter in which he had himself indulged, called out, "*Order! Silence!*" This having been obtained, the ceremony proceeded,

"On reaching that point where the official was about to pronounce the parties 'man and wife,' he directed them to join their right hands together. The young gentleman, as custom required, had to draw the glove off that hand. This he essayed to do; but having by the excessive heat of the day, and the embarrassing occurrence just mentioned, perspired very freely, his tight buckskin glove, now thoroughly moistened, defied all his efforts to draw it off. After laboring some time ineffectually, he gladly held out his hand to a spectator who stood near and had kindly offered to assist him. Placing his hat between his knees, the gentleman seized his hand, and by patient tugging finally got the glove off. This additional incident caused a renewal of the suppressed mirth, which broke out into a general and hearty laugh when the ceremony closed, and from which the newly married couple took refuge in a hasty retreat to the private room adjoining.

A REMARKABLE OCCURRENCE.

The 'Squire was called upon, on another occasion, to marry a young gentleman and lady, at the residence of her father, some three miles distant. The parties belonged to two of the most substantial and respectable families in the county. The young man, Mr. B., a farmer, owned a valuable plantation, was estimable in character, industrious, greatly esteemed by all who knew him, and of fine personal appearance. The young lady, Miss S., was likewise well off in the world, amiable, accomplished, and much admired. On the day appointed the young gentleman called

for the 'Squire, and took him to the residence of the young lady's father. Every arrangement was complete. The invited company were assembled, and in waiting in the large parlor. The young gentleman and his fair one, with their attendants, occupied a back room adjoining and opening into the parlor. The 'Squire was seated, book in hand, at a table near a side window, flanked by the parents and family of the young lady. The hour fixed upon for the nuptials was drawing nigh, and a few minutes more would have found the parties upon the floor, arrayed in their beautiful nuptial robes :

" Her's the mild luster of the rising morn ;
And his the radiance of the risen day."

At this critical moment two gentlemen, on horseback, are seen riding rapidly up the lane. On reaching the gate in front of the mansion, they quickly alighted, and hitched their horses, and, passing hastily across the green yard, they entered the hall, where, depositing their hats, whips, &c., they walked, unceremoniously into the parlor, where the invited guests were seated. One of them was a Baptist clergyman, from a distant part of the county, who, upon entering the parlor, took his stand in front of the table at which the 'Squire was seated,—no one inviting him to a seat. The gentleman who accompanied him was a Mr. W., a young man of good personal figure and cultivated manners. Without stopping, he passed directly through the parlor into the room occupied by the young gentleman and lady about to be married, and who were seated together, with their attendants, awaiting the moment when they should be called before the 'Squire. Without speaking a word, or noticing any person, Mr. W. advanced directly to Miss S., and, bowing gracefully to her, offered

his hand, which she took, rising from her seat at the same time; and together they at once walked out into the middle of the parlor. The Baptist clergyman, at the same moment, advanced a few steps towards them, and, in a clear voice, and tone of solemnity, said, "Dearly beloved, we are gathered together here in the sight of God, and in the presence of these witnesses, to join together this man and woman in holy matrimony. * * * Therefore, if any one can show any just cause why they may not lawfully be joined together, let him now speak, or else forever hereafter hold his peace."

The whole company were astounded at this proceeding. Amazement was depicted on every countenance. The parents of Miss S. were horrified, and their lips sealed in utter bewilderment. The truth at once flashed upon their minds, and they saw that a gross and well concealed deception had been practiced upon them by their daughter, and that a well concocted and skillfully executed scheme by her and Mr. W. had now its denouement. Mr. B., almost stupified at the strange enactment he was now witnessing, had unconsciously followed his false fair one and her new lover into the parlor, and his ears tingled with the announcement made by the clergyman. The parson made scarcely a moment's pause for objections to the nuptials, but proceeded with the ceremony. Mr. B., indeed, had, at the momentary pause, hastily pulled his marriage license out of his pocket, opened it—his hand trembling the while—glanced hastily at the minister, as if about to hand him the license, and forbid the bans; thence turning his glance, somewhat imploringly, to the 'Squire, and to the parents of the young lady, and finally upon the fair but cold hearted deceiver herself, and her accomplice in the cruel plot.

When the minister pronounced them "man and wife, together," Mr. B. uttered a very audible, emphatic "*Amen! So be it!*" Then ordering out his horse, he abruptly, but silently, took his departure.

I will now inform the reader—what may have been already, in part, anticipated—that a mutual attachment, resulting in an engagement to each other, had long existed between Mr. W. and Miss S. But her parents were strongly opposed to the match, and forbade Mr. W. the house, and their daughter from seeing him. Subsequently she was addressed by Mr. B., who was ignorant of her pre-attachment and engagement, and whose suit was warmly approved and favored by her parents; and he felt encouraged by the manner in which his addresses were received by the fair one herself, who was unwilling to grieve her parents by rejecting him. Mr. B. pressed his suit, and her consent was urged by her parents, till finally she seemed, tacitly, to acquiesce; and the day was fixed for the nuptials, as before related. In the meantime she had made the arrangement privately with Mr. W., the result of which the reader is already informed.

It only remains to add, that Mr. B. afterward married an amiable and worthy young lady, by whom he was tenderly loved, and lived happily, and prospered in the world. It was known, both to Miss S. and her parents, that Mr. W., even before his courtship, had contracted a fondness for the intoxicating draught, of which he had occasionally given unmistakable evidence. Yet she preferred a reliance upon his solemn promise of amendment rather than to follow the wise counsels and warnings of her parents. Let the fair young reader ponder the sequel! Mrs. W., I am informed, lived an unhappy life, and poor W. descended to, *a drunkard's grave.*

CHAPTER XVIII.

Court Scenes, and Moonshine Incidents and Anecdotes.

R AIDING moonshiners enables one to meet with all of Dickens' characters, and with a great many more that observant writer overlooked. They embrace all classes of men and women, and when you get back into the mountains they are seemingly a race peculiar to themselves. Court days are the occasions when they usually congregate. I have seen as many as eight hundred of these rough mountaineers in attendance upon the United States Court at one time. This, however, is an unusually large number to find at one court, and would not have occurred in this instance had it not been for an offer of pardon by the Attorney General of the United States, extended to all violators of revenue laws in certain States, up to that particular time. The idea of being forgiven for past crimes upon the mere promise of good behavior in the future, was too good an opportunity to be lost, hence the multitude that thronged the United States court room at Nashville, Tenn., in the spring of 1879, who came to have their moonshine sins forgiven.

The average moonshiner dresses in homespun, has long hair, has meal and still-beer on his clothing, and rarely, if ever, cleans himself up or tries to look neat and comely. The witnesses are usually of the same class; and when a hundred or two of these odd look-

ing characters fill up a court room, waiting for their cases to be called, they present an unsightly, not to say ludicrous, appearance.

While these parties are roughly clad, are uncultured, and know but little of the ways of the world, many of them possess an unusual amount of native good sense, and appear in court as their own counselors, managing their own cases shrewdly, and often successfully. I call to mind the case of a Baptist preacher who was brought into court on the charge of illicit distilling, and for bartering "the ardent" also.

The old gentleman appeared greatly surprised that a minister of the gospel should be arrested and dragged into court, for no other offence than *making a little liquor for medicine*. He was a man of considerable property, and knowing himself to be guilty, and fearing that the court might convict him, he brought \$700 along with him, but was shrewd enough to let no one about the court house know he had that much money. When he reached the city of L——, where the United States Court was in session, he enquired of the marshal if he knew of a prominent Baptist layman to whom he could be introduced. The marshal responded in the affirmative and took his *reverence* around and gave him the desired introduction. The sequel showed that at this interview our ministerial brother asked the other, the layman, to take care of the \$700 until he would call for it—being careful, business like, to take a receipt for the money. Then the old psalm singer went into court and took his seat among the lawyers at the bar. When his case was called, the old man arose to his feet, with the ejaculation, "Your honor, I am the man." His manner and appearance attracted general attention. Feeling in his pockets for his spectacles, and finding he

had left them at home, after looking around the court room, he turned to the judge and exclaimed: "Jedge, I see you are a man about my age, will you be kind enough to loan me your specks for a few minutes." The effrontery of the old parson created general merriment, and while the court and bar were enjoying a hearty laugh, the judge sent his spectacles to the old moonshiner by a bailiff. Holding up the glasses and while rubbing them vigorously with a faded cotton handkerchief, he proceeded to remark: "Jedge, them's mighty nice lookin' specks. They are yaller and look as though they mout be gold. Are they gold or brass, jedge?" Here the excitement was intense, and all in the court room were laughing. But the parson was not the least disturbed. After adjusting the glasses properly, he picked up a book and began to scan its pages. His uncouth actions and the sublimity of effrontery which he displayed, brought down the house. Again he turned to the judge, and remarked "Jedge, these is fine specks, but they are a little too young for me; and I'm sure I wouldn't thought so, seein' as how you are so gray headed; but gray hairs is not allers a sign of age. There's my old woman, she's whiter headed nor you are, jedge, and she's ten year younger nor me, so you see that's no sign. [Renewed laughter, and cries of 'order,' by the judge.] Now, jedge, if you will let me see what you say agin me in your warrant, I'll tell you what I've got to say about it." [Applause.]

The district attorney produced the indictment, and the old parson began reading it aloud, and commenting upon it as he proceeded. After he had read it all through, he threw it upon the table in front of him, and made the following statement to the court: "Jedge, that paper says I carried on the business of a

distiller, and the business of a retail liquor dealer, when I tell your honor that I did no such thing. My business is farmin'duren the week days, and preachin' on Sundays, and now I would like for you to tell me, when I have spent all my time as I've been tellen you, how I could carry on them two other kinds of business what that paper says I do. [Laughter.] If I do all that, jedge, I must be an unusual kind of a man, musn't I? [Laughter.] Now, I tell you what I have done—no more, no less—and I am tellen of the truth, too. I just made two runs* last fall and one run of peppermint in Jannywary, and in them three runs I didn't make over thirty gallon in all, and it was for medicine, too. One of the gals in the neighborhood was sick with the breast complaint,† and another one was down with the yaller janders, and I wouldn't of made the runs I tell you about if it hadn't been on their account. Now, them's the facts, as God is my jedge." [Applause.] Here the old man rested his case.

The judge asked the old parson if he were to be lenient with him for this, his first offense, whether he would be guilty of anything of the kind in the future. The minister responded in the negative. The judge then asked him if he could pay a fine of \$100 and the costs of the suit? The old parson, after humming and hawing a while, said he would go down street and see *brother W*—(the party with whom he had left his \$700), and perhaps he could raise the money. So out he went, and in a few minutes was back in court, paid the \$100, and was discharged from custody.

A HEN PECKED HUSBAND.

In the city of L—— a tall, lean, homely looking

*A "run" is the product of one doubling. †Consumption.

old man, perhaps sixty years of age, was brought before the United States court, on a charge of illicit distilling. While he looked the back-woods-man in every particular and had the mien of a moonshiner, still there was an air of innocence which cropped out of the old fellow's countenance which would lead the correct judge of human character to conclude that perhaps, after all, he was not guilty. His appearance, therefore, at once attracted sympathy.

His case was called, and the court, as is usual in all cases, asked the party whether he was guilty or not guilty? The old man arose, and in a calm, dignified, and most serious manner, addressed the court as follows: "Well, judge, your question is plain, and I am goen to answer it plain. You ask if I am guilty of runnen of a still. I answer, in the eyes of the law I am guilty, but in pint of fact I am not any more guilty than you are yourself." This statement created somewhat of a sensation, and the judge called on the prisoner to explain what he meant. The old gentleman proceeded, "What I mean by being guilty in the eyes of the law is this: I was a widower, and my present wife was a widow, and we got married. I owned no property, and she owned the property where we now live. Before we got married, she had a lawyer draw up a marriage contract, so she could hold all her property and manage it herself. And I tell you she manages everything about that place. She had two grown up boys, and about a year ago they bought a still, and have been a runnen of it ever since on our place. And I suppose that would make me guilty, as the head of the family, in the eyes of the law. But I tell you, judge, I never had any more to do with the stillen than a stray dog on a plantation. [Laughter.] When I'm at home I'm nothen

but a kind of a jim-hand, and I tell you, judge, I have done nothen wrong. Still I suppose that in the eyes of the law you can make me suffer for the boys runnen of the still."

The old man's speech was so child-like and simple that he impressed every one who heard him with the belief that he was nothing but a hen pecked husband, and that if justice were to be meted out to any one in that particular household, the old lady would have to be sent for. The prisoner was promptly discharged.

A DEPUTY MARSHAL NONPLUSSED.

In Allen county, in the State of ———, two brothers lived upon the same creek, and were almost identically alike in dress, manners and appearance. One of them, however, was wild and reckless and constantly in trouble; while the other, although not as exemplary as he might have been, still he was a decided improvement upon his younger brother.

The more reckless one had been connected with a moonshine distillery, and the informant who reported the case to the Government authorities could not remember the given name of the young man, remarking, however, that he wore a wig. So the warrant was simply issued for — Sanders.

The marshal proceeded at once to the neighborhood of the two Sanders brothers, and calling upon one of them, began a conversation with him, hoping to find out whether this was the one he wanted, before he made his business known.

The following colloquy thereupon took place. The marshal began by saying, "Your name is Sanders, I believe."

"That is my name, sir."

"But there are two of you of that name here in this neighborhood."

"Yes."

"Well, I wish to see the Mr. Sanders, excuse me for the allusion, who wears a wig."

"We both were Whigs, sir."

"Well, the man I seek was divorced from his wife not long ago."

"There you hit us both again, sir."

"The man whom I want to see has recently been accused of forgery—though, I trust, unjustly."

"There we are again, my dear sir. We have both had the insinuation laid at our doors."

"Well, upon my word, you two brothers bear a striking resemblance. But I guess I have it now. The one I am after is occasionally in the habit of drinking to excess—some times to intoxication."

"My dear man, that vice is, unfortunately, characteristic of the pair of us, and I doubt if our best friends could tell you which was the worst."

"Well, you are a matched pair, certainly. But tell me," continued the marshal, "which of the twain it was that took the poor debtor's oath a few months ago."

"Ha, ha, we were both in that muddle. I was on Bob's papers, and he was on mine."

"In mercy's name," cried the marshal, desperately, "will you tell me which of the two is the more sensible man?"

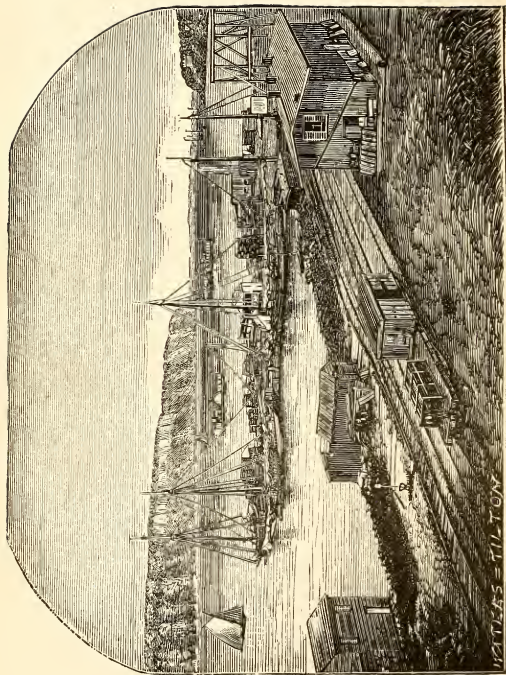
"Ah, there you touch bottom, my friend. Poor Bob, I can't stretch the truth, even to serve a brother. If you want the more sensible man of the two, I suppose I must acknowledge the corn, I'm the man."

He *was* the man; the marshal therefore took him into custody, and the laconic young gentleman was

found guilty and was sentenced to jail for five months.

“NO, YOU CAN’T GET SALLIE!”

One, Gus, Pursley by name, had been dodging for a number of weeks, from State officials, being charged with robbing the store of James McCarver, in one of the mountain counties of Tennessee. Seeing no other means of safety than to leave the State, and having previously wooed a fair damsel of the wild woods by the name of Sample, Pursley determined to skip out, and take the young lady with him; but the old folks said “No, Gus, you can’t get Sallie.” Being a skilful thief, as McCarver charged upon Pursley, Gus decided to *steal* the girl. The parents, however, held out determinedly, and said, “You can’t git ’er, Gus.” Thereupon Gus and the old man had a set-too, to settle the rightful ownership of the girl. While the battle was raging between the two belligerents, Capt. Davis and Campbell Morgan hove in sight, in search of Robert Clifton, a wild-catter of considerable note. The afore-said father, thinking it was Pursley’s friends, coming to carry off the girl, left the house and ran down the hollow, with the young lady’s wardrobe under his arm, while the old lady stood in the door, and screamed at the top of her voice, “run, John, run!” Pursley, seized with a fit of terror, thinking it was the sheriff, with a State’s writ for him, struck for tall timber, as the voice of his sweet-heart rang out upon the air, “run, Gus, run!” Presuming him to be Clifton, the man for whom he had a warrant, Morgan soon overhauled Mr. Sample, who was fleeing down the creek, with the wedding *trousseau*, but Capt. Davis, having a prisoner in charge, could not pursue Gus, so he made good his escape, though minus the “Sample”



VIEW OF THE PALISADES FROM THE NEW YORK SIDE OF THE HUDSON.

"They saw the ANNIE 'round to', and make fast at the old shanty under the Palisades."—Page 82.

upon which his heart was set, and for whom he had fought, and bled, and had run this race for life.

The young lady was, however, happy, since "you'uns failed to ketch Gus."

THE SURPRISE OF A JUDGE.

The late Bland Ballard, Judge of the United States District Court in Kentucky, was a gentleman, a scholar, learned in the law, and a keen observer of human nature. He was, however, too full of the milk of human kindness to punish many of the moonshiners who were arraigned before him, as severely as their guilt called for, and as the good of the service demanded. One to see him on the bench, and observe his grand, good-natured face, could not but be reminded of an expression made by Pericles, more than a thousand years ago, "God forbid that I should ever be placed in such a position that I would be compelled to treat my friends as I should my enemies." Judge Ballard in Court, though he always saw the sunny-side first, had no favorites, and treated all alike.

One day in his court, after the case of a Cumberland county moonshiner had been tried, and the prisoner sentenced to pay a fine of \$100, and be imprisoned sixty days, Judge Ballard remarked to the man, "Mr. S——, I am afraid, that after paying this fine and serving out your imprisonment, you will start your still again." The prisoner paid the strictest attention to the Judge's remarks, and responded, "Judge, if I ever make any more moonshine whisky, I'll send you a keg of it." The convict was then taken away by the marshal, and the Judge thought no more of the matter. Some six months thereafter, an express package was delivered at Judge Ballard's house, prepaid. When

opened it was found to be a five gallon keg of superior moonshine whisky. The address-tag had these words written upon it, "To Judge Ballard, Louisville. Compliments of James S———, of Cumberland county, Kentucky." The Judge at once remembered the moonshiner's promise to him, ordered the spirits to be poured upon the ground, remarking, good-humoredly, that untaxpaid spirits would destroy the *health* of the Court.

A FEMALE HEROINE.

In the month of May, 1881, Susan Vanmeter, a dashing young widow, who resides in the wilds of Edmonson county, was arrested and brought before Judge Barr, at Louisville, not for moonshining, but for shooting at Deputy Marshal W. L. Stotts, while he was attempting to arrest her paramour, the notorious John McIntyre. She is on the sunny side of thirty, is vivacious and well formed. While on trial in the court room, she wore a neat fitting black dress and clean white apron. She has a thick heavy suit of black curly hair, well formed features, very black, glittering, snaky eyes, rather an intellectual forehead, and when giving in her testimony, she, in a very peculiar manner, would stand on one foot, and at intervals, would spit tobacco juice at flies on the floor in front of her. She is the true type of a half-refined, uneducated country woman, the possessor of unbounded will-power and courage, which would render her famous even in the Black Hills.

When questioned as to the shooting affray which caused her arrest, she stated that she took a level aim at the officer, with a rifle, and succeeded, she was glad to say, in knocking the splinters in his face from the fence rails behind which the officer was concealed. The Judge asked her the direct question, whether she

shot with intent to kill, or merely attempted to frighten the officer? Her prompt reply was: "Of course I tried to kill him, and am only sorry that I failed. He was after John (meaning her paramour), and I knew he would catch him; and I love John well enough to die for him. I'll fight for him any time, and I tell you, Judge, if I'd used the good gun I'd a fetched him; but John had the good one at the still-house, and the one I used was no good. It snapped twice before it went off, and it don't shoot straight neither."

In the Nolin river settlement of Edmonson county, where she resides, Susan Vanmeter, the "widder," as she is familiarly called by the natives, is considered a dead shot at a target match; and when out on a hunt, it is said, she will not carry squirrels home unless they are shot through the head. Among the rough moonshiners of the mountains, she is both feared and respected. She has many times served as spy for John McIntyre, and on one occasion came near losing her life by carrying news to him of the approach of Government officers. Only a few months before she was arrested, Deputy Marshal P. S. Morris, at the head of a posse of men, surrounded the house at midnight where she was then living, for the purpose of capturing an illicit distiller, who was supposed to be in the building. Susan, it seems, was sleeping with one eye open, and hearing the approach of the officers, she leaped from a second-story window in her night-clothes, and before the officers could surround the house, she escaped and ran two miles distant to her paramour's distillery to inform him that the "revenues" were after him. Of course John McIntyre was not arrested that night. I have frequently heard it stated, as a fact, that this woman can lie with her

right ear to the ground, and hear the approach of horsemen nearly a half-mile distant.

She was tried, convicted and sentenced to jail for three months. At first, she said prison life was very monotonous and trying, but after a while she became accustomed to it, and she was frank to confess that if it troubled her ever so much, no Government officer should ever have the satisfaction of knowing it. She is clearly of opinion that the poor moonshiner is persecuted, and punished with too great severity for making a little "pure" whisky, which nearly everybody loves so well.

A CLERGYMAN WARNS HIS FLOCK TO FLEE FROM THE WRATH TO COME, AND THE JUDGMENTS OF THE FEDERAL COURT.

In one of the interior towns of West Virginia, but a few months ago, the incident which I am about to relate, took place. It very clearly illustrates two things, viz.: The strange fascinations of moonshine distilling, and the devotion to duty of those clergymen who are required to travel "brush," or backwoods circuits.

A Methodist circuit rider's duty on a certain Sabbath called him to a remote interior point, where school-houses and churches are exceedingly rare, and where the marks of civilization are usually numbered among the lost arts. They have, it is true, a form of civilization, but it possesses a strange commingling of vice and virtue, of honesty and roguery, of a sturdy observance of some laws and a total disregard of others. A place, and there are many such scattered all over the South, where the midnight marauder, or the horse thief would meet with swift retribution, in the form of a strong halter and a convenient limb, but where the

cock-main, horse-racing, and moonshining are openly practiced and protected by these sturdy yeomen, whose ideas of law are measured by their own penchant for amusement and their love of "mountain dew."

It was in such a neighborhood as I have described, that our noble man of God, one beautiful Sabbath morning, pitched his tent, unlimbered his saddlebags, and took therefrom a well thumbed Bible and hymn book, and proceeded to expound the Word to his attentive flock. The synagogue he occupied was nature's beautiful handiwork—as broad as the illimitable forest which surrounded him, as lofty as the ethereal blue that covered him, with a stump for a pulpit, and fallen trees and the downy turf for seats. Notwithstanding all these inconveniences, a large audience greeted him; for I assure you, kind reader, "meeting day" is no common event with these sons of the forest. They rarely fail to flock by the hundred, and for miles, to hear a preacher of the Gospel. I have known persons on such occasions, with man and wife, and frequently a small child, on a single horse, to travel ten and fifteen miles to attend "meeting;" and often take with them canteens well filled with illicit "apple-jack" to wash down their frugal lunches which they usually carry along.

The preacher took a position beside his primitive pulpit—a white oak stump—and began to sing a hymn. Instead of four parts, into which music is divided, the parts on such occasions are only numbered by the number of voices which participate in the singing. The singing over, the minister next addressed the Throne of Grace in a fervent prayer.

But before we proceed with the sermon, let us briefly describe this preacher. He is a tall, well built

hardy, muscular man. Upwards of sixty winters have limned their sorrows and cares upon his brow, and yet his eye possesses its youthful fire, and his voice, unpalsied by the touch of time, rings its clear melodies throughout the forest. Courage is stamped upon every feature. His business is to tell the people of their sins and warn them of a judgment to come; and he does it in a vernacular which is plain, blunt, and easily understood.

A short time before the occurrence I am now describing, a successful raiding party of United States officers had visited that section, destroyed several moonshine distilleries, and made several arrests, which had stirred the people up to a high state of excitement, and put them on the *qui vive* for "revenues." Nearly one thousand indictments had been found at one term of the Federal court, and the Judge of that District, Hon. John J. Jackson, had created a healthy respect for the law by his faithful and just enforcement of its penalties. A large number of fines had been imposed and some imprisonments inflicted, which had served to create a mild sort of alarm among his hearers on the occasion of the circuit rider's advent in the community referred to. This explanation will serve as a kind of context to the sermon, a synopsis of which I will now proceed to give, or rather the explanation which followed the sermon.

After depicting the beauties of a divine life and the rewards which follow an implicit obedience to God's laws, the old parson continued: "But what is the use of wasting words on some of those who I see before me. You will continue in your sins. You will not profit by neither experience nor warning. You roll sin, as a sweet morsel, under your tongue. The penalties of the law seem to have no terrors for you; but I

tell you, my friends, your evil ways will some day find you out.

“Remember what I told you, not long ago, about the consequences, if you continued to violate the laws of the land, as many of the people in this section are wont to do. You would persist in manufacturing tobacco without license, when you knew the law imposes a tax on such articles. You would manufacture and sell moonshine whisky and apple-jack, all through these mountains, in almost every valley and every cave in inaccessible places where you thought the officers of the law could not come. You set up those miserable, nasty stills, and manufactured an article in violation of local and divine law, which sends thousands to drunkards graves, stains your families and outrages heaven by its impiety. All through this beautiful mountainous region, the air has been poisoned by the scent of the filthy mash tub. Your families have been made to suffer by it, and you skulked at the approach of every stranger, and possibly had your rifle in readiness to shoot some revenue officer, thus attempting to add murder to your already heinous crimes.

“I warned you, my friends, that a just retribution would surely overtake you. You heeded it not, but kept on in your wrong doing until the United States Court came along and gobbled you up, fining some of you as much as \$1,000 and sending a large number of you to prison for two, four and even six months. Then you desired to repent, but it was too late, and you fell victims to an outraged law.

“It is so now. You will continue on in your sins, going from bad to worse, violating the Commandments of God, until the devil will come along some day, and will snatch you away and treat you to a pun-

ishment in comparison with which a thousand dollar fine and six months imprisonment will be magnanimous and merciful. I tell you, my brethren, you should take warning in time, and flee from the wrath to come !”

The old preacher’s primitive eloquence had a good effect upon some who were present. Quite a number of them abandoned the nefarious business of moonshining, and sought pardon for their sins in an open confession and a change in their lives. I wish there were more such preachers as this one, scattered through those mountain regions, who would wield the scimeter of truth so vigorously and so earnestly as to lead men from sin to righteousness, and from the reputation of law violators to that of honorable citizenship and good morals.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Stories of the Raiders.

R AIDING is largely carried on in the night, because it is less dangerous, and because the raiders can the more successfully accomplish their work in the darkness and quietude of the night. They, therefore, lay up during the day time, to obtain sleep and rest for themselves and their horses, so they can rush upon the enemy when nature throws her mantle of night over a slumbering world. In order to prevent discovery, by some friend of the moon-shiner, who is always ready and anxious to send forward the news, that "the revenues are in the country," the raiders are compelled to keep themselves inside a house, not even venturing out to feed and attend to their horses. The hours, therefore, frequently pass heavily, and in order to kill time and keep up the spirits of the officers, some of the more ingenious of the company entertain the rest by narrating the important incidents in their lives, and by telling blood and thunder stories, which frequently are so thrilling that they are surpassed only by Baron Munchausen himself.

A DEPUTY MARSHAL'S HAND-TO-HAND CONFLICT WITH AN OUTLAW.

"Near Lumberport, in the State of ———," said the deputy marshal, "there lived a noted outlaw, named Jake Plymer. He had been indicted a number

of times for illicit distilling, and for making counterfeit money, and for high-way robbery. He was about thirty years of age; was unmarried, and lived in the woods—but no one knew just where. He was a tall, spare, active, muscular man, and had the courage of a tiger. Indeed, he went by the name of ‘Plymer, the bull of the woods.’ He did as he pleased, and was rarely disturbed by the officers of the law.

“Warrants for his arrest had been placed in the hands of three separate deputy marshals, and each of them, after giving Jake ‘a square racket,’ was forced to let him go. Finally one of the capiases was placed in my hands, and I made up my mind to take Jake or kill him in the attempt. So, I rubbed up my ‘round barrels’ and laid for Jake. I soon learned he was at work on a portable saw mill, at Lumberport; that he always kept his gun near him, and that he was a good shot. One bright summer day I made my way into the Lumberport neighborhood, hitched my horse in the brush a few hundred yards from the road, and took to the woods, lest some one might see me and carry the news to Jake. Very soon, I reached the top of the hill, immediately in front of the mill, and, after resting a few moments, I started quietly down the hill-side until I came within about thirty yards of the creek. I could then see Plymer at work in the mill, and, in one corner of the open shed, was his trusty rifle. After inserting fresh cartridges in one of my pistols, I moved forward, crossed the creek, and in the rear of a pile of lumber, I climbed over a board fence which passed within a few feet of the mill. The bottom board of this fence was about ten inches wide, so I laid down flat on my stomach, and crawled along the fence until I got immediately opposite the mill, and there I rested for an opportunity

to strike. Had it not been for the constant buzzing of the mill saw, no doubt Plymer could have heard my heart beating, for it seemed to me that it was up in my throat, and it was only with the severest exertions that I could keep it swallowed down. There was no one but Plymer in the mill, and I was well aware that it was going to be a hand-to-hand contest. As both of us were powerful men, it was evident to me that blood would flow freely, and I was not right sure that I was not going to be the one whose veins would be tapped instead of Plymer's.

"Well, there I lay, in awful suspense, not thirty feet from the outlaw, who was busily at work, walking from one end to the other of the log carriage, as he would set the saw for each board it cut from the walnut log. Finally he went to the opposite end of the carriage, from where his gun stood against a post. I then leaped over the fence, and made for the gun. He saw me and rushed also for the gun with all the speed that was in him. He reached it first, but before he could shoot, I knocked him down with the butt end of my heavy revolver. Almost instantly he sprang to his feet, and clubbing his gun struck me a savage blow, which I warded off, though not sufficiently to prevent the severing of the stock from the barrel of his gun. The blow slightly stunned me, but not enough to prevent me from shooting him entirely through the left lung, which felled him to the floor. I called on him to surrender—declaring that if he attempted to strike me again with his gun barrel, I would kill him on the spot. This did not daunt him in the least, and almost as quick as a cat, he was up and at me again. This time he struck me on the shoulder—well nigh crushing every bone in it. I fell back against a post, and my revolver flew out of my

hand a distance of full twenty feet. Plyner, although bleeding profusely from the wound in his chest, felt that he now had me at a disadvantage, which greatly encouraged him, and he accordingly rushed at me again. I dodged his blow, and struck him with all the force I could muster, a blow on the cheek, which felled him to the ground. By this time I had gotten my second revolver out of the holster, and as he raised I shot him through the side. He fell back upon the ground, but would not stay there. I again called to him to surrender, declaring that I would kill him if he longer resisted. But he gave no heed to what I said, and after rising to his feet again, he attempted to procure the revolver which he had knocked out of my hand, and which was lying upon the ground some twenty feet away. I knew full well that if he reached it first, it would be all up with me, so, quick as thought, I shot him again, and rushed upon him, striking him with the butt end of my navy revolver, which felled him senseless to the ground. Now, I knew I had him, and before he could recover I placed hand cuffs on his wrists, and removed the revolver out of his reach. When he had sufficiently regained strength to enable him to sit up, he quickly surrendered, but in doing so remarked, 'you are the first man that ever took me, and you had all advantages, or you would never have arrested me.'

"I took him to the village near by, sent for a physician, who reduced his wounds, which were not fatal, but very severe—all three of my shots having taken effect in his body. Then, after taking his bond for his appearance at court, I left him, to languish for weeks upon a bed of pain, for the folly of resisting me.

"I have," continued the deputy, "arrested several hundred men in my time, but Jake Plyner is the



"OLD BILL COLE."

"To avoid arrest, the fugitive took to a hole—a real veritable hole in the ground."—Page 128.

worst man I ever struck ; and I confess to you to-day that I hope I shall never be forced to tackle another man like him."

ORIGIN OF THE BOWIE KNIFE.

As John W. Worley, an educated gentleman, and a well known raider in Kentucky, was sitting by the fire, putting in order his "Arkansas tooth pick," which is another name for a bowie knife, he gave the following history of the origin of that dangerous weapon :

Said he, "James Bowie lay for months in his bed, in the city of Natchez, before he recovered from a wound which he had received in a personal difficulty. He was a man of much mechanical ingenuity, and while thus confined, whittled, from a piece of white pine, the model of a hunting knife, which he sent to two brothers named Blackman, in Natchez, Mississippi, and told them to spare no expense in making a duplicate of it in steel. This was the origin of the dreadful bowie knife. It was made from a large saw mill file, and the temper afterwards improved upon by the Arkansas blacksmith. This is all that can be told about the origin of that death-dealing weapon, or at least it is all that I could ever find written upon the subject.

"Since James Bowie became somewhat prominent in his efforts to advance the spread of Republican institutions, in his day, it is proper," continued Mr. Worley, "to speak of some of his doings. He seemed to have a natural disposition to protect the weak from the strong. At one time he was riding through the parish of Concordia, La.; and saw a man lashing his slave with his whip. He told the man to desist, but he was met with curses from the overseer. He

then dismounted from his horse, wrested the whip from the master, and laid it over his shoulders with a good deal of severity. This led to a shooting match, in which the slave owner was badly wounded. Bowie, after submitting himself to the law, paid the doctor's bill, purchased the slave, at double his value, and gave him his freedom.

"A Methodist circuit rider once undertook to fill an appointment, in the interior of Arkansas, close to the home of Mr. Bowie. Learning this fact, a large number of roughs gathered together and went to the church for the purpose of preventing the preacher from conducting the service. Mr. Bowie, though a noted rough himself, was present, but was not a party to the plot to run the minister off. He was feared by all who knew him, and had a wonderful influence over his associates. The minister ascended the pulpit and announced a hymn. When the congregation began to sing, the roughs all started up 'Yankee Doodle,' and sang it with such vim and noise that they drowned the voices of the worshipers. The minister requested them to desist, and while he was reproving them, they were perfectly quiet and made no reply. Again the worshipers began to sing, and again the roughs yelled out 'Yankee Doodle.' By this time Bowie's ire was fully aroused. Jumping upon a bench, and removing a pistol from his belt, he addressed the roughs as follows: 'Gentlemen, you are all my friends and neighbors, and I don't want any trouble with you, but this man is a minister of the Gospel, and he came here to preach, and I'll be d—d if he shan't preach. Now, the first man that interferes again, I mean to shoot him on the spot.' The roughs, thereupon, immediately withdrew, and the

preacher finished his discourse without further interruption.

"That man, Bowie," continued Mr. Worley, "was evidently no ordinary fellow, and wouldn't he have made a daisy of a moonshine raider, though."

The stories at this juncture took a turn from facts to fiction. Nearly every member of the party delivered himself of a snake, or bear, or Indian story. General "Bill" Stotts, one of the most efficient deputy marshals I ever met, who was raised among the "sang" diggers and haw-eaters of Kentucky, but has been in official position long enough to rub the moss off his back, and get well posted in the ways of the world, finally got the floor, and spun out the following "yarns":

FACTS VERSUS FICTION*

"People often talk about the unreasonable and impossible incidents related in novels, but there are as strange happenings in real life as were ever narrated by writers of fiction. We remember how the great flood, described by Charles Reade in his novel, 'Put Yourself in his Place,' was characterized as worse than the annual yarns about the sea serpent; but directly there came an actual flood in New England which more than equalled in terror and destructiveness the incident described by Reade. Indeed, we are all the time reading of something in real life that discounts the novelist. A Louisville paper tells how a Mrs. Isaacs of that city ran a needle in her foot nine years ago. Last week the self same needle worked out of the thigh of her third child, a baby of one year. The *Elmira Express*, in speaking of this incident, relates another even more remarkable. Thirteen years ago

*Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Mrs. Henry Josephs, of Pine Bluff, Arkansas, swallowed a needle, and two weeks ago last Thursday, it was picked out of a saw log in Bay City, Michigan.

"The same paper mentions the case of Mrs. Charles Flanagan, of Duluth, who swallowed a pin when she was a girl of nineteen. She had the erysipelas, and it was feared that the pin working in connection with that doubtful disease, would permanently disable her, but finally she recovered. About six weeks ago, Mr. Flanagan's adopted sister experienced a prickly sensation in the end of her big toe, and a few days after, pulled the long lost pin from her foot.

"A still more remarkable case is that of Mrs. Hannah Wedgewood, of Green Bay, Winconsin. Shortly after Mrs. Wedgewood was married, her mother-in-law missed a diamond pin of small size, and for some time there was much feeling and very unpleasant suspicions regarding its loss. Fifteen years after the occurrence, Mrs. Wedgewood picked the pin out of the whiskers of the hired man, who worked for the Wedgewood family when the gem was swallowed.

"There is no explaining these occurrences. Science stands puzzled in their presence, and can only look on and wonder, like the rest of mankind.

"Take the case of Horatio Guerney, of Council Bluffs. In 1863, he was a soldier in the 14th Ohio regiment, and was in the expedition up the Yazoo river. One day the company cook borrowed a small gold watch belonging to Mr. Guerney, which had a string attached to it made out of a raw deer hide. Suddenly the cook gave a cry and began pounding a big dog, that belonged to the command and had become ravenously hungry. Running to the cook they found that the dog had grabbed the raw deer hide attached to the watch, pulled it off the stool where

the watch was lying, and when it was set upon, had swallowed watch and all. Persons laid their ears to the dog's side, and could distinctly hear the watch tick. The boys of the company would not hear of the dog being killed, and made up a purse for Mr. Guernev who consented to lose the watch. Four years after the war, Mr. Guernev discovered that watch in a Chicago pawn shop, where it had been left by a brother of the cook, who saw the dog swallow it. Mr. Guernev keeps the watch as a queer relic of the war, and as evidence that material objects as well as personal traits can be transmitted by one animal to another.

"These incidents might be multiplied, for they are occurring all around us; but as supper has been announced, we must get ready to attack the Puncheon creek moonshiners to-night, so I will, for the present, stop, but will resume these stories at some future time.

"However, before going to supper, I respectfully request Hans Ensell to sing us his song on the bottled lager beer—the words and music both being his own composition." Hans was a little backward, but finally agreed to sing his noted

"ODE TO SCHLITZ'S BOTTLED LAGER."

Of dot wedder is so cold, und you vant to make 'em hot,
Of dot wedder was so warm, dot yau radher drink than not,
Of dot wedder is real vet, und you vant to feel so dry,
Dot Schlitz's Bottled Lager is just the ding to try.

Of you been chuck full of troubles, und don't know what to do,
Of you find it dull mit bizness, und feel so awful blue,
Und you want to feel real jolly, to laugh und not to cry,
Dot Schlitz's Bottled Lager is just de ding to try.

Of you vant to go a cortin', your Katrina for to get,
Dot you dinks you loves like dunder, und loves her better yet;
Of you vant to win Katrina, so lovely und so shy,
Dot Schlitz's Bottled Lager is just de ding to try.

Of you vant to go a fishing, und have the best of lucks,
 Of you vant to go a hunting, und get a bag of ducks,
 Of you vant to go a raiding, und set 'em up sky high,
 Dot Schlitz's Bottled Lager is yust de ding to try.

Of you vant to please de children, und make de vrow feel good,
 Of you vant to make 'em fat, so quick as e'er you could,
 Of you vant to make some songs like this, dot is not dry,
 Dot Schlitz's Bottled Lager is yust de ding to try.

This song created such merriment that it was difficult to allay it. The audience, consisting of our own party and the household of the citizen with whom we were stopping, heartily applauded it, and were in such good humor that they wanted more of the same order of entertainment ; so Capt. J. E. Hetherington—well known and dreaded by the Kentucky moonshiners and who, by the way, is a great lover of poetry, and is conversant with most of the standard poets, was called out for a recitation. I named the piece, which I had several times heard him recite, as we rode, side by side, through the woods in our moonshine adventures. He, after assuming, of course, a dramatic position and air, recited, most admirably, the adventures of

PETER AND THISBE.*

This tragical tale, which they say is a true one,
 Is old, but the manner is wholly a new one,
 One *Ovid*, a writer of some reputation,
 Has told it before in a tedious narration ;
 In a style, to be sure, of remarkable fullness,
 But which nobody reads on account of its dullness.

Young Peter Pyramus, I call him *Peter*,
 Not for the sake of the rhyme, or the metre,
 But merely to make the name completer,—
 For Peter lived in the olden times,

*By John G. Saxe,

And in one of the worst of Pagan climes,
That flourish now in classical fame,
 Long before
 Either noble or boor
Had such a thing as a *Christian* name,—
Young Peter then was a nice young beau
As any young lady would wish to know;
 In years, I ween,
 He was rather green,
That is to say, he was just eighteen,—
A trifle too short, and a shaving too lean,
But “a nice young man” as ever was seen,
And fit to dance with a May-day queen!

Now Peter loved a beautiful girl
As ever ensnared the heart of an earl,
In the magical trap of an auburn curl,—
A little Miss Thisbe who lived next door,
(They slept in fact on the very same floor,
With a wall between them and nothing more,
Those double dwellings were common of yore),
And they loved each other the legends say,
In that very beautiful, bountiful way
 That every young maid,
 And every young blade,
Are wont to do before they grow staid,
And learn to love by the laws of trade.
But alack-a-day for the girl and boy,
A little impediment checked their joy,
And gave them, awhile, the deepest annoy.
For some good reason, which history cloaks,
The match didn’t happen to please the old folks!

So Thisbe’s father and Peter’s mother
Began the young couple to worry and bother,
And tried their innocent passions to smother
By keeping the lovers from seeing each other!
 But whoever heard
 Of a marriage deterred,
 Or even deferred,
By any contrivance so very absurd
As scolding the boy, and caging his bird?

Now Peter, who wasn't discouraged at all
By obstacles such as the timid appall,
Contrived to discover a hole in the wall,
Which wasn't so thick
But removing a brick
Made a passage,—though rather provokingly small.
Through this little chink the lover could greet her,
And secrecy made their courting the sweeter,
While Peter kissed Thisbe, and Thisbe kissed Peter,—
For kisses like folks with diminutive souls,
Will manage to creep through the smallest of holes!

'Twas here that the lovers, intent upon love,
Laid a nice little plot
To meet at a spot
Near a mulberry tree in a neighboring grove;
For the plan was all laid
By the youth and the maid,
(Whose hearts it would seem were uncommonly bold ones,)
To run off and get married in spite of the old ones.

In the shadows of evening, as still as a mouse,
The beautiful maiden slept out of the house,
The mulberry tree, impatient to find,
While Peter, the vigilant matrons to blind,
Strolled leisurely out some moments behind.
While waiting alone by the trysting tree,
A terrible lion
As e'er you set eye on
Came roaring along quite horrid to see,
And caused the young maiden in terror to flee,
(A lion's a creature whose regular trade is
Blood—and a "terrible thing among ladies,")
And losing her veil as she ran from the wood,
The monster bedabbled it over with blood.

Now Peter arriving and seeing the veil
All covered o'er
And reeking with gore,
Turned all of a sudden exceedingly pale,
And sat himself down to weep and to wail,—
For, soon as he saw the garment, poor Peter

Made up in his mind, in very short metre,
That Thisbe was dead and the lion had eat her !

So breathing a prayer

He determined to share

The fate of his darling, " the loved and the lost,"
And fell on his dagger and gave up the ghost !

Now Thisbe returning, and viewing her beau,
Lying dead by the veil, which he happened to know,
She guessed, in a moment, the cause of his erring,

And seizing the knife

Which had taken his life,

In less than a jiffy was dead as a herring !

MORAL.

Young gentlemen ! pray recollect, if you please,
Not to make assignation near mulberry trees ;
Should your lover be missing it shows a weak head,
To be stabbing yourself till you know she is dead.

Young ladies ! you shouldn't go strolling about
When your anxious mammas don't know you are out,
And remember that accidents often befall
From kissing young fellows through holes in the wall.

CHAPTER XX.

Stories of the Raiders.—CONTINUED.

AS promised in the preceding Chapter, the next time our raiding party laid over a day, in order to perform their work at night, story telling was resumed, and was this time exclusively confined to the channel of facts. A gentleman from the old country, at whose request I suppress the name, recited in a most touching manner the following

PERILOUS ADVENTURE.*

"It was past noon when I started for the home of my betrothed. But my horse was good, and if I rode hard, I might be at F—— by nightfall. There was a sprinkle of snow on the ground, and a feathery shower fell lightly around me, of which I thought nothing until sunset. The short, dark day was over at five, then a sharp wind sprang up, and the snow began falling thickly. I felt somewhat blinded and bewildered by the big flakes ever flying downward, and onwards and around me, like a cold patient army whose onslaught could never be stayed or driven back.

"Still I pushed on, though the poor beast I rode shook and trembled and strove, in his dumb way, to reason against my head strong will. Now, with some dismay, I suddenly perceived by the sinking of my horse, even to his flanks in heaped snow, that bewildered by the whiteness, he and I had lost the road.

*Author unknown.

It was but a rough road at the best, for I was in a wild country, where mines were many, and men and dwellings few. Extricating my poor steed from the drifted snow wherein he floundered, I rested him a moment, and shouted aloud for help. Again and again my cry came back to me, following on the wings of the cold wind, but no other sound broke the deathly stillness of the night.

"Oh, for a saving light in some charitable window. But there was none—only snow and darkness, darkness and snow, all around. I thought it terrible. Yet in a little span of time from this I would have deemed it paradise to be lying lonely on the heaped snow upon this drear moor.

"I put my horse to a sharp canter, and he went about a furlong blindly, then stood snorting with terror. I strove to urge him on, but he refused to obey either whip or spur. Seeing no reason for my horses fright and stubbornness, I spurred him sharply, and urged him, with angry voice, to obedience. His wonderful obstinacy compelled me at length to dismount, and, with my drawn sword in my hand, prepared for highwayman or foot pad, I dragged him onwards by the bridle. Upon this he made one hasty plunge forward, then stopped, and at the same instant the earth went from beneath my feet, and I fell—fell I knew not whither, down, down, into deep darkness, unfathomable, terrible as the great pit. I can scarcely say whether I thought as I fell, yet I knew I was going to death—knew I was descending one of those unused shafts that lie out on many a Cornish moor—knew that my bones would lie unthought of in its depths forever.

"But even at this instant, my descent was arrested, and I hung in mid air, clinging by my hands, to what

I knew not. It was my sword which I had forgotten that I held. By a miracle it had thrust itself, as I fell, between the earth and the rocks in the side of the shaft, and there, jammed fast, it held me up.

"I cannot explain how this occurred. I only know that it was so. As that cry for mercy escaped my lips, the mercy came. My sword caught in the interstices of the rock, and I was held up, my feet dangling over the abyss, my hands clinging to the hilt of my good blade. It was firm as a wedge, I could feel that, in spite of my trembling; yet still my position was horrible. To remain thus, to hold on, was torture unutterable; but to yield even for a moment was death. There was no hope of release for hours. There was no possibility of relief of posture. There was nothing but strong endurance and courage to carry me through. I waited. I suffered. I prayed.

"It was a night to me of fire, the winds blew and the snow fell, but the cold touched me not. I had fallen too deeply in the shaft for that, even if my tortured blood could have felt it. Morning broke at last, and hope grew with it. At intervals I had called aloud through the night, but now, with scarcely any intermission, I raised my voice in cries for help. I did this until weariness stopped me, then rested in the agonized hope of a voice in reply. There was none. No sound reached me. I was in my grave, alone. I called again, again. I husbanded my voice. I drew in my breath. I shouted with the strength of despair. There was no answer.

"The sun traveled upwards, and I knew it was high noon, though to me the stars were visible likewise. The midday rays shone somewhat into the shaft, and showed me how I hung. The pit here was not quite perpendicular, it sloped slightly from my feet out-





MOONSHINE DISTILLERY IN A DEEP HOLLOW.

"The last still-house was built upon a stream of water, at the foot of two mountains."—
Page 141.

wards. I had found rest for one foot on a ledge of rock. Oh, the ease to my anguish from this merciful rest. Tears sprang to my eyes, as I thanked God for it.

"The sun had shown me that to climb out of the pit unaided was impossible. So I called for help again, and called until my voice failed me. I ceased to cry, and night fell down again.

"As the hours crept on, a kind of madness seized me. Phantoms sprang up from the pit, and tempted me to plunge below. Horrible eyes glared on me. Voices mocked me. But worst of all was the sound of water. A purling rill, flowing gently in my very ears, trickling drop by drop in sweetest music, horribly distinct. Water, to reach water, I would willingly die. I knew it was a madness, so I resisted the fiery thirst that would have me release my hold, and perish. Water, yes there was water at the bottom of the shaft, fathoms deep below my feet,—but I could only reach that to die; and there was water on the fair earth fathoms above me—water I should never see again.

"I grew dizzy—sick—blind. I should have fainted—have fallen—died. But as I leaned my head against the rock, I felt as though a cold, refreshing hand were laid upon it suddenly.

"It was water. It was no madness. It was water. A tiny stream trickling through the bare wall of the rock, like dew from heaven. I held forth my parched tongue and caught the drops as they fell. As I drank my strength was renewed, and hope and the desire for life grew warm within me again. And yet on this, the second night of my horrible imprisonment, I cared not so passionately, I looked not so eagerly, for succor. My limbs were numbed. My brain dead-

ened. My life was ebbing towards death. A shadow, at times, fell over my eyes. If I held still to the hilt of my sword, if my feet sought still the ledge that rested them, they did it mechanically, from habit, and not from hope.

"I think sometimes I was not in my right mind. I was among green fields and woods. I was gathering flowers. I was climbing mountains. From these visions I awoke always to the darkness below, hiding the abyss that hungered greedily for my life. No friendly face, no voice, no footfall near. Not a step, through all these slow, slow hours. If passing peasant through the day had heard the lonely cry rising from the depths, he had set it down to ghost or pixey, and had passed on his way frightened.

"And now another night was wearing on, and no rescue. I could not live until the morning. I knew that.

"My mind wandered again. My mother waited for me. I must hurry home. But I was bound by a chain, in outer darkness, and I was going to die. There was no Christian in all the land to succor me. I was forgotten and forsaken, left in the pit—and I would unclasp my hands and fall and die.

"No, I would call again, once more, 'Help! help! Mercy! Mercy!'

"As my fainting voice died in the dark depths, and quivered up to the glimmering sky, I felt hope die within me: I gave up all thought of life. I turned my eyes towards my grave below. I murmured, with parched lips, 'out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord!'

"The little rill that had saved my life, hitherto, trickled on. Its silvery murmur, as it dropped on the

rock below, was the sole sound that broke the deathly silence around me.

"My prayer was over, and I had not relinquished my hold. I was stronger than I had deemed myself. I would cry out again, 'Help, help!'

"I stopped. I listened. A sound was floating on the wind. Coming, going, joining the drip, drip, drip of the rill, then dying, then returning. Listening with my whole being, I recognized the sound.

"Bells—church bells—chimes ringing in the New Year. O God, have mercy on me, have mercy on me.

"Bells ringing in the New Year. Bells chiming in the ears of friends, telling of sadness and of hope. Bells clashing in at merry intervals, between music and laughter, loving greetings, kisses and joy.

"Will no one in my father's house take pity on me? Am I missed nowhere? The bells chime for feasting and gladness, and I am here hanging between life and death. The jaws of the grave are beneath me. My joints are broken. Yet the bells chime on. Would it not be a good deed, on this New Year's day, to save me? Oh, feasters and revelers, hear me!

"Help, help, it is Christmas time. Help, for Christ's sake, good people. The bells, float nearer, and drown the drip of the trickling water, and I cry Help, help, saying now will I call until I die. A film grows over my eyes, but my voice is strong and desperate, as I shout, 'Christmas tide! for Christ's sake, help, good Christians!'

"A great light. A flash of fire! For a moment I deem it death, then gazing upward, I see, amid a glare of torches, faces—oh, they were angels to me—eager faces, peering downward. And close by me swings a torch, let down into the depths. Its light falls on my haggard face.

"A great shout rends the night sky. He is here! He is safe! He lives!"

"I cannot speak, though my lips move. My heart stands still, as I see one, two, three daring men swing themselves over the abyss—miners used to danger. In a moment arms are around me, and I am borne upward, carried gently like a child, placed an instant on my feet, and then laid down tenderly on the earth. I am so weary, and faint, and worn, that I lie with closed eyes never striving to say a word of thanks.

"'Go not so near the brink, madam, I entreat,' I heard a voice cry sharply, then I open my aching lids, and between me and the shaft there kneels a white figure, between me and the sky there bends a white face, and tears fall down upon my brow fast and warm. It was my betrothed, Florian. But even when she stole her little hand into mine—mine so cramped and numbed that it gave no response to her tenderness—and even when she stooped and pressed her lips upon my cheek, I could not breathe a word to thank her.

"Yet Florian, dear wife, let me tell thee now, that from the depths of my happy heart there arose a hymn of joy, and I understood from that moment that thou wert mine, and I owed my life to thy love.

"Then thy sweet lips breathed words that fell upon my soul like manna—words of tenderness and pity that made the torture of those slow hours in the pit fade away, so mighty did this reward seem for my sufferings.

"I was carried to T——, and as the men bore me along, you walking by my side, I heard them tell the tale of my servant's fright when my horse returned home alone, and how they came to your father for tid-

ings of me. Then they whispered of the painful search through the day and night—the tracking of my horse's hoof upon the snow, and the story of the scared peasant, who all night long had heard the cry of the tortured ghosts issuing from the earth. And this story seized upon my Florian's heart with deadly fear, and turning back upon the black moor, she tracked the hoof marks until they stopped on the brink of the old forgotten shaft, the shaft of the worked out mine, wherein I feared I was buried out of sight forever.

“There was I, found and saved by her I had loved so long. And, dearest, as I slowly came back to life, on that New Year's morning, and faintly whispered to you of my long love, my patient silence, my pent up sorrow, you, in your great pity, thinking of my sufferings in the shaft, poured out all your maiden heart. And your loving words, my Florian, were sweeter to me than even the trickling spring had been in the old mine upon the moor.

“So, in a month, you were my wife, and now I sit by a happy hearth; and looking on the bright faces of wife and child, I thank God for that crowning mercy, thy love, dear one, which saved me on New Year's day from a dreadful death in the shaft where I was confined so long.”

“Go, count the sands that form the earth,
The drops that make the mighty sea;
Go, count the stars of heavenly birth,
And tell me what their numbers be,
And thou shalt know Love's mystery.

“No measurement hath yet been found,
No lines or numbers that can keep
The sum of its eternal round,
The plummet of its endless deep,
Or heights to which its glories sweep.

“Yes, measure Love, when thou canst tell
The lands where Seraphs have not trod,
The heights of heaven, the depths of hell,
And lay thy finite measuring rod
On the infinitude of God!”

What a wonderful adventure this was. How beautiful it reads. Surely some master mind assisted in shaping it so well. “Ah, yes,” said our friend, “I admit that I had the assistance that you speak of, but I insist that the story I have given you is as true as the Gospel of Grace.”

A tall, middle aged Virginian, who was present, was wonderfully interested in the narrative above recited. He was nervous all the while he was listening to it, as if he, himself, had a revelation to make. Excusing himself for presuming to say anything, he took from his pocket-book a neat little manuscript, and in a loud, distinct voice, read his grandfather's

HAND-TO-HAND TUSSLE WITH A PANTHER.

“I was living,” said his grandfather, “on a branch of Pocatalico river, called ‘Panther run,’ from the following circumstance: I had left home for a deer hunt, with rifle, tomahawk, and butcher-knife, as was customary, and, scouring about the woods, I came to a thick piece of brush—in fact a perfect thicket of hoop-poles. I heard some dreadful scuffling going on, apparently within a distance of a hundred yards or so. I crept through the thicket as cautiously and silently as possible, and kept on until I found myself within perhaps twenty steps of two very large male panthers, which were desperately fighting, screaming, spitting and yelling, like a couple of mad cats—only much louder, as you may guess.

“At last one of them seemed dead, for he lay quite

motionless. This was what I had been waiting for, and while the living panther was swinging backward and forward, in triumph over the dead one, I blazed away; but owing to his singular motion, I shot him through the bulge of the ribs, a little too far back to kill him instantly. They are a very hard animal to kill. He now made one prodigious bound through the brush, and cleared himself out of sight. The ground where we were, was quite broken, as well as slanting. I then walked up to the other, mistrusting nothing, and was within a yard of him, when he sprang to his feet, and fastened on my left shoulder with his teeth and claws, where he inflicted several deep wounds. I was uncommonly active, and stout, in those days, and feared neither man nor beast in a scuffle. But I had hard work to keep my feet under the weight of this onset. I had my knife out in an instant, and put it into him as fast as possible for dear life.

"So we tusseled away, and the ground being slanting and steep, increased my trouble to keep from falling. We gradually worked down hill, until I was forced against a large log. We both then came to the ground; the panther inside and I outside. He still kept hold of me, though he was evidently weakening under the repeated digs and rips I had given him with my knife. I kept on knifeing away, until I found his hold slacking. He let go at last, to my great rejoicing. I rose to my feet, made for my rifle, which I had dropped early in the scuffle, got it, and ran home. I had then received as many claws and bites from a panther as I could well stand, certainly I wanted no more, at least on that day.

"I gathered the neighbors, with their dogs, and returned. We found the panthers not more than fifteen

rods apart. The one I had knifed was dying. The one I had shot was making an effort to climb a tree to the height of ten or fifteen feet. He fell and was speedily dispatched. I stripped them of their skins, which I sold to a fur dealer, for two dollars each. You may depend on it that I never got into another fight with a panther after that. I warn every one never to attack one of these tricky and fierce beasts of the forest."

A TALE OF MOONSHINING IN SCOTLAND.

Major E. D. Kennedy, late of the United States army, and a native of Scotland, narrated the following tale of moonshining in Scotland :

"My father was a farmer in a northern county in Scotland. The only fuel used by these mountaineers is turf. There called 'peats.' These peats are cut and cured early in the summer. They are either stacked on the spot, or are at once carted home. During the time of cutting the peats, every available man, woman and horse are in the peat moss rushing through the operations. Dry weather is absolutely necessary for this kind of work, and dry weather in that humid climate is rather uncertain. Therefore, while the weather is suited to the work there is no intermission. It is go, go, go, night and day, only resting to take a hurried sleep, and eat hasty meals. The peat moss may be many miles from the homestead, as the article is always sought where the mould is blackest; and when there is a distance of over two miles, the peat workers remain there day and night, only returning to the house Saturday evenings to prepare for Sunday's public worship. In that country, attendance on the public sanctuary, on no account, is ever omitted by these pure minded, God-fearing people.

“Every member of our family was on the mountain at work in the peat moss, except mother. On a sultry afternoon, mother heard the house watch dog, a little skye terrier, growl and bark. This dog was her only company. She at once opened the door and looked out. To her horror she saw five men on horseback, and about twenty on foot, marching rapidly towards the house. She at once recognized them as excise men. Excise man, or gauger, there has the same meaning that revenue officer has in this country. In a few moments the party reached the house. One, presumed to be the leader, saluted my mother, and dismounted. He politely inquired for father. She informed him that father and all our people were on the mountain cutting the peats. Perceiving that the men were tired, she invited them into the house to rest, and have something to eat. They gladly accepted the generous offer, and in a short time partook of a hearty meal, such as a well to do farm house could supply. After they had eaten and rested, the leader informed my mother that they were excise officers, and was sorry her husband was not at home, as they would like to examine the premises for barley stores. Mother kindly led the way to the stable and granary. Here they first examined the stalls to see if they could find any draff, or other grains from a distillery, that had been fed to the horses. Finding nothing on the ground floor, they searched the loft above. They then asked permission to go into the byre, a word there applied to the building where milch cows are stabled. After giving it a rigid examination, they went into and through all the buildings, including the dwelling house, inspecting them in the most careful manner. They also took down several stacks of oats, barley, pease and hay, which stood in the stack

yard. They next entered the barn. In one end of it was a large quantity of oats in the sheaf. All this was removed and the floor probed by the iron pointed poles which some of the men carried. Every sheaf of the oats was replaced exactly as when found by them. In the other end of the barn was a large quantity of barley, threshed about ten days before. This was also overhauled and examined. My mother, in the meantime, observed some of the gentlemen whispering much to each other, and looking at her occasionally in a mournful manner.

“The party left the barn and stood a short distance from it, as if undecided about what to do next. Finally one of the party pointed to a small building some fifty yards distant, remarking that it had not yet been searched. This building was called the workshop. In it were carpenters’ and blacksmiths’ tools with which jobbing was done on our farming implements. The whole party promptly repaired to the shop, and finding it locked, the key was called for. Mother remarked that she would go to the house and get it. At this juncture, a young blood in the crowd, objected to waiting, and attempted to break the door open. Instantly the leader felled him with a blow upon the head. My mother went for the key. It was always kept up stairs, and was specially cared for to prevent us youngsters from getting it, for the reason that we played smash with the tools when we got in the shop. Mother was returning with the key, more dead than alive, when she met the whole party marching off. She observed the man who had been struck, with his head bandaged and apparently in great agony. The leader approached her, shook her hand warmly, said he would not require the key, thanked her for all the kindnesses she had shown them,

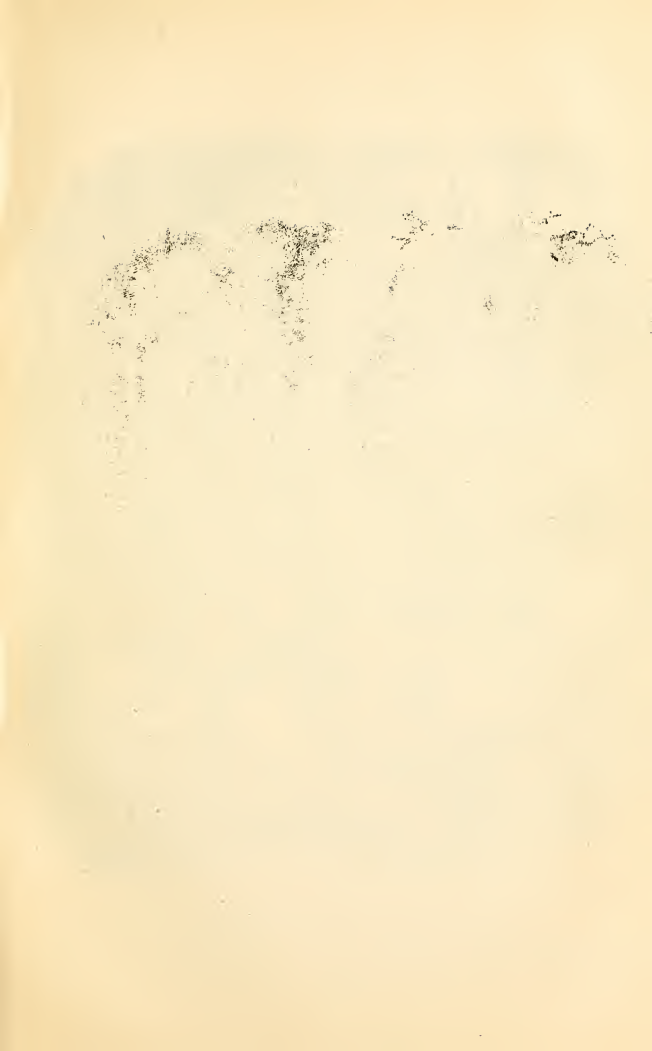
gave her his name and rank in the service, and requested her to have her husband call at the county seat, at his earliest convenience, as he specially desired to see him. Then he saluted mother again, and took his departure.

“They had not gotten many miles away, when one of my brothers came down from the mountain, with a horse and cart, to carry up next day’s provisions. He found mother prostrate on the floor, quite unable to either move or talk. The mental strain of the last three hours had completely overcome her. Brother, at once, returned to the mountain, and informed us of mother’s condition. We immediately left for home, and arriving, found her somewhat improved. She told father all that had taken place in connection with the officers. All stood aghast at her tale. In that workshop there was then, and had been for more than two weeks, over three hundred bushels of barley malt ready to be worked into whisky. Had the excise officers found this malt, father would have been arrested, and sentenced to prison for a term of years, and the family would have been pauperized in providing the fines and costs.

“The shock of that day confined my mother to her bed for many weeks. My brothers were directed to remove the malt, early next morning, to a place of safety. Before day dawned my father was on his way to the county seat, where he arrived by eight o’clock. After breakfasting at the inn, he repaired to the house of the excise man, who had left his name with my mother. He knocked with the knocker—there were no door bells then, anyhow not in that quarter of the world. The door opened, and a smart little woman, evidently English, inquired as to father’s desires. He told her he called to see Mr.——. ‘He is my hus-

band,' was her prompt response, and asked father's name. He told her. Instantly she threw her arms around his neck, kissed him, and drew him into the house. She seated him in the parlor, and told him what a noble wife he had. Father wondered how she knew anything about his wife. The little English woman ordered wine and cake, and father helped himself repeatedly. Meantime she was propounding numerous questions about mother and her people. In an hour or so the gentleman of the house came in. His wife introduced the two. He turned out to be the chief revenue officer for that county, and had grown gray in the service. The meeting between father and him was most cordial. They were both Highlanders, and were men of sense, experience and education. The two went out for a walk. The officer would not trust himself to tell what he had to say where any living being could hear it. His communication, in effect, was, that from information they had received, they had visited father's farm, and when he looked upon my mother's face he felt more like a corpse than a live man. He at once recognized her as a daughter, or at least a near relative of Mrs. Mc——, who owned a farm in the neighborhood where he was once assigned to duty. Mother, in answer to a direct question told him that Mrs. Mc—— was her mother.

"Now, about twenty-five years before this time, this same excise officer, and a dozen or more assistants, were crossing eastward the divide between Western and Eastern Scotland. They had scarcely gotten half through the long journey when they were overtaken by a dreadful snow storm, and became bewildered and lost. They wandered about for days, their numbers gradually growing smaller from exertion and cold. There were but five of them left, and they sat them-





A COUNTRY "HOUSE RAISING."

"When the timber has been cut into the desired lengths for building houses * * * the neighbors are invited in for the 'raising.'"—Page 141.

selves down in the deep snow to die. After bidding each other good-bye, they calmly awaited the grim monster's approach. Just then some one thought he heard the bark of a dog in the distance. They listened and it proved to be a reality. It was not long before a dog came very near them and set up a furious barking. Never was the voice of a living animal so welcome to them in all their lives before. Soon a Shepherd appeared out of the blinding snow spray. He came to see what the dog was baying, and finding the officers almost in the agonies of death, encouraged them all he could, with the assurances of early deliverance. He left them, and in less than half an hour returned with men and horses to carry the suffering men to a place where their wants could be supplied. They were placed across the horses, as they were too weak to sit up, and were taken to the nearest farm house, where they were supplied with immediate relief. After being well rubbed with snow, and washed in snow water, they were placed in warm beds, and were given small quantities of food. In this house they remained for three weeks, until the storm abated, and they regained their former strength. Then they left—there were only three to go, the other two needed and received coffins and tombs there, and there they are to this day.

“ ‘ Now,’ said the excise officer to my father, ‘ the instant I saw your wife, I feared she might be a relative to that most excellent Samaritaness who had thus saved us from death in the snow storm amid the Highlands of Scotland. In her face and figure your wife was the image of that old lady at whose house we staid so long. When we were searching about your buildings I was in hotter fires than purgatory. How

to do my duty to the King, and how to save such a woman was the terrible difficulty in my way. Long before going to your workshop the smell of malt from that point was patent to us all. There one of our men proposed a rude act, for which I knocked him down with a club, which gave me an opportunity to order the whole force from the building. While returning I communicated what your wife's mother had done for me, over twenty-five years ago, and every man in the crowd, including the one I had struck, rejoiced that nothing was found on your place. Now, dinner is ready. Come, see Elizabeth calls us.' At dinner the excise officer's good wife stated her intention to go up to the mountains and spend a week with mother, a proposal which received a cordial endorsement from father.

"Dinner over, the house lady left the room, and the excise officer earnestly appealed to father to quit smuggling and making whisky on the sly. He pointed out the wrongs, national and religious, of such a course, and proved most clearly that even in a monetary point of view it would not pay. He went on to show how much better it would be for him to sell his barley than to turn it into whisky, when, without talking of the terrible risk of detection, he lost all profit by being required to treat every one who came to the still-house, to prevent them from reporting him.

"Father, for the first time, saw all these points clearly, and thereupon determined never again to wet a grain of malt—nor did he.

"Furthermore, the revenue official gave a hint to father, very small, but quite sufficient, as to which one of our neighbors had reported us. The informant was a hanger-on of our own family—a widow who had

her cottage rent free, feed for two cows and for all the poultry she chose to keep. She, for some fancied slight, slipped by night to the country town, and told what was then in our workshop. She, however, was allowed to continue in the possession of all she had, until her death, which occurred about ten years thereafter. Father and mother treated her kindly, but she never entered our house again.

“Up to this event, smuggling had been common in our family, and in the whole mountain portion of Scotland. Men saw money in the business, and no wrong, and therefore engaged in it very much as they are now doing in many portions of the United States. But by-and-by three potent agents came into force against it. Ministers from their pulpits preached against it. Land owners inserted clauses in leases binding tenants not to smuggle, or to allow others to do it. Last, but most powerful of all, the revenue people and the Courts vigorously enforced the law against all persons who undertook moonshining. Under this regime, all such lawless and demoralizing goings were rooted out in the Highlands of Scotland, and as a natural consequence the then universal, excessive drinking customs of society there, have given place to temperance and sobriety. So mote it be everywhere.”

CHAPTER XXI.

The Sad Fate of Eliza Bleylock.*

CAPTAIN James Peters, riding home from a raid into the moonshine counties, stopped at Jared's store, and asked for a drink. A jug was taken from the shelf, and a finger's length of clear yellow whisky poured out.

"No moonshine in this sto', you see, captain," remarked Mr. Jared.

"Humph," and the captain's keen eyes glanced toward the loungers in and about the store. "Reckon if I took a notion, I could unearth some moonshine, an' spot some moonshiners not far off."

"Captain, you must not be so suspicious."

"Suspicious? Reckon I shouldn't earn my pay if I wasn't. S'spicion's a mighty good thing for a man hunter. My game's shy. But I've my eye on mo' than knows of me. Some folks 'll find thar bilers smashed when they dunno I'm aroun'.

Silence. Some of the young men shrugged their shoulders. One drawled out at last that he "didn't know as any body keered three jumps of a louse fur Jim Peters or his threatenins."

"Come come," said a cunning looking old man, "don't let's have no words. We're all peaceful folks, captain, in this here settlement—powerful peaceful. Ter be sho', we don't like nobody a foolin' 'roun' our bus-

*From *Harper's Weekly*, March 5th, 1881, by permission of Harper & Brothers, New York.

iness. We came from Carliny mor'n a hundred ye'rs ago, an' here we've lived peaceful an' orderly ever sence—a-livin' an' a-dyin' an' a-marryin' an' a-breedin'."

"An' a-learnin' the use of th' shot gun," interposed Dick Oscar, quietly.

"I'm a Tennessee man myself," said Captain Peters, an' I ruther think I know how t' use a shot gun. An' I've got a rifle that's a sixteen shooter."

There was a general movement of interest.

"Let's have a look at it, captain."

"It don't go out o' my hand. But you can look much 's you please. Aint she a beauty, now?"

They crowded around, patting and praising the gun, as if it were human. And there was a general murmur of assent, when old man Welch exclaimed, "Ain't it a pity, boys, ter see sech a rifle as that throwed away on a damned Gov'ment officer."

Captain Peters only laughed. He was very good humored, this mountain terror, except when, as they would say, his blood was up. Then it was as safe to meet a starving tiger.

"Seems to me as if the captain has somethin' on his mind," remarked Mrs. Riggs that same evening.

The Riggses lived at Bloomington, Tennessee, and the captain and his family were paying them a visit, preparatory to settling in the same place. Mrs. Riggs was a bustling young woman, "born in quite another part of the State," as she would tell you, with an air; "no mopin mountain blood in *me*." She was the third wife of her husband—a sanctimonious old chap, with his long white beard, the ends of which he used to assist meditation, as a cow chews its cud.

"James Riggs," his wife had said, when he courted her, "it's my opinion you *talked* them two previous

women to death ; but if you get me, mark one thing, you'll get your match." And he had.

The Riggses were extremely sensible of the honor of having Captain Peters in their house. Dom Pedro and Cetywayo rolled into one, could not have been watched with more solicitude. Had not his name been in every paper in the Union, and his portrait in a New York journal? That the eyes of the nation were fixed upon him, Peters himself did not doubt; and it was asserted through the county that he was in close correspondence with the President.

"Jim's been a-broodin'," said Mrs. Peters—a moon faced woman, with dull blue eyes—"ever sence he went inter this business. I've wished time 'n agin he'd stuck to blacksmithin' for I've suffered a thousand deaths with him off a-wagerin'* over the mountains."

"He was called of the Lord," said Mr. Riggs, "and his hand must not be stayed. The inikity of men shell be put down in the land."

"Ye-es," drawled the captain, "I'm a-goin to bust up the stillin' business in Tennessee. But I'm plagued about them Jared boys. I can't ketch them nohow."

A knock at the door, and a young fellow came in, and shook hands eagerly with the captain. His name was Maddox. Captain Peters had picked him up in Nashville, and employed him "on trial."

"I was jest a-speakin' of the Jareds," he said. "I'm pretty sure they've got a still somewhar. They look me in the eye too powerful innocent to be all right. Now, I've got a notion in my head—if I only had somebody I could trust." Maddox drew himself up, alert, watchful as a listening sentinel. "What can't

*Wandering.

be done one way, must be done another," said Captain Peters, slowly.

"And rightly you speak," said Mr. Riggs, as he spat out his beard, "it's the Lord's work, an' be done it must, with every wepping known to man."

"I knew it! I knew it, captain!" cried Mrs. Riggs. "I knew you had somethin' on your mind. You're a schemin' somethin' great. I see it in your eye."

It remained in the captain's eye, as far as Mrs. Riggs was concerned, for the captain took Mr. Maddox out of doors, where they talked in whispers, and Mrs. Riggs berated her lord for having driven them away with his tongue.

A few days later a peddler stopped at Bleylocks, and asked for a drink of water. Old mother Bleylock sent Eliza to the spring for a fresh bucketful, and the peddler, after refreshing himself, opened his pack.

"'Pears 's if we oughtn't ter trouble you," she said, "'cause we can't buy a pin's wuth."

"Jest for the pleasure ma'am," said the gallant peddler.

The pack was opened, and three pairs of eyes grew big with delight.

"If you'll wait till par comes, I'll make him buy me that collar," said Janey, the younger of the Bleylock girls.

"Pr'aps Dick O'scar 'd buy you a present ef he was here," suggested Eliza.

"If 'taint makin' to free, I'd like to say I admire Dick Oscar's taste," said the peddler, with an admiring glance.

Janey responded with, "Oh, you hush," and a toss of her head; and old mother Bleylock said, "the boys most generally always paid Janey a good deal of attention."

She possessed a bold prettiness, this mountain pink. Brown-skinned, black-eyed, red-lipped, and a way of dropping her head on her swelling neck, and looking mutiny from under her heavy brows. Eliza was a thin slip of a girl, with a demure but vacant look in her blue eyes, and a shy, nervous manner.

"I'll tell you the truth, ma'am," remarked the peddler to the mother, "you could take these girls o' yours to Nashville, an' people on the streets would follow them for their good looks. An' that's heaven's own truth. All yo' family, these two?"

"Lor me, I've got three boys."

"All at home, farmin' I s'pose?"

"Yaas."

"Long road to take their crops to market?"

"I ain't never heerd no complaint."

"Now 'bout these goods o' mine," said the peddler; "if you could put me up for a few days we might make a trade. I'm tired as a lame horse, and wouldn't want nothin' better'n to rest right here."

"I'd like nothin' better'n to take you. But th' aint no use sayin' a word till pa gits home. He aint no hand fur strangers."

"Well, I won't be a stranger longer'n I can help," said the agreeable peddler. "My name is Pond, Marcus Pond—Nashville boy; but a rollin' stone, you know. I've peddled books, an' sewin' machines, an' no end of a lot of traps ginerally. Fond o' travel, you see; but jest's steady as old Time. Never drink when I travel; promised my mother I wouldn't."

"'Tis a good thing," said mother Bleylock, with energy. "I do despise to see a fuddled man. Whisky aint fit fur nothin' but ter fatten hogs on."

Father Bleylock came home, and beyond a stare and a silent nod, took little notice of the peddler. He was

a tall man, thin, taciturn, and yellow. His neck was so small that his head presented the appearance of being stuck on with a pin.

He lighted his pipe, and after a soothing interval of smoking, "Peddler 'd like to stop over a period," said his wife.

Puff, puff. "Don't see no objection." Puff, puff.

And a gentle hilarity agitated the bosoms that yearned over the peddler's pack.

Mr. Pond, as he had promised, soon ceased to be a stranger. The old man discoursed on the grievances of taxes; and the old woman, after the manner of mothers, talked about their daughters.

"My gals is eddicated," she would say—"been over to Cookeville, months and months, a schoolin'. But, lor, thar's some folks you can't weed the badness out'n, an' Janey's a spit-fire, she is. Seems as if Dick Oscar wants to have her, but he acts kinder curious about it—blow hot, blow cold. Dunno. Now, Lizy is different. Can't tell why, less'n its that I went to camp meetin', an' perfessed a while befo' she was born. Somehow she's always been delicater an' quieter like'n any of my children."

The Bleylock boys, easy, rollicking fellows, treated the peddler very much as if he had been a harmless, though unnecessary cat about the house, and were surprised when Dick Oscar, dropping in one evening informed them that they were all a pack of fools for "takin' in a stranger so free and easy."

"Why, I aint paid no more attention to the man 'n if he'd a been a preacher," said Sam Bleylock; "seems es if th' aint no harm to him."

"He's a very God-fearin' man," said Eliza, softly, "an' a powerful reader o' the Bible."

"If you'll take *my* say so, you'll git quit of him," said Dick Oscar.

"He's got such beautiful taste," said mother Bleylock; "it's as good as goin' to th' city to look at his things."

"I see he's been a dressin' you up," said Oscar, with a sneer at the new ribbons the girls wore around their necks.

Janey sprang up. Her face reddened. In an instant she tore off the ribbon and stamped her foot on it. "That's how much I care for him an' his ribbons," she cried.

"Don't fly quite off the handle," said Mr. Oscar, coolly. Evidently he shared her mother's opinion that Miss Janey was a spit-fire.

Poor Janey! She had hoped to please her lover by her scorn of the peddler's gift, but she was coming to the conclusion that he was a hard man to please. She was a passionate young animal, and she had thrown herself into his arms with a readiness that robbed herself of her graces. He liked to sting and stroke her alternately, and was about as unsatisfactory a lover as Janey could have found on the Cumberland. But she liked him, saw with his eyes, thought with his thoughts. Naturally she turned against the peddler, and from this time set herself to watch him.

That harmless young man in the meantime was doing what he could. He wandered about the country, selling such things as the people could buy, "pumping" the Bleylock boys, and making love to the Bleylock girls. The pumping process was rewarded with about as much success as would attend fishing through the eye of a skeleton. In the love making there was more hope.

Janey was accessible to flattery, and encouraged

him with looks of fire. But there was something in her eyes that he did not trust; and he was a wary man, the peddler. Besides, she slapped his face when he tried to kiss her. But he soon grew to believe that Eliza, simple, unsuspicious, serious—would be as clay in his hands.

Chance favored Miss Janey. She was bathing, one warm day, in the creek that ran out from the spring, when she saw Eliza and the peddler coming, like Jack and Jill, to fetch a pail of water. Being naked, Janey could not get away, but she slid along to a cool inlet overhung with tree branches, and so hidden waited for them to do their errand. Of course they stopped to talk.

“That pink ribbon becomes your black hair mightily,” said the peddler.

Eliza blushed—“We’re just country girls, you know Mr. Pond; we don’t have many pretty things. Seems ’s if the boys don’t have any money left after buyin’ the sugar, an’ flour, an’ molasses, an’ things.”

“Meat, I s’pose,” said the practical peddler.

“No, we raise our own meat. Pa has a powerful lot of hogs.”

“So!”

“But I expect you don’t take much interest in country life, Mr. Pond?”

“Why, my dear,”—and Mr. Pond slipped his arm around Eliza—“I’d like the best in the world to settle down in a country just like this. A fellow gets tired trampin’ around. But I’d want two things to make me happy.”

Eliza looked at him with happy confidence.

“First, a little wife, ’at was gentle in her ways, an’ a good religious girl, an’ one with black hair to set off

the pink ribbons, I'd buy for her, an' a fleet foot an' a red mouth."

Here Mr. Pond came to a full stop, with a kiss.

"And the other thing," with a bright blush.

The peddler grew practical again. "Well, it's nothin' mor'n some way to make a livin'. Now say I married a sweet girl up the Cumberland, and made a little crop. It's too far to get it to market. *I might* turn it into whisky, but lately gov'ment turned meddler, an' is a breakin' stills right and left through the country."

"They do hide 'em sometimes," said Eliza, in a half whisper, "so't a blood hound could hardly scent 'em. An' a very good business it is, an' the hogs live on the mash."

"Do you know of any such stills, my little darlin'?"

But she drew back a little. "Ef I do know of any," she said, "I've promised not to tell of them."

"Not to the man as is going to be your husband?"

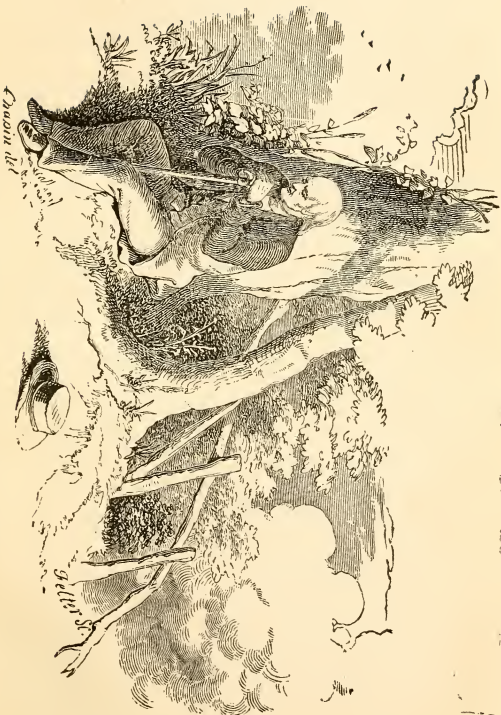
"Not to him until he *is* my husband." And blushing, but resolute, Eliza filled her pail and started for the house.

Under the water, Janey clenched her hands. "Dick was right," she thought, "and I see his game. He's a spy, and Eliza's a fool."

She knew that she had heard enough to justify her lover in his suspicions. Enough to put them all on their guard. A passionate exultation fired her blood as she thought of the service she should render Dick Oscar, his praise, the reward of his rude kisses.

But, alas for Janey! something had ruffled her sweetheart's temper when next they met. Before she could approach the subject of which she was full, stinging words had passed between them.

"Dick," said Janey, hoarsely, "d'ye mean that



AN ECCENTRIC OLD VIRGINIA 'SQUIRE.

"He had not done much else for thirty years, but marry people."—Page 143.

you're goin back from your word, that you aint a goin to marry me?"

"Marry hell," said Mr. Oscar. And he walked off.

"I want to speak t'you," said Janey that night to the peddler. "Can you git up in th' mornin' befo' the folks is stirrin'?"

"Of course I can, when it's to meet a gal like you."

Privately he wondered at her pallor and lurid eyes.

Morning came. As the stars were drowsily getting out of the sun's way, Janey and the peddler met by the spring.

"You needn't lie to me," said she, harshly, "I've found you out. You're up the Cumberland spyin' for wild-cat stills. I'll take you to one."

"But, my dear, is this a trap? I'm nothin but a poor harmless peddler."

"Come, then, my harmless peddler," said the girl with a sneer, "an' I'll show you somethin' to make your mouth water."

She struck through the woods, and he followed, alternately blessing and wondering at his luck. What thread led her he knew not. Fallen logs lay in the way, thickets opposed, foliage dense as the massed green in Dewing's "Morning" hid all signs of the path; but on she went, easily as if she were illustrating the first line of propositions in Lindley,—above, around, amidst, athwart obstacles of every kind. And finally, girdled and guarded by trees and rocks, was the hidden still, where the "dull cold ear"—of corn was changed into the flowing moonshine, that maketh glad the heart of man.

The peddler could hardly keep back a shout. He had won his spurs. It was a much larger concern than he had expected. Some hogs were rooting about

the sodden earth, as the monotonous dripping of water mingled with the grunts of these poetic animals.

Janey leaned against a rock breathing heavily. The peddler thought he would about as soon touch a wild cat as speak to her. Nevertheless he did.

"B'long to your folks?" he said.

"It b'longs to Dick Oscar, an' you know it," said the girl, fiercely. "Now I'm goin' back home."

"You don't know of any more such," said the insatiate peddler, "lyin' round loose up here? Pearls among swine, so to speak."

"I've done enough. An' look here, keep your tongue between yo' teeth. Tell that *I* fetched you here, an' you won't see many more sun-ups with them spyin' eyes."

Mr. Pond was a tolerable woodsman, and he led Captain Peters and his scouts to the mountain still without trouble. They were all there, the Bleylock boys, the father and young Oscar. They were hard at work, and, surprised, were handcuffed without the firing of a gun.

Who so crestfallen as the toiling, moiling, moonshiners. Who so jubilant as the long whiskered Captain. He would have sung a psalm had he known how. As it was, he chewed a great deal of tobacco, and unbuttoned his flannel shirt for expansion.

The prisoners were halted at the Bleylock cabin, for baggage and good-byes. They were to be taken to the penitentiary, and would need a change of socks.

Mrs. Bleylock and Eliza wept and moaned their fate; but Janey was still, the brown lids veiling the dull fire of her eyes.

"Janey, my girl," said Oscar, drawing her apart, "I spoke rough t'you t'other day. But don't you mind it. 'Twarn't nuthin' but jealousy."

Her eyes softened. Mountain pinks, as well as some fine ladies, consider jealousy as a tribute to their charms.

"Perhaps I'll never come back," said he.

She seized him by the arm.

"Dick, what can they do t'you?"

"Dunno. Most likely I'll kill somebody tryin' to get away, and be strung."

Janey burst into tears.

"Shouldn't wonder if you married one o' the Jareds," he said, piling on the gloom.

"Dick Oscar I promised to marry *you*, an' I don't go back from my word.

"No, an' I don't," cried Dick. "There ain't as pretty a shaped girl as you on the Cumberland; and if ever I do git back——." He whispered the rest in Janey's ear, and she clung to him, blushing a deep, deep, rose.

"'Sjest one thing I want to know," said old Bleylock, as they tramped to Nashville: "How'd you find us."

The Captain laughed.

"Been 'entertainin' a peddler, haven't you? Which one o' your gals'd he make up to?"

Father and brothers swore. Dick Oscar nodded to his discernment, with human triumph.

A few days later a young girl walked into Nashville. She had never been in the city before. She asked but one question—the way to the Governor's house. That accessible mansion was readily found; the doors were swinging open. Announced by a sleepy darkey, Janey Bleylock stood in the Governor's presence.

With a fine and courteous manner, that gentleman listened, struck by her figure, her full voice, and passionate eyes. He promised to use his influence with

the President, to procure a pardon for Dick Oscar. Janey was allowed to go to the prison with the cheering news.

The mountain girl was heard of in high circles. Hearts beat warmly in lovely Southern bosoms, and they made a heroine of Janey.

"Why don't you marry here?" said a beautiful enthusiast, who had called to see Janey, and kissed her, because she knew so well how to love. "Marry here, and I'll give you a wedding dress."

"So we will," said Dick Oscar, when he was out of prison.

Janey went home a wife, as if the stars had been diamonds, and strung like a lark-spur chain for her neck—father, brothers, husband, sheltering her in their love.

Mrs. Bleylock and Eliza ran to meet them. Eliza thought perhaps some one else would come with them. Had not her lover left her with a kiss, and a promise to come back with a gold ring?

The pink ribbon was round her neck. Her lips were parted in a happy vacant smile.

The old chap whose head looked as if it were stuck on with a pin was in advance. He thrust out his arm as Eliza drew near. "Don't you speak to me."

"Pappy."

"Damn your tattlin' tongue. Keep away from my hands."

The smile had gone; the vacant look spread over the face that turned helplessly to her brothers.

"You ought to be whipped like a nigger," said Sam Bleylock. "What you tell that peddler 'bout Oscar's still for? Might a known he was a foolin' you."

"I didn't tell where the still was."

"Hah, you lie too." And her father, passing by, struck her with the back of his hand.

"Shame on you, pappy!" and Janey ran to her sister, over whose lips blood was pouring.

Her husband drew Janey away. "Don't touch her," he said, with a look of disgust, "she aint fit."

A wild, terrified look swept over Janey's face. Should she grasp at the wind blowing in the tree-tops above her? She caught Dick Oscar's arm, holding it fiercely. Here was something to clasp, to cling to. Her soul shrivelled in her ardent body.

Afterward Eliza Bleylock seemed to wither away. She repeated her denial of having been a traitor, but no one ever believed her. She worked hard, and was used roughly. She had never been strong. Sometimes she stole away and nursed Janey's baby; it seemed to love her. But never when Dick Oscar was at home.

One day, sitting by the spring alone, too weak since a long while to work, she leaned her head against a tree, and with one moan, too faint to startle the singing birds, she died.

Her mother and Janey dressed her cleanly, and tied about her neck a pink ribbon that they found in her Bible. And she was buried, with very little said about it, in the valley.

"Oh! speak her name in accents soft and tender,
Strew fairest flowers o'er her place of rest,
But even through tears, forget not thanks to render,
Our Father chastens whom He loveth best."

CHAPTER XXII.

The Three Great Caverns in the South.

DURING the time I was engaged in the internal revenue service of the Government, I traveled much in the Southern States, and of course had many opportunities to observe the natural curiosities common to that section.

Having supplied myself with full notes of all that I saw worthy of record, I give now a brief description of the three great caverns in the South, viz: the Mammoth Cave, in Edmonson county, Kentucky, the Luray cavern, in Page county, Virginia, and Weyer's cave, in Augusta county, Virginia.

Perhaps some readers may deem these matters foreign to the subject of hunting moonshiners. This may be correct. But had I not been after the moonshiners, I probably would not have gone through these curiosities of nature. I therefore venture to offer my notes made in them and of them, as a chapter in this little volume.

MAMMOTH CAVE.

Mammoth Cave was discovered in 1801, by a hunter named Hutchins, by chasing a wild bear into its entrance. It was originally purchased for \$40, and is now valued at \$250,000. The entrance to the cavern is 194 feet above the level of Green river, a half mile distant, and 118 feet below the summit of the hill. The distance from entrance to rear, in as straight a

line as can be traveled, is nine miles; and it is claimed that all the rooms and avenues thus far discovered, make a total of upwards of one hundred miles. Some one has gone to the trouble to estimate that in this cavern twelve million cubic yards of space have been excavated, not by human hands, of course, but by the agency of air and water. An average of two thousand persons visit and explore the cave each year, which at \$2 *per capita* for the "short route," and \$3 additional for the "long" one, afford a handsome income to the proprietors. I was shown through both routes by "Uncle Matt," who has been a guide at this cave for forty-two years. He is a bright mulatto; and is sixty-one years of age.

There is a striking difference between this cave and those I visited in Virginia, both in structure and formations, those in Virginia being much more beautiful, though much smaller in every respect. Mammoth Cave seems to be excavated from an immense mass of homogeneous lime stone, affording few opportunities for stalactic formations, while the Virginia caverns are cut, as it were, from rock broken up in countless seams by the upheaval of the Appalachian range. In this cave there are but few stalagmites and stalactites, and they are coarse, rough, and homely, while in Weyer's and the Luray caverns there are to be seen in almost every room, millions upon millions of the most beautiful, snow-white pendants that the eye ever fell upon; and all these hangings, "dight with figures rare and fantastic, were woven in Nature's loom by crystal threads of running water."

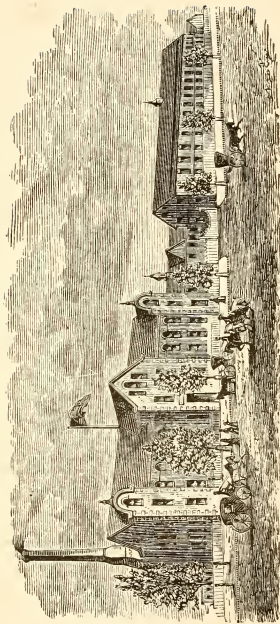
Space will not allow anything like a minute description of this wonderful natural curiosity. I will, therefore, only note a few of the most attractive features as they impressed themselves upon my mind.

The first thing which attracts the attention of the visitor, as he enters the cavern, are two rows of pipe-logs leading back, perhaps, a half mile to a number of large vats in the floor of the cave. We are told that from 1808 to 1814 saltpetre, for the manufacture of gunpowder, was leached from the dirt dug from the floor of the cavern. There are yet plainly to be seen the cart and ox tracks made in the then soft clay, but now almost solid rock, notwithstanding the fact that thousands of feet have trodden over them for nearly three quarters of a century.

The height of the ceilings vary from four or five to upwards of a hundred feet, and in many places the width of the passway is seventy-five feet, though it frequently narrows down so that it is difficult for a stout man to get through. Each important room has a name, and, of course, has some special attraction. As for example, the "Star Chamber," in which, by the manipulations of the light, by the guide, stars are seen, followed by a storm, thunder and lightning, contending with total darkness. While sitting in this chamber alone, for about five minutes, I was impressed with the solemnity of total darkness :

"Night from her ebon throne threw forth her mantle
o'er a sleeping world,
'Twas as the pulse of Life stood still,
And Nature made a pause, an awful pause
Prophetic of her end."

I thought of the above quotation from Young's Night Thoughts. I thought of a world without a sun. I thought of sin, and I thought, too, of the darkness that would envelope us were it not for the Word, the Truth and the Life. But by-and-by the light returned, very much like the sun rising on a plain and riding



A KENTUCKY LEGAL GRAIN DISTILLERY.

‘ And is it reform to compel the honest makers and venders of spirits to pay millions in taxes, while we extend immunity from taxes to millions of gallons made in violation of law ?’—Page 31.

across the sky. Excepting "Echo river," this is the most attractive scene in the cave.

Then, again, we have the "Giant's Coffin," named from a detached stone, forty feet long, which looks like an identical coffin; "Snowball Room," so called from the white nodules of gypsum which stud its ceiling; "Martha's Vineyard," from the formations of carbonate of lime colored with black oxide of iron, which in size and appearance resemble grapes. A stalactite which extends from ceiling to floor is termed the vine on which hang the grapes in luxuriant clusters. The "Bat Room" is named because the walls and ceiling are literally blackened with hibernating bats. "Proctor's Arcade" is a magnificent tunnel one hundred feet wide, forty-five feet high, and three-quarters of a mile long. When illuminated with a Bengal light the view is simply magnificent. Then follow the "Floating Cloud Room," the "Rotunda," "Kinney's Arena," "Fairy Grotto," "Fox Avenue," "Deserted Chamber," "The Wooden Bowl," "Minerva's Dome," "Reveler's Hall," "Scotchman's Trap," "Great Relief," "River Hall," "Bacon Chamber," "Natural Bridge," the "Giant's Walk," "Silliman's Avenue," and many others which I will not mention.

The "Methodist Church" is the name given a room, eighty feet in diameter by forty in height, about a mile from the entrance of the cave, because the Methodists used to hold religious services there over a half century ago. The "Bottomless Pit" is one hundred and seventy-five feet deep, and about forty feet wide. It is crossed by the "Bridge of Sighs," and is one of the most attractive features of the cave. "Side Saddle Pit" is a similar formation, though much smaller. These pits were no doubt cut out of the solid rock by the solvent action of water containing car-

bonic acid in solution. "Gorin's Dome" is both beautiful and grand. It is two hundred feet in height, and is sixty feet across. Its sides, when illuminated with a Bengal light, resemble richly fluted curtains formed from gypsum, and colored with iron oxides.

These magnificent halls in the solid limestone are carved by the dripping of water impregnated with carbonic acid. The water, in running over the rocks, dissolves the lime and carries it away. While the water is absorbing the lime in the rock, the carbonic acid is liberated from the lime and is taken up by the water and thus dissolves the rock.

The constructing of the stalacites and stalagmites is the result of the same slow process. If the water percolate the roof or walls of the cave and drop rapidly, no formations will result. It must drip very slowly in order to make these wonderful and beautiful formations. It is estimated that it will take from ten to twenty years for the thickness of an ordinary sheet of writing paper to form. At this rate the mammoth pillars of stalactic formation have been building in this great grotto not less than five hundred thousand years. Wonderful are the works of God, and scarcely less wonderful are the works of Nature, which are the result of His laws.

There are several rivers, or lakes, in the cave "Roaring River" is the smallest, "Lake Lethe" next the "Dead Sea" next, "Styx" next, and "Echo River" is the largest. When I crossed the "Styx" I thought of that famous, though cowardly Trojan prince, who was conducted by the Sybil to the threshold of the dismal regions beyond the river of the same name, so noted in Grecian fable and song. We both reached the other shore in safety, and both landed in the "dismal regions" which only poetry can describe.

These subterranean rivers are, no doubt, fed from Green river, as they rise and fall with that stream. They are as clear as crystal, and are inhabited by a snow-white fish entirely eyeless. Different from all other species of the finny tribe, they reproduce themselves, not from eggs, but, like mammals, give birth to their young alive. They are a species of the cat-fish, and, therefore, have no scales. They feed by preying upon each other.

“Echo river” is about three-quarters of a mile in length, and its width varies from twenty to two hundred feet, and is from ten to thirty feet in depth. The peculiar feature of this river is the powerful echo which responds to every sound. Don Quixote talked much and well of the beautiful melodies he experienced in the famous grotto of Montesinos, but I doubt whether they were comparable with the delightful music of a cultivated voice, as it glides back and forth over the smooth surface of this crystal stream. Amid these melodies as I drank of its waters, I thought of the Fountain of Trevi, at Rome, where it is said those who drink are enchanted and are forced to return again. Across this stream, for a considerable distance, the cave extends, and to reach its remote extremity and return, usually occupies about ten to twelve hours.

This cavern is one of nature’s greatest wonders, and every one who can should see it. I have only touched upon some of its more important features. To describe it fully, would require a volume of no ordinary proportions.

LURAY CAVERN.

The entrance to the cavern is near the top of a low, smooth hill, not over one hundred feet above the val-

ley level. You pass down a flight of steps some thirty feet, perpendicularly, when you enter the cave. Again you descend about forty feet until you reach the "Reception Room," which has a smooth floor, and is about eighty feet square. This room is rather rough and unfinished when compared with the interior apartments of the cavern. There are very few stalactic formations, and those that are there are dry, rough, and unattractive.

From the grand entrance there opens several narrow vaulted pass-ways into chambers innumerable and indescribable, vast labyrinths, varying in size, structure and grandeur. As no two formations are alike, neither are any two of the apartments of the cavern alike. Each room has its crystalline particles peculiar to itself alone—some are dark, weird and awful, while others are light, brilliant, and gorgeous. Some of the formations are of alabaster whiteness, which present carvings that would defy the chisel of a Praxiteles or an Angelo to equal them. Others are brown and unpolished. Others again are marvelously beautiful; indeed for splendor they seem to my mind to be unparalleled. Why, the pencil of a Dore could not present to the human eye or imagination a scene that would half equal one of these interior chambers. Overhead are stalactites as numerous almost as the stars on a clear night, as white as alabaster, and almost as brilliant as diamonds. On the walls hang drapery, so natural that the foldings almost wave as the air rushes by, and rustles among their lily-white festoonings.

Upon the floor, all about you, are dark, brown corrugated deposits, damp and smooth, some one, two, three, five, ten, twenty, and even forty feet in height. All this is the growth of minute, imperceptible de-

posits of the carbonate of lime, conveyed thither by the percolations of water through the roof of the cave. How long they have been forming, none can tell.

It is agreed by geologists, I believe, that a square inch of this calcareous matter, will form in one hundred and twenty years. Taking this basis as correct, it has been, perhaps, a million of years since some of the ponderous stalagmites in this cavern began to build. As the gradual drippings of water will wear away the rock, so the gradual drippings of water, impregnated with carbonate of lime, will build up grand towers of the solidest marble and granite. Some of these columns in the Luray cavern measure twelve feet in diameter and are forty feet in height.

The formation of stalactites and stalagmites in limestone caverns is peculiar, and is worthy of note. The natural conclusion would be that the stalagmite, being on the floor of the cave, would, of course, receive the greater quantity of carbonate of lime in the water which falls from the roof, and hence would form more rapidly than the stalactite, which adheres to the ceiling. This is only conditionally true. If the water drips slowly, the upper formation is the more rapid, and *vice versa*; and if the water falls from the ceiling in a stream, there is no stalactite formation at all, as all the carbonate of lime is forced to the floor, and serves only to build up the stalagmite.

Passing over the names of most of the rooms and apartments of the cavern, as they are of no interest to the general reader, I will, therefore, mention only those which present some special attraction.

The "Ball Room" is a magnificent chamber, at least fifty feet in diameter, with a floor as smooth, almost, as a carpet. Next comes the "Giant's Hall," with a

ceiling of ninety feet, covered with pendant spars, dazzling in the lamplight; "Pluto's Canyon," with its deep abyss of sixty feet, and the "Spectre Column," which stands alone in its desolate grandeur, and whose gloom adds to its beauty. There it has stood for ages as an angel sentinel to guard, as it were, this fearful chasm.

You next reach the "Organ Room," which derives its name from a stalactic formation whose fluted columns resemble the pipes of a massive organ, and, indeed, furnishes music as sweet when tapped gently with a cane or jack-knife. Then you enter the "Bridal Chamber," and next in order comes the "Fish Market," which is appropriately named. Upon the wall hang row upon row of fish, of all colors and sizes. Of course they are not petrified fish, but at a distance one would almost declare that they are genuine fish. Next you pass through "The Cemetery," with its marble headboards innumerable. Next you pass the "Broken Column," an immense stalactite weighing, perhaps, a hundred tons, which fell from some shock of *terra firma*. Then, going through the "Throne Room," you reach a gulch, wherein lies a human skeleton, of medium size. The most of the bones are covered over with debris, but the outline form of a man, or woman, is clearly defined. How, or when it came there, no one can even surmise. My conclusion is that they are the bones of a man, who perhaps was an adventurer of the olden times—not prehistoric, but an individual who lived and breathed since the Revolution. One thing is certain, his light was snuffed out quite suddenly, for he fell at least thirty feet to reach the spot where his bones now lie in the dreamless sleep of death.

I now notice, briefly, the numerous springs which

are found in nearly every interior room of the grotto. Some of them are situated in the walls, cased in with calcareous incrustations. The water is pure and limpid, and as clear as crystal. On the floor of the Cathedral is one of these springs, encased with stone as white as Parian marble, and beautifully and fantastically ornamented. We read of Hebe dipping nectar from an immortal spring; of Venus drinking a libation to the sovereignty of Pluto; of Titania, queen of the Fairies, attended by her gorgeous train, springing from earth, air and sea; of Ponce de Leon dreaming of the Fountain of Youth, and of the water hid in the deep grotto beneath the sea—we have read of all these in the mythological legends of the past, but none of them can surpass in loveliness this real fountain in the grotto at Luray. Verily truth is mightier than fiction, and nature surpasses all efforts of art. The finite mind is powerless to invent anything comparable with these mighty works of the Creator.

The Luray cavern, thus far explored, covers about sixty acres of territory, and numberless chambers have not yet been entered. It is thought by many that it embraces an almost unlimited area. As it is now known, it is, in my opinion, the grandest grotto in America.

WEYER'S CAVE.

This cavern is situated in a hill, on the shore of the South Fork of the Shenandoah river, seventeen miles from Staunton, eighteen miles from Harrisonburg, and thirty-two miles from Charlottesville. It is in the midst of the far famed "Valley of Virginia," and is therefore easily reached by buggy or on horseback. It is four miles from the cave entrance to the base of the

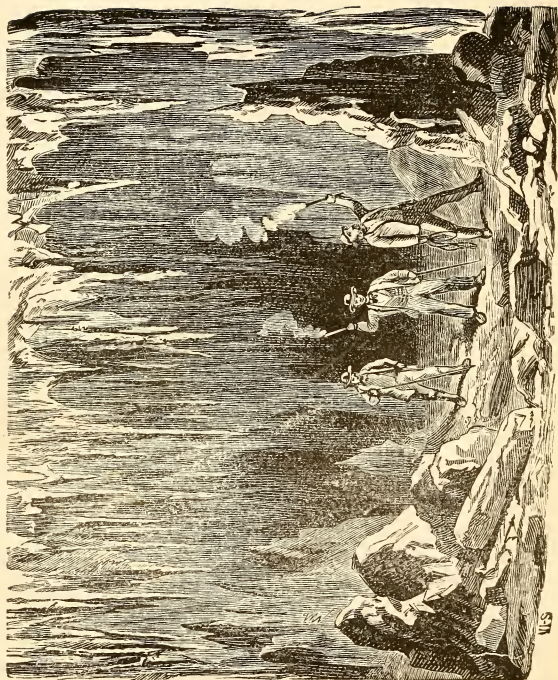
Blue Ridge, and about eighteen miles from the foot of the North mountain, which is the boundary line of the Valley on the north.

The hill, in which the cave is situated, is about three hundred feet from the level of the river to its summit. The entrance of the cave is about one hundred and fifty feet above the level of the water. The hill, for two or three miles, in either direction from the cave, is a continuous ledge of limestone cliffs, quite ragged, rugged and precipitous.

Weyer's cave is known all over the country, and it is maintained that for its extent and variety, the singularity of its stalactic concretions, the disposition of its festoonings, the fantastic displays of drapery, and the sublimity and grandeur of its scenery, it is not surpassed by anything in nature. The Luray cavern and the Mammoth cave, are both more extensive in area, and in the height of the ceilings, but no other "hole in the ground" that I have thus far explored, is so exquisitely adorned in so lavish a manner, by the hand of the great I AM as this one. The views are as varied as those of the Kaleidoscope, are equal to them in beauty, and excel them in grandeur. There are millions upon millions of calcareous deposits upon the ceilings and walls, of all hues, shades, colors, shapes and sizes. If you have a vivid imagination, you can see statues, almost as perfect as if they had been carved out by the artist's chisel; also thrones, columns and colonades as beautiful as those which once adorned "the great city by the sea." In short, you can see anything you want.

Upon entering, you descend, at an angle of nineteen degrees, through a small aperture, which causes you to stoop considerably. After traveling about thirty feet you enter the "Statuary Chamber," where you can





SHELL ROOM IN WEYER'S CAVE, VIRGINIA.

"The ceiling is thickly set with stalactic formations, resembling painted shells, and the walls present pictures of various birds and beasts."—Page 221.

look upon hundreds of columns of stalagmites, which very much resemble a large room set off with statues. Next you enter "Solomon's Temple," which is a room thirty feet wide by forty-five long. On the walls of this room you observe massive sparry incrustations, which resemble a waterfall frozen into ice. Here the stalactites are beautiful and grand. The next is the "Shell Room," which is variegated and brilliant. The ceiling is thickly studded with stalactic formations, resembling painted shells, and the walls present pictures of various birds and beasts. We pass through the "Lawyer's Office" and enter "Weyer's Hall," where we see the old hunter, with his faithful dog beside him, as it were, standing immortalized in one corner of the room. Then come the "Twin Room," "the Balustrade," with a ceiling thirty feet high; then the "Tapestry Room," which contains many things of beauty. In this apartment there are a great many calcareous deposits, which afford a variety of scenery. The walls are covered with most elegant drapery fantastically arranged. There you see the Bishop in his chancel with his desk before him. In the distance you behold the ruins of a magnificent old castle, with its tottering towers and broken columns.

You next enter the "Drum Room," so named from a thin stalactite extending from the ceiling to the floor, so thin, indeed, that from a gentle tap there is emitted a deep tone like that from a bass drum. From here you descend, about ten feet, into the "Ball Room," which is one hundred feet long, thirty feet wide, and twenty-five feet high. The floor is level and smooth, and it is not infrequent for a dancing party to spend several hours in this room, "tripping the light

fantastic." There are several dressing apartments on either side, which are set off by stalactic formations.

You then ascend about ten feet, and passing through a small opening, enter "Suntag's Hall." Suntag was an attache of the French legation, who visited the cave about thirty years ago, and by some means became immured in this apartment, which confined him, as in a dungeon cell, for several hours. Passing on, you come to a natural precipice, some fifteen feet high, which is descended by Jacob's ladder, and leads you into the "Gallery Room." Across one end of this large room is a natural calcareous deposit in the shape of a gallery, full fifty feet in length, which is not supported by a single column of any description. You next enter "Congress Hall," and in accordance with the eternal fitness of things, it presents a wild, grotesque appearance. The "Spar Chamber" comes next, and in it there are many rich crystals of rare beauty. Next comes "Washington Hall," which is the largest room in the cave. Its length is one hundred and twenty-five feet, height thirty feet, width about forty feet. It is studded with towers and pyramids of all sizes and shapes. In the centre stands a tall and graceful statue of "the Father of his country," covered with white drapery. The next is the "Diamond Room." It has a tall steeple in the centre, and a large gallery at the end. In this gallery are a number of pendant stalactites, resembling the pipes of an organ, and when struck they sound very much like tapping the keys of a piano. Around the walls may be seen folds of heavy drapery, which sparkle like diamonds, and flash like sunshine on a lake.

In a room farther on, is a natural bridge, thirty feet high and seventy feet long, which leads into "Jefferson's Hall," which is the extreme end of the cave.

The thickness of the earth above this room is two hundred feet. In this grand hall stands the "tower of Babel," a column of stalagmite seventy-five feet in circumference, consisting of successive stories, oval in front, and full of artistic flutings. It is perhaps the grandest specimen of calcareous formation in the entire cave. From this point to the entrance is one and a quarter miles. The floor, with one or two exceptions, is perfectly dry. The temperature is fifty-four and a-half degrees Fahrenheit, and never varies.

How long these stalactites have been forming is a question for scientists to determine. A glass tumbler was placed under one of the drips six years ago, and there has formed over it a calcareous substance, not thicker than a thin sheet of tissue paper. At this rate it must have required thousands upon thousands of years for the massive columns to build up, as they are seen in every portion of the cave.

This cave was discovered in 1804, by an old hunter named Bernard Weyer. On the hillside near by, he had a trap, and a wood chuck got its foot fastened in it, and dragged it into the cave. Bernard tracked the animal into his den, and thus discovered the cavern, now called after his name—Weyer's cave.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Four Years "on the Road."

IT is claimed, I believe, that no person, however thorough his, or her, course in college may have been, can be complete in education without some months or years of travel. However this may be, it cannot be denied that one sees a great deal of the ways of the world by travel, and receives much valuable information which can not otherwise be obtained. It is said that there is no knowledge so valuable as that received in the school of experience. If this be true, and I have no reason to doubt it, it can, with equal propriety be claimed, that the only correct way to learn the ways of the world, is by rubbing up, so to speak, against the people. An old proverb says "One-half the world does not know how the other half lives." From what little I have seen, in my perambulations, almost over the entire Union, I am prepared to accept this proverb as unqualifiedly true. Oh, the sufferings all around us, which are never known except to the sufferers themselves, and which might be relieved, if only those able to comfort the sorrowing were advised of what is going on! Heart threads are snapping all about us, yet we know nothing of it, and are, therefore, comparatively contented. Thousands upon thousands of our fellow countrymen live daily upon a less supply of food, than falls from the tables of numbers equally as great. But unless one moves about, and keeps his eyes and ears open, and seeks to improve

himself and those he meets, he sees nothing of those shadows which hover over so many of the sad homes of our people. And though he may be ever so scholarly, if he fail to improve the opportunities given him, much of his life is wasted, and the world is but little, and perhaps, indeed, no better for his having lived in it.

My object, however, in this brief chapter, is not to philosophise upon the sunshine and shadows of our people, but rather to give a few observations, made on trains, and at hotels and the like, during four years "on the road," as the business of *traveling* is now termed. How many, many different characters we meet daily. How many peculiar countenances and customs are we required to look upon as we go from place to place. How many men we meet, and how few gentlemen. How many women, and how few ladies, how many fools, and how few wise people, male and female, are we required to associate with daily. Only he who has been "on the road" can answer these questions correctly; for only those who travel can ever meet such a mixture, such a variety of living human beings.

At a hotel table sits a young man, dressed in the latest fashion; hair parted in the middle, and in boots so tight he can scarcely breathe or walk. Observe his treatment of the waiter. See him act as if he owned the Universe, and expected, by-and-by, to procure a garden spot or potato patch outside. Even if he did not speak a word, his very actions would cause you to feel for him the most utter contempt.

At another table sits a giddy girl, with banged hair, and other fixtures to match. She is sitting in the parlor when dinner is announced, and instead of going direct to the dining room, she returns to her chamber, puts on her hat and walking cloak, and with

powdered "countenance" enters the dining hall as if she had just returned from a drive, or a walk.

Then, there is the constitutional "dampfool," as Josh Billings terms him, who neither has brains, good clothes, nor money. How numerous this class. You meet them everywhere. You cannot be out a day without being offended at the sublimity of their effrontery—road men call it "cheek." But you must "grin and bear it." And in the reading rooms and parlors of hotels, on sleeping cars, on steamers, the veritable Alfred Jingles are so numerous that you are often tempted to kick them out of your way. But you do not kick—never—police—fine—lock-up—reputation—position—called home—discharged—dangerous—very. These things keep you straight. Your hand is removed from your *hip pocket*, and you pass on. The faro dealers "dead beats," chronic loafers, and tramps—as numerous as cross ties on a railroad—are everywhere you go. Let us pass them by, in silence.

The "Bohemian"—did you ever meet him? I do not mean those persons who come from Bohemia. I refer to those individuals who are well educated, smart, sprightly, who write about as well on one subject as another, and upon most everything write well and fluently. This is the modern "Bohemian." You meet him almost everywhere, but specially in the large cities. So far as any real good growing out of his work is concerned, he is a superfluous man; and yet, to some classes he makes himself useful. Those persons who manage to get into official positions, who have unplastered rooms in the upper stories of their brains, so to speak, must have assistance. They must have newspaper articles, speeches, orations, and the like. To such, the Bohemians render

valuable aid. They work so cheaply, that even a small salaried charlatan official can afford to command their services. Even a first class speech on Finance, or on International Law, or any question involving the most difficult and intricate questions of Political Economy can be gotten from these Bohemians, when they are "hard up"—which is their normal condition—for a week or two's board at a "fried liver hotel," or a second or third class boarding house.

This class of outcasts—for they seem to be without home or friends—are most numerous around State Legislatures, or at the National Capital, when Congress is in session. At such places, they perhaps, find most to do, and surplus labor always floats toward those points where the demand for it is greatest. To look upon them generally excites a feeling of pity, and yet they really do not, in a strict sense, merit either sympathy or support. They are competent to do any kind of work, but seem to be too indolent to keep a position when one is given them. They do not always exactly fulfill the measure of that old saying, "That certain individuals are too nice to work, and too good to steal,"—for we frequently find their fingers sticking to things which do not belong to them, and afterwards converting them to their own individual use. This, however, is not applicable to all of them, for a great many of their number are honorable and upright men.

Bohemianism, in my opinion, should be discouraged by all good citizens. Men should not be supported in idleness of any kind, and although the average Bohemian seems anxious to get a job, he is generally idle. If a person is competent and able to toil, and refuses to do it, he should be made to do it, or cease "tramping." If this method, or principle, were

adopted, and fully carried out, *intellectual* tramps, as well as all others of their class, would be necessarily forced off the road. To accomplish this would be a relief to thousands. The conclusion, therefore, naturally follows, that the sooner tramping of every kind is pronounced disreputable and disgraceful, the better it will be, not only for those most directly concerned, but for the whole country as well.

Will there never come a day when all men, who have not already secured a competency, shall be required to give an honest day's toil for an honest day's pay? May we not hope that there will come a time, not far in the future, when all persons will be guided by *conscience* in everything they do? Even now there are those among us who would not sear their consciences for millions of treasure; but their numbers are very small. There are others, again, who are guided by conscience in their modes of living and in their dealings with their fellows, or at least to some extent they try to be; but when it comes down to success or failure by sticking to this rule or by giving way, they frequently break over and "slip the yardstick," or lighten the scales they sell by. The great mass of mankind, I fear, labor only for success, and in order to triumph, their consciences are lost sight of, seared and buried out of sight in their dealings with each other.

It was Shakespeare who said, "Conscience makes cowards of us all." This is hardly true now-a-days, although when it was written it was no doubt correct. But at that time there were not many tramps abroad in the land. Now they are numbered by tens of thousands. Until this great army of chronic loafers is checked in its onward march to ruin, we may not hope, we cannot hope, for a better state of affairs than



[A RAIDER PROCURING A LUNCH.

"Oft times they are forced to lie on the floor of log cabins, in the woods, and subsist on corn-bread, butter-milk, and other things to match."—Page 238.

at present exist. Certainly we cannot expect conscience to be the rule and guide of our dealings with each other, unless every man paddles his own canoe, and, to a certain extent, earns his own living by the sweat of his brow.

In connection with what I have said above, I call to mind an anecdote I read a long time ago, which illustrates the saying that *a guilty conscience needs no accuser*. I wish it were possible to devise some way by which all wrong doers could be made to see their errors, and flee from them, as the two persons in this anecdote ran from each other, not knowing who the other was. The story goes: Once upon a time there lived a colored man; a pretty nice old colored gentleman; a jolly and entirely honest sort of a fellow; but he was very fond of watermelon, and that was the only offense that could be brought against him. He was fond of watermelon and he did not have a patch of his own, but there was a man who owned a patch who lived not far away. There was something peculiar about his appetite for watermelons. He seemed to enjoy them after dark more than at any other time. He never eat them in the middle of the day, but when the sun went down and the stars came out, he had an unconquerable desire for them. One night he had this appetite come on, and he went down the road till he came to this watermelon patch. He knew all about it. He looked up and down the road, to the right and to the left; and finally he climbed over the fence and found himself in the patch of melons—great big melons lying all about him. He licked his lips in anticipation of the delightful feast. He did not want to waste any time, therefore he did not take up anything he could find, but first went about and selected a melon he thought would suit him. Then he would try

it and rap on it, and listen to the sound, and if it did not sound right he would lay it down again. Finally he found a great big melon that suited him, and he put it under his arm, but he did not go away; he was not satisfied with one melon. He searched around and found another that suited him, and put it under his arm also. Now he was pretty well fixed, so he thought he would go home, and he was just going home when he heard a noise. It sounded like a horse coming down the road, and he saw under the starlight a horse and a rider coming towards him. He was a little frightened, because he thought it was the owner of the melons; indeed, he was real frightened; and when the horse stopped, he didn't know what to do. In the field were a number of black stumps which had been burned on the outside, and he thought he would get down and look like a stump; and he did so, and he looked just like a burnt stump; and he kept just as still as the stump he imitated. The man on the horse stopped and looked all about, to the right and to the left, and finally dismounted and looked over the fence. He seemed to be having some sort of a conversation with his *conscience*. Finally he got over the fence. The old darkey kept as still as a mouse, and never said a word. The man climbed over the fence and was looking about, and the colored man thought he was looking for watermelon thieves, and kept still. The man finally found a melon to suit him, but he could not tell as well as the colored man the quality of it. The old man had had many years of experience, because the patch was next to his shanty. The man searched for his knife, but probably he did not have any knife, at least he failed to find one, so he thought it would be a good idea to break the melon open. He looked around for something to

break it on, and he found a stump. He said to himself, I will break it on this stump, and he lifted it high, and smash it came down on the stump, but it was not a stump, it was that old colored man's head. He thought there was not any doubt that he was discovered, and away he went lickety-cut, through the field. The man seeing the stump jump up, thought it was the old scratch after him for stealing, and away he went also. They dropped the melons in their flight, and did not stop to pick them up, and perhaps they never stole any more melons in all the future of their lives—at least, let us hope they never did.

That which annoys me most in my journeys on railroads, during the winter season, is the raising of car windows by persons unused to traveling. It is the unfailing practice of the country yokel, who boards a train, to leave the door of the car open, and then so soon as he finds a seat—which is usually the first one he comes to—up will go the window, the more conveniently to enable him to look out as the train rushes onward. The thermometer may be below zero, but the window will remain hoisted, unless some one positively protests, which no gentleman likes to do. I have often sat in my seat, and almost literally froze, because of this heathen custom. Many times I have noticed the green traveler sitting with his head peering out of the window, while Manitoban breezes fanned his locks, but seemed to concern him no more than if it were a May-day zephyr playing against his iron cheek. Perhaps it was sinful, indeed, I confess that it was, but often have I wished for a bumper to clip off a head which hung loosely out of a car window, and thus was the cause of actual suffering to all the other passengers, from the excessive biting cold which was in this way admitted to the car. Go where

you will, you will always find the inexperienced traveler, with his car window raised, be it ever so dusty or cold, and the rest of the passengers are thereby either forced to freeze or be almost buried beneath the dust which rushes through the opening.

Many times, on account of a scarcity of seats in the "ladies car," I have sat for hours in the "smoker," and was forced to breathe the foul air, poisoned with the fumes of tobacco, until I could scarcely stand alone. Hundreds of cases of pneumonia and consumption are annually produced in this manner; yet no one protests, and the weak lunged are thus hurried to their graves. The aroma from a good cigar is not unpleasant, but for men to smoke beside you, behind you, and opposite you, cigars, principally made from cabbage leaves, wrapped up in inferior tobacco, is more than a prize fighter ought to be required to endure. To say the least, it certainly is a disgrace to the traveling public. For hours, and hours, I have sat amid such surroundings; and to add to my discomfort and discomfiture, beneath my feet would be puddles of ambier, so filthy that a pig would hasten by them. But so long as tobacco grows, men will continue to be filthy, for they will persist in using it if the heaven's fall. However, the Revelator wrote nearly two thousand years ago, "Let him that is filthy, be filthy still."

The men on trains "who sing," especially at night, when others desire to sleep, and the men who persist in talking, are consummate bores. You may be reading a book, and are deeply interested in it, yet some man beside, or behind you, insists upon talking to you, whether you are willing or not. He desires to know your name, where you are from, where you are going, and seems especially anxious to know what

your business is. He must know all your secrets, or he will keep his pump working until you seek another seat. How, under such circumstances, you long for the jaw bone of an ass with which to slay this two-legged animal on the spot.

There are many other nuisances on trains, such as crying babies—I mean bad babies—men talking politics, men cursing, men drinking. All these things very greatly annoy the majority of travelers.

But I must not forget the conductor. As a rule he annoys one greatly. You may have been without rest the greater portion of twenty-four hours, and when you get on a train, after showing your ticket, you at once fix yourself for a nap. In a few minutes you are asleep, and the gentle rocking of the car makes your rest all the sweeter. How delightfully you are situated. Just then, along comes the conductor, lamp in hand. You have already shown him your ticket, and surely he will not desire to see it again. You are mistaken. He reaches over, grabs you by the shoulder, or punches you in the ribs, and cries out "ticket." You jump to your feet, and for a moment you believe that there has been an earthquake, a collision, or a trestle has given way, or some passenger has been shot; but beside you stands the bland conductor waiting to see your check. It is only he, nothing more. There has not been any catastrophe on or to the train. Instant death would hardly be too severe punishment for a "ticket puncher" at that particular moment, in your mind.

The swarms of hotel porters who literally attack persons as they get off trains at the depots of towns and villages, are also a very great annoyance. Unless you have determined, in advance, at which hotel you intend to put up, the Arab persisting for "backsheish"

is no less annoying than these rude porters, and they are equally difficult to shake off. Nearly all cities, and a great many towns, do not allow hotel porters, or hackmen to approach passengers to drum their custom. This is a proper regulation, and should be enforced everywhere.

I have heard a great many persons say of traveling men, "They have an easy time. It is nothing to ride around. What a delightful business it is, &c." There never was a greater mistake than this. Traveling is the most trying and exhausting labor that any one can engage in. In traveling, one is required to ride on horseback, in hacks, in buggies, through rain and in sunshine, and at all hours of the day and night. If only required to travel along railroads, or on water courses, it would not be so taxing to the body or mind; but those who are "on the road," know that this is not all, and by no means the worst that is required of them by their employers. I have had considerable experience in different branches of business, and I unhesitatingly pronounce traveling the hardest work I ever did. Then, let no one turn up his nose at the "drummer," and say, "your yoke indeed is easy and your burden is light."

The baggage men on trains have, within a few years, gotten to be, in some respects, not only nuisances, but, as property destroyers, they are positive, downright frauds, upon those who travel. Nothing short of leather or iron-bound trunks will, now-a-days, endure longer than a trip or two. I have stood by and seen trunks often thrown from baggage cars with such force, that they were literally mashed into pieces. To see baggage men handling trunks at railroad stations, one would suppose that instead of railroad managers reprimanding their employes for ap-



DESIRABLE LOCALITY FOR A MOONSHINE DISTILLERY.

“ Still-houses are generally between hills and mountains, near a moun uring rill.”—Page 59.

parently trying to break things into pieces, they on the contrary, admire them all the more for their carelessness.

In this connection I reproduce a short poem written by the "Funny man" of the Burlington *Hawkeye*, entitled,

THE IDYL OF THE BAGGAGE MAN.

With many a curve the trunks I pitch,
With many a shout and sally;
At station, siding, crossing, switch,
On mountain grade, or valley.
I heave, I push, I sling, I toss,
With vigorous endeavor;
And men may smile, and men grow cross,
But I sling my trunks forever,
Ever! Ever!
I bust trunks forever.

The paper trunk from country town
I balances and dandles;
I turn it once or twice around,
And pull out both the handles.
And grumble over traveling bags
And monstrous sample cases,
But I can smash the maker's brags
Like plaster-paris vases!
They holler, holler, as I go,
But they cannot stop me never;
For they will learn just what I know,
A trunk won't last forever!
Ever! Never!

And in and out I wind about,
And here I smash a kiester;
I turn a grip-sack inside out
Three times a day at least, sir;
I tug, I jerk, I swear, I sweat,
I toss the light valises;
And what's too big to throw, you bet,
I'll fire it round in pieces.

They murmur, murmur, everywhere,
But I will heed them never !
For women weep and strong men swear,
I'll claw their trunks forever !
Ever! Ever!
I'll bust trunks forever.

I've cowed the preacher with my wrath,
I scorn the Judge's ermine;
I've spilled both brief and sermon,
And books, and socks, and cards, and strings,
Too numerous to mention;
And babies' clothes and women's things,
Beyond my comprehension.
I've spilled, and scattered, and slung
As far as space could sever;
And scatter, scatter, old or young,
I'll scatter things forever !
Ever! Ever!
Scatter things forever.

The disgust of the people of Massachusetts at their vexations and losses from baggage ruined on trains, was such that the State Legislature, some years ago, passed an act making baggage smashing a high crime and misdemeanor. Since then, railway porters and baggage men handle all goods entrusted to them as tenderly as possible. Instead of dumping trunks out of the cars, regardless of the length of the fall, they now carry them out, or slide them down a plank, prepared for the purpose; and, in fact, they move things as carefully and safely as if it were done by the owner himself. This is well. Let us hope that other States, indeed, all States, may quickly place a similar law upon their statute books.

The long patience and forbearance of our traveling public is an enigma. Why we, as a nation, suffered and suffer these railway rowdies (I mean only the

rough ones, of course), thus to treat and mistreat us, is to me incomprehensible.

Very early in the history of railroads in England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, railway directors and superintendents issued the most peremptory orders to their subordinates, in regard to the handling of baggage. Instant dismissal is the fate there, of any unfortunate hand against whom a well founded complaint is made for careless, or inefficient, or malicious treatment of citizens' property.

The amount of travel which is now done by commercial men is simply wonderful. Some one has estimated that there are now nearly ninety thousand of this class of business men on the roads, throughout the United States. Travel as you will, everywhere you go, you will meet them. Among the mountains, on horseback and in spring wagons, sample cases in hand, you come upon them, as they wend their weary ways to the places where goods are sold, almost, indeed, beyond the pales of civilization. No mountain is too rugged to prevent them from crossing, and no road too rough to deter them from getting over it.

They necessarily become rare judges of men, and therefore accommodate themselves to all classes. They will know more about a town in a few days, after they have invaded it, than the people who have lived there for years. They are ever welcome at hotels, and wherever they go, they seem to carry with them promise of life, stir and progress. The commercial traveler who has long been connected with a leading house, is regarded as one of its most valuable members. He has built up a trade by personal address and popularity, and any business man, worthy of the name, appreciates his services and deals with him ac-

cordingly. He is well paid, is allowed vacations, and his salary runs on during sickness.

It is both amusing and interesting to hear a group of commercial travelers comparing notes, regaling each other with stories, and dividing up some new empire between themselves. The insensibility to fatigue, the unfailing good humor, and the ready wit of these men always attract the attention of an observer, as they seem to typify many of the traits of the American character which have made this country as great and prosperous as it is.

Many times these commercial men, as they travel through mountain sections in the South, have been taken for Government detectives, and consequently have been forced to beat a hasty retreat. While they were not in Government employ, I have, on more occasions than one, gotten information from them which enabled me to break up a number of moonshine distilleries.

The "drummers," as a rule, are intelligent, industrious, energetic gentlemen. Many of them, are wild and rattling, but by this, my associations with them have led me to believe, they mean no harm. Their business is to sell goods, and at the same time enjoy themselves as best they can. Like the moonshine raiders, oft times they are forced to lie on the floors of log cabins in the woods, and subsist on corn bread, butter-milk, and other things to match. Still, they have their fun. And why shouldn't they? Poor fellows! they often have it hard, but bright sunshine always follows dark storm clouds; and so, occasionally, the sun of comfort drops his pencilled rays of radiant light upon their pathways, as they journey through the world.

Without intending to reflect upon, or in any way

disparage the commercial travelers' conduct in the past, yet sincerity and truth compel me to remark that, within the last few months, the drumming business, in a moral sense, has been wonderfully improved. In this important respect, it is unquestionably on the up-grade. There is now in existence, though of quite recent origin, an association for the improvement and protection of commercial travelers. It is a grand, good thing, and has already proved a blessing to many a poor "drummer," away from home and friends, out in the cold world, sad and alone.

The object of the association, as stated above, is moral and intellectual improvement, and at the same time protection for those "on the road." Reading rooms have been established in many towns and cities, and lectures are given, so that the "drummer" at night, weary and lonely, instead of going to theatres and other questionable places of amusement, can there be entertained, instructed and cared for. Before another twelvemonth, perhaps almost every commercial man traveling in this country, will be enrolled as a member of this association. And then, without being necessitated to paste the XXIVth psalm in his hat, as a constant reminder of his duty and responsibility to a higher power than man, it is hoped the "drummer" can live, while "on the road," a just, moral and upright life.

"Let us strengthen one another,
While the years are rolling on;
Seek to raise a fallen brother,
While the years are rolling on.
Till, throughout creation's land,
Men for the right shall stand,
[And defend our noble band,]
While the years are rolling on."







